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### THE CASTAWAY.

ALL alone, and drifting out upon the sea!

The noble ship, which but a little while ago was moving so proudly through the water, has gone down, — a wreck; and with her have perished many who were looking forward with hope and joy to a prosperous ending of the voyage. And only this poor "castaway" is left of that ship's company. At the mercy of wind and waves he drifts on the raft, not knowing how soon he must faint, exhausted with hunger and exposure, and die a death more dreadful even than that of his lost comrades.

It is morning. The sun has just appeared in the east; and wearily the wrecked sailor lifts his hand to shade his eyes, and with earnest gaze strives to discover land beyond the wide waste that stretches out all around him.

The birds which have alighted near have awakened hope in his heart; for he knows that they are birds which are seldom seen very far from land: and, as no friendly sail is in sight, he longs to discover the shore toward which he may hope the wind or the tide will drift his frail raft. Is it not a touching picture? Does it not move your heart with pity and sympathy for the poor castaway? It is a picture, too, which ought to teach us something.

We are all "out at sea" and on the "voyage of life." Some are well provided with what is needful. They have a good pilot and a perfect compass, and they can sing cheerily, —

> "We are out on the ocean, sailing
> To a home beyond the tide;"

for their compass is the Word of God, and their pilot is that almighty Friend who only waits to be invited to take charge of any of the little vessels that are on the voyage to eternity, and would enter the port of heaven. But others are in the greatest peril. They may not be conscious of it; for so strangely do such voyagers often shut their eyes to their true condition, that some of them seem hardly aware that they are in danger at all: but this does not make their case any better. They are drifting away from all that is peaceful and good, — away from God and hope and happiness and heaven; for, instead of loving and trusting in Jesus Christ, they are despising or neglecting him.

Sometimes, I fear, children as well as grown persons think, that if they only put Christ and his gracious offers of mercy out of mind, intending to consider them at some future time, there is no great sin or danger in it. Dear children, that is a temptation of the great Enemy of all good. When you are doing just that, and no more, you are neglecting Jesus. Think of it. You are neglecting that best and most loving of friends, — the *only* Friend who can truly help you in the storms of life that are coming. Never think yourself safe, while, if you tell the truth, you have to say, "I have not yet accepted the kind invitation of my Saviour, though I hope to by and by." By and by may never come to you.

How blessed it will be for us, if, as we look upon this picture, — "The Castaway," — we shall profit by what it teaches, and shall draw near to Him who has invited us to come, and ask him to guide us, not only through this new year upon which we now enter, but through all the voyage of life, and safe into the haven of rest at last!

Uncle Paul.

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For the Child at Home.

### IT MUST HAVE BEEN AN ANGEL.

I have heard a sweet, strange story as it was related in a Sabbath-school concert, and said by the narrator to be true. It shows how a very little thing, or a very few words, when the heart wants to do something for Jesus, may be accepted and blessed of him.

Some children were once going home from a Sabbath-school pienic, singing their songs, and making quite a noise by the way. As they passed along the street, a man standing outside of a house asked them to be more quiet, as there was a sick woman within, who was disturbed by any loud sounds. The children hushed their mirth; and some of them talked in low tones about the invalid, guessing and supposing why their music made her worse.

Then two of the boys spoke quietly together of the sick stranger; and one said to the other, "I wonder if she knows about Jesus." The other did not know; but they both thought it would be delightful, if they had the chance, to tell her of the Saviour. They talked about it until it seemed as if they might do so; and one proposed to go back, and call at the house to inquire about the sick woman's soul. Once they started to go back, but turned again, because they were afraid to look for one they had never seen. They hesitated a good while, but finally concluded to walk back as far as the house. When they came to the door, there was no one in sight: they went up the steps; but they dared not knock for so strange an errand.

At last they gathered courage to go in at the side gate, and walk quietly round to the back yard. There did not seem to be any one there, all was so still. The blinds were all closed except at one window, and there the curtain was raised, and one pane from the lower sash was gone. The boys looked in, and saw a sick woman on the bed, and no one else in the room. Then one of them put his lips to the broken pane, and spoke aloud, "Sick woman, sick

woman, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved: trust in him!' And they both ran away as fast and as still as they could.

The next morning, a neighbor came to inquire of the sick woman how she was.

"I feel better to-day," she said. "Yesterday I was so miserable; and I was thinking all day how I had no friends, and nobody to look to, and I didn't seem to be able to trust in God. I was thinking of this when I fell asleep. Just at night I woke up suddenly, and heard an angel's voice saying, "Sick woman, sick woman, believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved: trust in him!' It must have been an angel; for there was no one there. I have been trying to believe ever since; and I do believe in the Lord Jesus Christ; I do trust in him."

E. L. E.

For the Child at Home.

## THE SCHOOLS FOR ARAB CHILDREN.

BY ONE WHO HAS VISITED THEM.

How many of you can tell me in what country most of the Bible was written? I am going to tell you some things about the children and the schools that are now in that country.

The poor people who cultivate the ground do not live in pleasant farm-houses, with nice large barns near them, as farmers do in America; but they gather in villages. Their houses are nothing but little huts made of mud and straw, without any windows, and with only one door. In this hut, which contains but one room, not only the family live, but also their donkey, or whatever animal they may have. There are no churches or schoolhouses in these villages. What do you suppose the children do? "Play all the time," I think I hear some little one say. Oh, no! they do not play all the time: they have a much harder life than you, although they never go to school, or have to study. They have to work. When the time of harvest comes, the whole family go into the field. The father and sons cut the grain; the mother and daughters gather it together, and carry it on their heads to the threshing-floor; the small children glean; and even the little baby is there too, lying on the ground, and taking care of itself.

The Arabs do not have any mowing-machines; but all their work is done in the rudest manner, so that their harvesting lasts a long time in the hot season of the year. I think, that, if American children had to glean all day beneath a burning sun, they would be glad to get back to the school, which they sometimes wish "wouldn't keep;" and to the schoolroom, which sometimes seems so hot and uncomfortable to them.

After the harvest is finished, the children's work is not done. There is very little wood, and it is necessary to use weeds and vines for fuel. Do you remember the beautiful lesson that Jesus drew from this fact? "If God so clothe the grass of the field, which to-day is, and to-morrow is cast into the oven, shall he not much more clothe you?"

Now, it is the children's work to gather this fuel, and carry it home on their heads. If you will take your Bible, and read Jer. vii. 18, and Lam. v. 13, you will see that it has always been the children's work in that land to gather wood. The Mohammedans treat their women with much the same feelings as they do their animals: so the little girls have to begin to work very hard while they are young, that they may be prepared for future hardships. Once, while I was standing by the Pool of Siloam, which has many steps leading down to it, an Arab came to the pool with his little daughter, about eight years old. She had a goat's-skin, such as they use for carrying water.

Her father bade her fill it; and, when she had obeyed, he told her to carry it up the stairs. She started: but her load was so heavy, that she could hardly step; and, when she stopped, he struck her, and angrily told her to go along. The poor child cried bitterly, and begged her father to help her: but he did not care for her pain; he only scolded and beat her more. An American gentleman who was present spoke to the cruel father, and asked him why he treated his child so harshly. "I am training her for a wife," he replied: "if I do not begin with her now, while she is young, she will grow up a lazy, good-for-nothing girl, and I shall not be able to sell her for a wife!"

The little girls are trained just as colts are,—to be sold, to work! When an Arab wants a wife, he buys her just as he would a horse or a camel; and if, when he abuses her and beats her, you should tell him that he was doing wrong, he would say, "I bought her with money just as I did my donkey, and I have the same right to beat her that I have to beat my donkey!" Then girls are married when they are very young. A little Arab girl used often to come and see me, who was only twelve years old; and yet she was married.

That is the kind of school that little girls have to attend in countries where there are no schoolhouses, and where the people have not the Bible.

Oh, little girls who read this story of the suffering of children in other lands! will you not pray God to have pity on them, and send their parents the Bible, that they may know better? I hope that you will, and that you will prize your own great blessings.

Melita

For the Child at Home.

## ONLY FOR SHOW.

The little girl in the window—there she stands all the day long, bedecked in her gossamer robes, covered with artificial rose-buds. Her hair is dressed like a grown woman's, with puffs and flowers, and a few little corkscrew curls hanging over her forehead.

I pass by nearly every day, and see the little figure still holding her place in the public view; and the people, many of them, stop to look at her, and to make remarks about her as she returns their gaze unblushingly. I wonder what they can admire in the bedizened little creature. It has no attractions for me: I like better such a picture as I once described to you, "the little cook:" do you remember? in her homely garb watching the boiling pot for mother, and making herself useful in the household duties.

There is one comfort in thinking of the little girl in the window: she is but *wax*. God has never breathed into her the breath of life. She has no soul, as you and I have, to yearn after the glories and joys of the better world, which make the tinsel of this earth worthless to us. But then I am afraid that even this mute, senseless image has an evil influence over some of the dear little children who draw near, and linger to observe it. I am afraid it tends to beget in them a vain and foolish desire for false glitter,—for that outward adorning which our blessed Lord in his holy word condemns.

I know a little daughter, who lives not far from the waxen figure, who insisted upon going to the hair-dresser the other day to have her smooth locks crisped over a hot iron, because she thought it would make her look prettier for a little company of young friends that she was to meet; and then, although the day was chilly, and it was a risk to take off the wintry garb, she was suffered to have her own way, and to wear a thin dress, that set her to shivering, and made her blue and ugly and miserable; and there were bracelets on her arms, and a chain upon her neck, and bows on her head; and, as I took my survey of her, I could not help sighing, and saying to myself, "Only for show." She looks so much more lovely to me in her neat plaid frock and white pinafore, with her soft brown hair brushed smoothly over her forehead, and no gewgaws upon neck or wrists, while her busy fingers put stitches in mamma's new table-napkins, or mark papa's stockings with the bright red floss, or her nimble feet run up and down the stairs to wait upon the old and weary.

Then there is such a glow upon her sweet face as I am sure is reflected from a loving spirit; and, as my delighted eyes are drawn again and again to her, I am never impelled to say, "Only for show."

S. B. F.

For the Child at Home.

## "BRIGHTING ALL IT CAN."

The day had been dark and gloomy, when suddenly, toward night, the clouds broke, and the sun's rays streamed through, shedding a flood of golden light upon the whole country.

A sweet voice at the window called out in joyful tones, "Look! oh, look, papa! the sun's *brighting* all it can."

"Brighting all it can? so it is," answered papa; "and you can be like the sun, if you choose."

"How, papa? tell me how?"

"By looking happy, and smiling on us all day, and never letting any tearful rain come into the blue of those eyes; only be happy and good: that is all."

The next day, the music of the child's voice filled our ears from sunrise to dark; the little heart seemed full of light and love; and, when asked why she was so happy, the answer came laughingly, "Why! don't you see, papa, I'm the sun? I'm brighting all I can!"

"And filling the house with sunshine and joy," answered papa.

Can not little children be like the sun every day,—"brighting" all they can? Try it, children.

H. K. P.

For the Child at Home.

## THE CHICKEN WITH A BROKEN LEG.

Little Nellie Wright was the owner of pet chickens, and very dearly she loved them. They were twelve months old; but Nellie clung to the name she knew them by when they were too small to fly, or to eat a kernel of corn. She had a name for each chicken. One of the precious six that she called her own wore a coat of such beautiful feathers, and moved about with such dainty airs and graces, that Nellie named it "Sprig."

In the spring-time of a year that is buried now in the past, "poor Sprig" was found in agony on the ground. She had a broken leg.

"Nellie, your 'Sprig' must be killed; it never will get well," said her father.

"Oh, father! *please don't!* please let me keep it, just to try. You may kill a well chickie, but not my poor Sprig."

Nellie's tears prevailed; and, with a vague fear that some hurt would come to Sprig, the little girl lifted her as gently as she knew how to do, and carried her under the steps of a veranda. There she had made ready a basket of the softest hay that she could find in the barn. With many gentle words that Sprig could not understand, she was consigned to her home.

Through days and weeks and months, with never-failing devotion, Nellie tended her lame pet. On bright and sunny days she carried her out to the green grass, and laid her on it; never forgetting to carry her back to her place of refuge, lest some former friend should do her harm, as hens always will prey upon a defenseless chicken.

Now, Nellie never knew that she was watched with especial interest in this work of love, and that every tear she let fall when any one threatened to kill Sprig would be remembered in after-years.

In the autumn of that year, the hen grew weaker and weaker; and, when the leaves were fallen, she died. Nellie wept for her dead pet, and never forgot her. Other years came to the little girl, that were not kindly, prosperous years. Her parents were not able to take care of her longer, and she was forced to go out and seek employment. She loved the country, as all "country girls" should; but to the city she was compelled to go. Her heart ached and her limbs trembled as she looked timidly in at the door of an intelligence-office. The room was half filled with waiting applicants.

"Let that young woman come in," said a gentleman; "I wish to speak to her;" and Nellie was summoned.

"I don't think she will answer your purpose, sir," said the owner of the office. "She says she has never been at service; never taken care of children, sir."

"I am from the country; but I love little children. I would do my best," said Nellie; for the fear of not being able to find employment came upon her, and gave her courage.

"From the country," said the gentleman. "I like that. From what part of the country?"

Nellie gave the name of the little far-away town.

"Are you Nellie Wright?" asked the gentleman.

"Yes, sir."

"And don't you remember me?"

"No, sir."

"You had a chicken with a broken leg once, that you kept all summer?"

"Yes, sir."

"Very well; come with me: you are just the nurse I want for my children."

Nellie found a home for many years, and she gained it by kindness.

You will see by this that God will not let even kindness to a chicken go unrewarded.

Let us remember always to be tender to every creature that God has made. S. J. P.

For the Child at Home.

### THE LILY.

It was pure and white and fragrant, and breathed out its sweet odor in the cheerless room where the little sick girl lay. She held it in her thin, hot hand. It would soon be wilted; but now it was fresh and beautiful. A kind lady had brought it to cheer the child as she doled out her weary day while her poor mother was away at her work. The lady had no money to give, for she also was poor; but she remembered the little sick girl, and picked her only flower for her comfort; and, as she went to her scholars in a far-off street in the city, she stopped to speak a word to "Lottie," and to shake up her pillow, and put the lily in her hand.

"You must ask God to take away your sins, and to make your soul as pure and white as this beautiful flower, Lottie," said she; "and by and by, when you shall shut up your weary eyes, and go to sleep in Jesus, he will present you spotless unto his Father in heaven."

Lottie did not forget when the lady had gone, but said her little prayer, and looked at the pretty flower until her eyes were indeed very weary, and she fell asleep, clasping the lily; but she awoke in Paradise to find herself made white and pure in the blood of Jesus, and for ever clasped in her heavenly Father's hand. Blessed little Lottie! Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

### BETTER THAN DOVES.

BY FRANCES LEE.

Cousin Charley gave Freddy the doves; and they were little beauties,—spotted, blue and brown and white. They had a very nice house to live in, with glass windows, and a real door which was always open; and the house stood on the top of a tall post out by the barn. The barn was on one side; and close by on the other was a great old tree, which bore eight kinds of apples; and a swing. Freddy's brother Frank could go right up the rope of the swing, hand over hand, just like a sailor: and so did Fred once; but he slid along coming down, and blistered his hands.

It was a very pretty sight when the doves alighted on Fred's shoulder and pecked crumbs of bread from off his head, or when he walked all about the orchard with them clinging one to each hand. And it was a pretty sight, too, when they perched on the balcony of their house, with the sun shining on their bright feathers, which changed at every turn from violet to purple, from purple to blue, and from blue back to violet again; while they cooed softly to each other, and looked as loving and as gentle as a bird can look.

But with all their pretty, amiable ways, I did not think them half as lovely and charming as Freddy himself and his brother Frank; because, in all the time I have known these boys, I have never seen a cross look on their faces. Perhaps one comes sometimes: I suppose it is almost impossible there should not. And yet I saw them tried a good deal too; for, as you yourself know, when one is putting together a puzzle, it is hard enough to be called off half a dozen times right in the midst.

"See here, Freddy," said the mother: "I wish you to carry this butter down cellar."

"Yes'm," replied Freddy, dropping the bits of wood, and starting off on a run. He was back in a minute, and was hardly settled at the work of putting together a Chinaman in his boat, when his mother spoke again:—

"Oh, Fred! here is a little butter I overlooked: this must go into the cellar too."

"Frank, you go this time, will you?" said Fred.

"Yes, I will," replied Frank, laying down his new book, and starting off without a word about the sore on the sole of his foot, which must have hurt him sadly at every step.

But Bridget was gone away, and so their mother was doing the work alone for a few days: she needed a deal of waiting upon; and it was not many minutes before she called the boys again, this time to take the baby and amuse him.

In all these calls, and twenty more, I did not see a frown, or hear a peevish, impatient word from either of the brothers. So, when Fred asked me to write a story about his doves, I thought within myself that I knew somebody twice as pleasant and delightful to write about as the birds.

For the Child at Home.

### CARRIE BELL AND HER PAPA.

Many of the children who read "the Child at Home" will remember the story of Carrie Bell, whose soldier papa promised to "bring her something" when he should come home from the war. They will remember, too, that Carrie Bell kindly offered to "give mamma half," and then to *give mamma all*,—to her whose sad heart she wished so much to comfort.

Would you like to hear more of Carrie Bell and her little brother Arthur?

Their dear papa, you know, was a soldier in the First Massachusetts Cavalry. Your father or mother could tell you that those soldiers were in a great many battles, and a great many of them were killed.

Well, dear children, after the battle of Aldie, nothing could be heard of Carrie Bell's papa. For six long and sad weeks her dear mamma waited and watched for some news from the one they loved.

One day she said to her little children, "I wish your papa would come home."

Arthur replied, "You must pay to Dod to bing him home."

"Dod hasn't dot any horse and waddon to bing him home," said little Carrie Bell.

But Carrie's mamma knew that God could bring him home in his own way; for all the horses belong to him, and "the cattle upon a thousand hills;" for so the Bible says.

At last, a letter came from that dear husband and father, telling them, that, at the battle of Aldie, his friend, who rode by his side, was very badly wounded; and, as he sprang from his own horse to take care of his poor bleeding friend, a rebel seized him as a prisoner. Then they carried him away to Libby Prison, in Richmond; and for three days they gave him only one quart of flour, which he mixed with water, and baked.

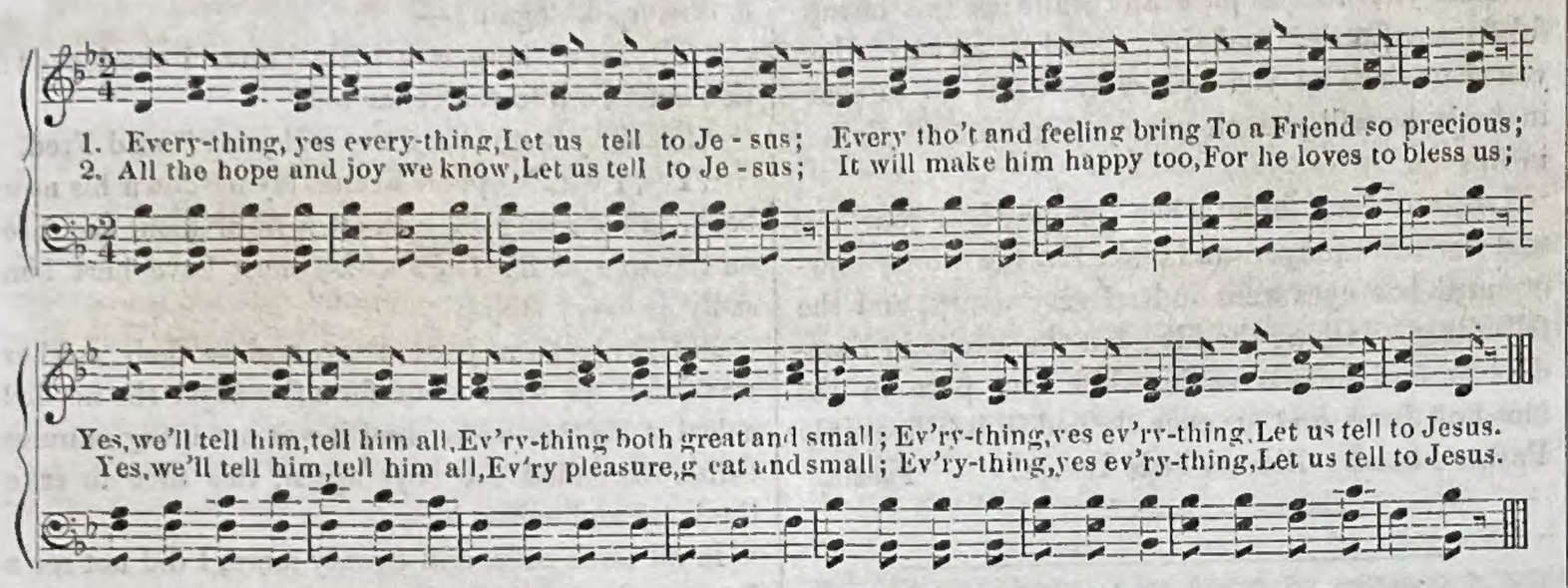
This, dear children, was not much like the nice bread which you enjoy at home; but it tasted very good to the poor hungry soldiers who were carried to that dreadful place, the Libby Prison.

I can not tell you how much Carrie's papa suffered there, and how he was carried to Belle Isle, where he and a great many more good Union soldiers were almost starved; but I will tell you, that, after six weeks of such treatment, the good God, to whom his wife and children daily prayed, put it into the hearts of the rebels to exchange him for a rebel soldier who was in the hands of Northern men. And now the letter which came from him told that he was alive and well. It told, too, that when he came in sight of the dear old flag which floated over parole camp, where he then was, he was so happy, that he cheered

For the Child at Home.

## TELL JESUS.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN. Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.


1. Every-thing, yes every-thing, Let us tell to Je - sus; Every tho't and feeling bring To a Friend so precious;
2. All the hope and joy we know, Let us tell to Je - sus; It will make him happy too, For he loves to bless us;
Yes, we'll tell him, tell him all, Ev'ry-thing both great and small; Ev'ry-thing, yes ev'ry-thing, Let us tell to Jesus.
Yes, we'll tell him, tell him all, Ev'ry pleasure, great and small; Ev'ry-thing, yes ev'ry-thing, Let us tell to Jesus.

3 All our sorrow, all our need,
Let us tell to Jesus;
All our cries and groans he'll heed,
And from pain release us;
Yes, we'll tell him, tell him all;
Every trouble, great and small.

4 All our wrong, and shame, and sin,
Let us tell to Jesus;
From our heart he wipes the stain,
From its guilt he frees us;
Yes, we'll tell him, tell him all;
Each transgression, great and small.

5 Every anxious doubt and fear
Let us tell to Jesus;
He, almighty, ever near,
Can from danger seize us:
Yes, we'll tell him, tell him all;
Anxious thoughts, both great and small.

6 Every-thing, yes, every-thing,
Let us tell to Jesus;
Every thought and feeling bring
To a Friend so precious:
Yes, we'll tell him, tell him all;
Every-thing both great and small.

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the flag until he was so hoarse that he could scarcely make any noise at all.

Dear boys, you can never know how much the soldier loves the flag, unless you should be called, as they have been, to risk your lives to defend it. This, we hope, will never be true.

Not very many weeks ago, Carrie's papa reached his happy home alive and well; and little Arthur, who, you remember, prayed every night that "Dod would bess dear papa, and bing him safely home," said to his grandmamma, "I don't believe papa would ever have tum home if we hadn't payed for him."

Do you, dear children, feel as Arthur did, — that God *will* hear and answer your prayers?

If so, will you not pray to the dear Saviour to give you a new and clean heart?

He loves to have little children come to him for such blessings; and he will *never* refuse to give them, if you really desire them.

Then lift your little hands in prayer;
The Saviour bids you come:
Safe in his bosom he will bear
*The lambs to his bright home.*
Then lay your little hand in His:
He'll lead you gently on,
Through trials of a world like this,
To scenes of bliss beyond. F. D. H.

For the Child at Home.

### WALKING ON THE WATER.

THE watch on the school-room table had ticked away more than half of the lesson-time, and the children began to grow inattentive and restless. It was a very small room, and the school-hours were short; for there were only two scholars, Fanny and little Bell, who sat at opposite sides of the table where I sat sewing. "Stupid old book!" said little Bell, half laughing and half crying. "It just puts a *b* on the end of lamb to make me miss. I'm sure *l-a-m* spells lamb." And she pushed away the dog's-eared spelling-book, and opened the "Tract Primer." "Oh, look!" she cried: "here's a picture of somebody walking on the water! Who is it?"

Fanny laid down her pen, and spread out her little cramped fingers on the table to rest while she listened.

"That is our Lord Jesus," I said.

"This water is the Sea of Galilee, — a lake which looked very safe and quiet at sunset, when Jesus told the disciples to get into their boat and cross over to the other side. He staid to pray all alone on the hills when they were gone. In the night, the wind blew hard, and great waves dashed about the little ship, and the disciples thought they should be drowned. Then they saw some one coming to them, walking on the water."

"Weren't they glad?" asked little Bell, lifting her head from my shoulder, where she had been leaning.

"Not at first. They were afraid. They thought it was a spirit."

"What's a spirit?" asked Bell again.

"Why, a ghost," interrupted Fanny.

"Oh!" said little Bell.

"Jesus saw they were frightened; so he spoke to them. He said, 'It is I; be not afraid!'"

"I know what comes next," said Fanny. "Peter wanted to walk on the water too, but did not dare to; and so he began to sink down deeper and deeper till the water was almost over his head; and he called out to Jesus; and he came and lifted him up, and they went into the boat together."

"I wouldn't have got out of the boat at all, if I'd been he," said little Bell.

"*I* would!" cried Fanny; "and I shouldn't have been afraid, either. It would have been grand to be walking out between those great white waves, in the dark, stormy night, with no one there but Jesus;" and her bright eyes flashed with pleasure at the thought. Dear, eager, impulsive little Fanny! I hope she will grow up to be a brave worker for Christ.

"I would rather stay in the boat, and wait till Jesus came," said little Bell.

"When Jesus came," I continued, "the wind was suddenly quiet, and the white waves were gone; and the little ship went safely over the smooth water to the other side.

"And now, dear children," I added after a pause, "let us finish our lessons."

The restlessness was over. Fanny finished her page of capital D's, and little Bell spelt lamb and all the other words as the spelling-book preferred, though still thinking there was a better way; and so the rising storm on the little lake of our school-life was calmed by the name of Him who walked upon the water.

M. E. A.

For the Child at Home.

### BERTIE'S PRAYER.

Darling little Bertie! I watched her, as with tearful eye and heaving breast she left her mother's side, where dear baby Georgie lay, apparently in the agonies of death, and went to her own little play-room, where she had so often amused the little one, and in bitterness of spirit threw herself upon her knees, —

"While her small white hands were lifted,
Clasped as if in earnest prayer;
And her voice, in low, sweet murmurs,
Rose like music on the air:
Light from the full fount of glory
On her robes of whiteness glistened,
And the bright-winged seraphs round her
Bowed their radiant heads, and listened."

Earnestly, beseechingly, tearfully, went up the petition for the life of the darling treasure, until, exhausted by this intense emotion, Bertie sank into a gentle slumber.

An hour passed. The loving mother sought her child; and there, before her little chair, she found sweet, loving Bertie. Tenderly she wiped away the bright tear which still glistened upon the cheek of the little sleeper. Notwithstanding the low sob which occasionally broke forth, a sweet, heavenly smile beamed upon her countenance.

Gently the fond mother awoke her darling, telling her that the dear baby would probably soon be gone to the better land.

"Then I will ask God again!" exclaimed she.

"And quick the little suppliant knelt,
With hands still clasped in prayer;
Still were her softly pleading eyes
Turned to the sapphire throne,
Till golden harp and angel voice
Rang out in mighty tone;
And as the silvery numbers swelled,
By seraph voices given,
High, clear, and sweet the anthem rolled
Through all the court of heaven."

The disease of the babe had reached its crisis, and, contrary to all expectation, he began to recover; and in the course of a few short weeks Bertie was again permitted to enjoy the companionship of the sweet little prattler.

Who can say that the sincere, confiding prayer of a little child is unanswered? L.

### MOTHER'S WORK.

Toiling at noon like the busy bee,
Teaching the little ones A, B, C,
Hearing the older ones read and spell,
Smiling and praising when all goes well,
Washing and brushing, 'twixt work and play, —
Such is a mother's work, day by day!

Sowing good seed in their path along, —
Sowing by action, by word, and song;
Never once pausing to count the cost,
Knowing that much that is sown is lost;
Bearing a prayer in her heart alway, —
Such is a mother's life, day by day!

Northwestern Church.

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## HIGHEST OF ALL.

"WELL, I'll do something yet to show them that I'm *somebody*. You wait. Jarv Williams shall see it too, the mean little chap!"

"Don't be angry with Jarvis, Arty: he is a kind-hearted, good boy. More than that, I believe he's a Christian. If you failed, and he won the prize, you know it's not because he has tried to injure you; and he would do you a kindness any time, if he had the opportunity, I'm sure.

"I'll have my name above his yet, Marion: see if I don't! I'm bound for Martin's Ledge." And with a dark face, and a darker heart, Arty Fisher left his gentle sister, who had failed to soften his hard feelings toward his classmate.

Martin's Ledge was the name of a huge rock that formed one side of a hill which was a favorite play-ground of the boys; and the larger of them often had trials of skill, or rather of strength, in climbing its steep front. It was no easy task; for there was not very much for either hands or feet to get hold of: and the rock stood nearly upright, and stretched away up some sixty feet; so that there was danger in the sport. Here and there upon its sunburnt and storm-beaten face were initial letters rudely cut, fifteen, twenty, thirty feet from its base,—memorial marks of the climbers; and one could be seen, full forty feet high, where Tommy Black, who was always more venturesome than the rest, and who afterward went to sea, had managed to leave a large T, but who did not wait to add his other initial. Tommy never would own that he felt dizzy, and didn't dare to stay longer, though the boys said it was so.

It was Wednesday afternoon; and many of the boys were, as usual, at play about Martin's Ledge. Arty Fisher joined them. A hammer showed its handle from his pocket, and clinked against the iron chisel inside, telling that he was all ready to climb.

"Now, boys, let's see if I can't put my mark highest of all. I'll be first here, anyhow! Who cares for Jarv Williams?"

They all knew what had happened at school. They knew Arty's vexation at his failure, and at the success of Jarvis; and they also knew the unmanly spirit he had shown: but none of them wished to quarrel with him.

"Go ahead, Arty!" cried several voices as he started.

He went rapidly up the ledge at first; but there was less and less to hold upon as he climbed higher, so that he got on slowly. Twenty-five feet, thirty, thirty-five,—the boys knew from old marks when he reached those points,—forty, forty-one; and the boys shouted, "Highest of all, Arty!" The face of the rock was almost without a break here: still he held on, and gained one foot more; forty-two!—he was two feet higher than the bravest. Then he managed to get out his tools, and, clinging to the rock, began to make his mark. Slowly and painfully he worked on that letter A; for there was danger every moment that he would lose his balance, and fall backwards. It was very hard. His limbs trembled under him. He glanced down for a moment, and his foot slipped. Down over the steep rock he fell to the gravel-bed below. He had made his mark highest of all; but it was unfinished.

Arty was carried home, bruised and bleeding and unconscious. He came to himself to find that a broken arm and other injuries were the result of the day's work. He learned, too, that little Jarvis Williams had been the first to run for help, and to bring the surgeon; and that, with the heart of a brother, he had lingered near for hours after the accident, offering any service in his power. And then he remembered his sister's words, "I believe Jarvis is a Christian."

The next day, Jarvis came to see him; and though he spoke hopefully, and tried to comfort his suffering playmate, Arty saw the tears in his eyes, and knew they were from sympathy. And then Arty "came to himself" in another way: he held out his hand: "Forgive me, Jarvis!" That was all he said, but it came from a penitent heart; and a loving word in reply from Jarvis made them friends. And so, through Arty's long confinement, Jarvis came every day to do what he could to cheer him; bringing his books, and telling him all about the boys and their play.

"Jarvis," said Arty one day, "what made you so kind to me when you knew I hated you?"

"Don't, Arty! you didn't hate me; or, at least, you wouldn't have if you had known how I felt. And how could I help coming to see you, when you were hurt so badly? Besides, Arty,"—and Jarvis's eyes were glistening now,—"I have given my heart to Jesus; I'm trying to be a Christian; and, oh, Arty!

if you would only try with me, how much we could help each other!"

When Arty's sister came in, the boys were talking softly, but very earnestly.

There is a place in Arty's heart where are written the names of all his playmates whom he loves best; and on that record the name of Jarvis Williams stands "highest of all;" for Jarvis conquered by love, and the two boys walk in love together.

Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

### GRANDPA LEE.

"Look, Fannie! see that bent old man!
He scarce can stand alone:
He's slipping, he'll go down! look, Fan!"
Cried Will in careless tone.

"He looks so funny! there, he's down!
I thought he'd go," laughed Will:
"Oh, Fannie! what an awkward clown!
He can't walk down the hill."

"For shame, Will Jones! fie, shame! I say,
To laugh at helpless age:
Should you live to be old and gray,
You'll fare hard, I'll engage.

"Come, help me raise the poor old man;
He's badly hurt, I fear:"
And, filled with pity, Fannie ran,
While Will Jones loitered near.

But soon with frightened face he sped
To gentle Fannie's side:
They thought the gray-haired pilgrim dead;
But soon he moved and sighed.

"Does William Jones live near?" he said:
"Oh! take me to his home,
That I may rest my weary head,
Nor longer feebly roam."

Poor Will was struck with grief and shame;
His grandsire this must be:
With glowing cheeks he asked his name;
Ah, yes! 'tis Grandpa Lee!

He ne'er had seen his daughter's son,
And gazed in sad surprise;
"And so, my boy, you thought 'twas fun
Because I could not rise."

Will begged forgiveness e'en with tears,
And amply made amends;
And, during grandpa's few last years,
They were the best of friends.

Respect the aged, little one;
Make easy life's descent;
For, though your day has just begun,
You may be old and bent.

Dewdrop.

For the Child at Home.

### HOW ROSE WAS DISGRACED.

BY FRANCES LEE.

Rose was going with Aunt Kate for her new sack to the little white house just beyond the church, with morning-glories over the porch, and a mound of verbenas before the front windows, where Miss Diggs, the dressmaker, lived.

"Don't drive over the hill, Rose! take care!" cried Aunt Kate, as the old white horse, thinking it might be Sunday, turned up the slope before the church. And immediately, before Rose really understood which rein to pull, Aunt Kate caught the reins from her hand, and guided Robin Gray into the road again.

Then, in an instant, an angry flush came over Rose's face; and you would have thought of a nettle rather than of a flower, looking at her. For close behind were the shoemaker's three children,—Carl with a nest of field mice he had found among the corn; Katrina driving the brindle cow; and Christiana trudging after, very wet and draggled from sailing boats of birch-bark laden with clover heads and white daisies in the brook which ran through the cow's pasture.

"Do you want these little miserable Dutch children to take me for a *fool?* I should suppose you might *know* I had rather go over the hill ten times. Now, Katrina will think I *can't* drive, and that I don't know any thing," Rose muttered, noticing Katrina's good-natured smile and nod only by a frown.

"No, thank you, I don't wish to drive," she continued, when Miss Diggs had brought out the sack, and Aunt Kate had turned the horse about, and offered her the reins. "I never wish to see a horse again, nor a wagon, nor this old Paddy meeting-house, nor that hateful Dutch girl. And this is the trouble of always living right at home: one's own family never think one is any thing but a child, or to be treated with any respect." So she grumbled and pouted half way home.

Now, I think myself that riding over the slope would have been better than wounding the feelings of a young driver. But Aunt Kate's quick way of doing things which she was often sorry for a moment after was not Rose's fault, and therefore none of her business.

*She* had only Rose's duty to look after; and, besides that, a laugh always turns off any awkwardness better than a scowl: a cross face is, of itself, ten thousand times more a disgrace than unskillful driving.

For the Child at Home.

### HARRY AND THE KITTEN.

"Oh, mother! can't you hold this kitten?" cried Harry Freeman, running into the sitting-room. "She keeps playing round the edge of the cistern while the cover is off. The men that are cleaning it have gone home to dinner, and kitty is racing back and forth all round it. I know she'll tumble in and get drowned. Oh, dear! I'm tired of keeping her off." Here Harry drew a long sigh of distress, and stopped for want of breath.

"Foolish little puss!" said Mrs. Freeman, as she opened her great wicker work-basket, and, putting kitty in, shut down the cover. Kitty peeped through the latticed sides, and scratched at the holes; but she could not get out. Harry was delighted; and kitty, like a little contented darling as she was, turned round and round till she found a comfortable nest, and rolled herself up into a round ball for a good nap.

"Alice," said Mrs. Freeman to Harry's cousin, who was sitting by, "kitty's playing around the cistern reminds me of a story."

"What is it, aunty?" asked Alice; while Harry, caught by the sound of a story, lingered to hear.

"Last winter," said his mother, "the little pond down in our field was frozen over the first very cold night. The ice looked strong and safe, though in reality it was very thin. There was a little boy who had a nice bright pair of skates waiting to be used, and he thought the ice was quite good enough for him. He burst into the house that morning with a loud hurrah, and ran up to the attic after his skates. He came clattering down, and shouted to his mother that there was splendid skating on the pond, and that he was going to try it. He whisked out of the house so like a little whirlwind, that he did not hear his mother call to him to stop. She had to run after him, and did not catch up with him till he had reached the pond and was tying on his skates. 'Why, my child,' said she, 'what a chase you have given me! Don't you know this ice is not strong enough to bear you?'

"'Oh, mother!' said the boy, 'now don't spoil all my fun. Just see how smooth and clear it is!' She could not convince him that he was wrong. He wished so much to have the ice safe, that he was sure it was. Finally his mother picked up a large stone, and threw it on the pond: crack! crack! went the ice, till the boy looked quite ashamed. His mother led him safely home, and set him to sliding in the back-yard.

"But another poor child, whose mother was not with him, went on to the other side of the pond that day, and fell through the ice into the freezing water. He tried to scramble out upon the broken edges of the ice; but it broke off in his hands, and he fell back again. He screamed so loud, that we heard him up here; and Harry and Bridget and I ran down to see what was the matter.

"Oh, how frightened Harry was! I sent Bridget back to the house after shawls and blankets; and we tied them together, and flung one end out to him; for he was not far from the land. After a great many vain efforts, we threw it near enough for his poor, chilled, little hand to catch; and then we pulled with all our might. We had to draw him right through the breaking ice; and his head and hands were all cut and bleeding when we got him safely to shore."

Alice looked at Harry. His face was pale, and he said, "Oh, Alice, it was dreadful! and I kept thinking how near I came to falling in myself."

"Why, Harry, were you the first boy,—the one whose mother would not let him go on the ice?"

"Yes," said he; "and I might have been drowned! Charlie Phelps, the boy that fell in, would have died if he had not been so near the edge."

"Harry dear," said Mrs. Freeman, "I told Alice the story because your fears about kitty getting into the cistern made me think how afraid I was of your falling into the pond. Kitty is a little thing, and don't know her danger; and you are a little boy, and don't always know what is safe for you. One great reason why God commands children to obey their parents is because the parents know what is safe and what is best. So kitty must mind you, and keep away from the cistern; and you must mind me, and keep away from what I say is dangerous or wrong."

Genesee.

For the Child at Home.

### ONLY ONE LEG!"

The little boy spoke sadly, as he saw the soldier limping past with the aid of crutches, while the stump of the mutilated limb swung helplessly along. "Only one leg, mother! What a pity!"

"Not a pity, my son, if it is a proof that he was valiant in fight, and did not yield to the enemy. There are scars that are noble badges, and should be worn proudly."

"Mother, if I live to be a man, I'm going to be a soldier," said the boy.

The lame man heard him, and stopped to speak to him. "You are a soldier now, my little fellow," said he, "and have a hard enemy to battle against."

The child looked around as if to find his adversary.

"Do you ever feel angry and willful? and do you

show a naughty, sinful temper?" asked the soldier.

The little boy remembered how he had cried that morning to have his own way when mamma forbade him to touch a certain plaything that belonged to his brother, and how he had struck the nurse while she was dressing him for his walk; and he hung his head, and did not answer.

"These naughty dispositions are terrible enemies," said the man. "You must fight them bravely, and overcome, even if the strife costs you an arm or a leg, or a right eye. Never mind the scars: God will look upon them with pleasure. He will see in them a proof of your resistance of your enemy the Devil."

The little boy knew very well what he meant; and afterwards, whenever he was tempted to do wrong, he remembered the lame soldier, who lost his leg rather than yield to the enemy; and he also fought valiantly, and was a faithful little soldier.

S.

For the Child at Home.

## SIDDIE'S THOUGHT.

All day long the rain poured down, patter, patter, on the window-panes; tinkle, tinkle, on the shingles; and the robins, who had built a nest on the elm-tree opposite, looked disconsolate enough, with their soft feathers all wet, and their poor little nest soaked through and through with the rain. Siddie had played with his rocking-horse and Allie till he was tired, and was getting almost impatient with the storm; when, lo! there was a crack in the dull gray clouds, and the beautiful, bright-blue sky showed through. By and by the rift grew wider, and the clouds parted in other places, till, finally, the sun fairly shone.

The trees on the Common shook the rain from their green branches, and really sparkled in the sunlight; and Mr. Robin sat on a bough by the nest, and warbled a beautiful song to his wife, as she kept the four little blue eggs warm, and thought of how she would love the little robins when they hatched, and what a good mother she would make them. Siddie sat in his mother's lap by the open window.

His young heart swelled within him as he looked out, and saw every thing so bright and beautiful after the rain. He stretched his little fat hands as far out of the window as he could reach; and spreading them wide apart, as if to clasp his great and wonderful thoughts, he said, "Mamma, all this room belongs to God."

Dear little fellow! the glorious blue sky, the trees, the flowers, and the birds, all the *room*, everywhere, "belongs to God."

"Yes, Siddie," answered his mother: "it is all God's."

"And he lets us have some of it to live in, don't he?"

"Yes, Siddie," answered his mother again.

"Oh, mamma!" cried he, "I love God *dearly:* don't you?" Siddie felt really thankful to God, when all the room is his, that he gave him some of it to live in. Now, children, remember this: "The earth is the Lord's, and the fullness thereof;' and he gives you a home and kind friends, and every thing you have: and will you not, like our little Seddie, "love him dearly"?

F. C.

For the Child at Home.

## TEARS IN A BOTTLE.

I wonder how many of my little friends would like to have their tears preserved in a bottle, — tears of anger and spite, tears of pride and naughtiness, that well up sometimes from every human heart, and flow freely from the eyes. What reproof and shame would they bring to us — these bitter, bitter tears — if we could look upon them in our after-moments, when the passions that caused them were quiet!

What the sweet Psalmist David meant when he said unto God, "Put my tears into thy bottle," were the tears of penitence for all his wanderings from the right way, tears of sorrow for his many sins, and tears of anguish for his offenses against the pure and holy One. Such tears as these our heavenly Father will always have in remembrance He will treasure them up as the signs of a real grief. Perhaps you do not know where the shepherd-king borrowed this strange figure: it was from the Greeks and Romans, who used to put the tears which were shed for the death of any person into small vials, and offer them on the tombs of the deceased.

I think it would be very nice if our tears of penitence could be placed upon the graves of our sins! I should like to put way down into a deep tomb all my naughty thoughts and words and deeds, and then shed such tears of sorrow over them, that Jesus would treasure them in his bottle, as proofs of my sincere repentance: should not you?

Little children, let us not shed any more tears of anger and hatred and pride and malice. These Satan cherishes; but let us henceforth shed only such sweet tears of penitence for sin as God puts into his bottle.

F. B. S.

## FEATHERY TEA-CAKES.

Did you ever read the story of "Bessie Lovell"? Some of you have, I know; and I will say to those who have not, that she was a sweet child, who truly loved Jesus, and whose greatest joy seemed to be to make others happy. She had a playmate named Josey Blane, who was very dear to her; and, as Josey's parents were poor, Bessie often had an opportunity of showing her unselfish spirit to her little friend. She was sitting and talking with her mother one day, when there came into the room a very pleasant odor from the kitchen. Debby, the cook, was at work there. Debby had a peculiar way of speaking, and sometimes seemed cross; but she was very fond of Bessie.

"Oh! I smell tea-cakes!" exclaimed Bessie. "Debby has been making some, I know; and she must give me five or six of them, any way, to take to Josey's Mustn't she, mother? I can run down there before tea, and take them."

"Well, you can go and see what you can do with Debby. She's rather careful of her 'feathery tea-cakes,' as she calls them."

"Debby, I smell something beautiful!" said Bessie, as she bounded into the kitchen.

"Now, who's been telling you about my feathery tea-cakes?" answered Debby.

"Nobody; but I got a good smell of them. Mayn't I look at them, Debby?"

"*Look* at 'em!" exclaimed Debby, with a roguish twinkle of her eye, and a shrug of her shoulders. "Don't you know how they look? You don't mean any thing in particular, I suppose."

"Well, just let me count them: won't you, please?"

"I can tell you exactly how many there are, if that's all you want to know," answered Debby, giving another shrug of her shoulders. "There are just sixty, according to my calculation; but, if you once set eyes on 'em, I'll have to put down my figures. You may find 'em, though, if you can; and, if you do, I'll give you ten of 'em: 'pon my honor I will!"

Bessie was not long in finding them. A large milk-pan full of these feathery cakes was found concealed in the bottom of an empty flour-barrel; and Bessie called out, "Here they are! you've lost ten of them: so I'll just go and get my basket."

"Didn't I tell you I'd have to change my figures? Now think of it once. They've run right down to fifty, — forty-nine I ought to say; for you'll have to have one yourself. Well, it's a shame; but, as long as you have that basket, I can't expect to keep more than half of my baking. Run away now, before I get out of patience with you! I'll hang my cakes down the well next time: you'll see if I won't. Now, now, miss, see what you're doing! You stole my cakes first, and now you're tracking up my nice clean floor that I've just scrubbed."

"Oh, Debby! you make the most beautiful tea-cakes, and keep the cleanest floor, I ever knew," said Bessie, gliding out of the kitchen, not as if she were made of solid flesh and blood, but of air; leaving Debby perfectly convinced that little hands could lower her pan of "feathery tea-cakes," and little feet "track up her kitchen floor."

Rosalie.

For the Child at Home.

## THE CHILDREN'S CHAPEL.

"How good people are to the little children now-a-days! I think something of the spirit of that dear Saviour who took the little ones up in his arms and blessed them must have fallen upon the Christians that prepared such a beautiful chapel for the girls and boys of this city," said Fanfan to herself, as she threw off her bonnet and mantle, and sat down with pencil and paper in hand to describe for other little folk the pleasant Sunday-school room.

Such a long, long journey had she come, away from her Eastern home, by the salt sea, to the far-distant West, where the broad fresh lake washed the shores of a great city, and presented to the sunlight wondrous waves of rainbow hues, — now green, now pink, now amber, and now a deep, deep blue, with white caps dotting. It happened, one day, that she had strolled up a long avenue where the big trees made a nice shade; and on the right side of the street she saw a stone church going up, block by block, towards the sky. The workmen were busy far above her head, and the structure would soon be finished.

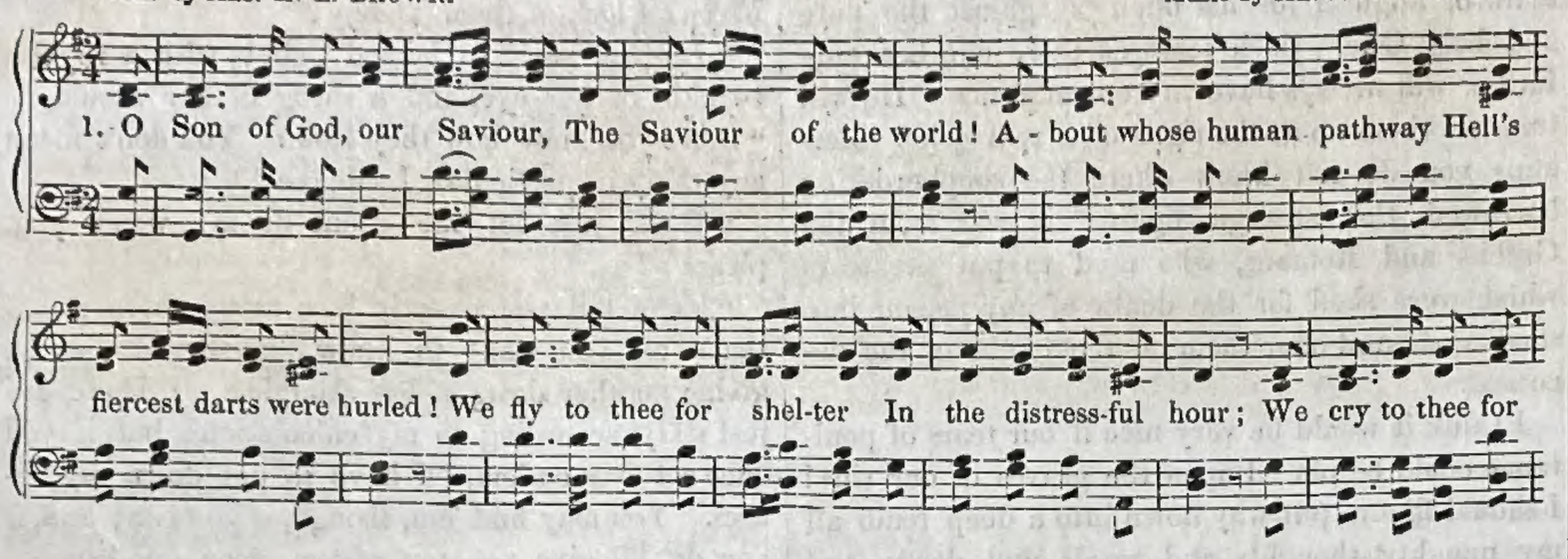
"'Tis a beautiful building," said Fanfan's friend, who was walking up the avenue with her; "but you must see the children's chapel." That is the way Fanfan found, in that far-off city by the great lake, the pretty place where the little people assemble to learn of Jesus.

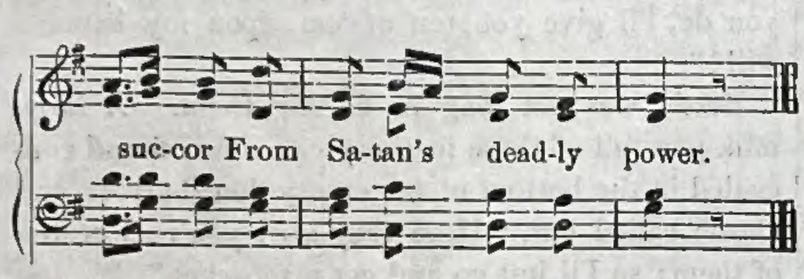
The sexton gladly opened the door for her, and set the fountain that was in the middle of the room to flowing, so that, as she sat there plying her busy pencil, she could hear the music of the water, as it went trickle, trickle, over the little boy that sat

For the Child at Home.

## OUR REFUGE FROM TEMPTATION.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN. Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.


1. O Son of God, our Saviour, The Saviour of the world! A - bout whose human pathway Hell's
fiercest darts were hurled! We fly to thee for shel-ter In the distress-ful hour; We cry to thee for




2 Dost thou not see and pity,
Thou who hast felt the pain?
Wilt thou not reach and strengthen,
Thou who the foe hast slain?
Oh, teach us how to conquer,
How valiantly to stand,
Thou who dost hold the tempter
Beneath thy mighty hand.

3 No more we'll dread his venom
His subtle arts no more;
His wiles can not insnare us,
His charms will not allure:
If only thou art with us,
To make us bold and strong,
We'll gird our armor on us,
And battle every wrong.

4 Thou art our constant helper,
Thou art our sure defence;
Thy love is our protection;
Our shield, omnipotence.
O Son of God, our Saviour,
We love thee and adore;
And in thy name triumphant
We'll praise thee evermore.

astride the dolphin, and sprinkled with refreshing drops the pots of roses and lilies, and fell upon the stones in the lower basin. "'Tis nice to have that fountain in the middle of the room," thought she: "it will remind the children of that ever-flowing fountain, the blood of Christ Jesus, that can cleanse them from all their sins."

Over the fountain, in the ceiling, painted in fresco, was the picture of an eye.

"That," said she to herself, "is to make the little people think of the all-seeing Eye, that can pierce even to the very depths of the heart, and read the thoughts that are hidden from men. I wonder if any of the children can trifle and play in this holy place, when this eye recalls to them the eye of the great God, that is ever fixed upon them. I should hope not."

Fanfan went upon the platform where the superintendent's desk was, and sat where she could have a better view of the ceiling; for there were six beautiful emblematic pictures painted there, — pictures that were designed to teach the children some Bible truth. Behind her was a fine organ, — the children's organ, for they will have another in the church; and to this one will swell the accompaniment of little voices, whose notes the angels love to hear.

Before her were the semicircular seats, where the children press closely to each other like loving brothers and sisters, and listen to the dear teacher, who would train them for the better land. The Bible-class rooms were on her left hand; and at the right was the place for the infant class, with the words of Jesus upon the wall, "Suffer the little children to come unto me," and the beautiful sentence, "He shall gather the lambs with his arm, and carry them in his bosom."

Opposite her, between the windows, was a clock, and over it the words, "Redeeming the Time," to show how fast the moments fly, and that what we have lost in vanity or folly we must try to redeem by future diligence in God's service.

Fanfan cast her eye upward to the first picture in the ceiling. There stood a patient ox; on one side of him the smoking altar, on the other the plow, and above him the words, "Ready for either." That is a hard lesson: how few of us can learn and practice it! Ready to labor, or to be sacrificed; ready for God's holy will, whatever it may be, whether to put forth our active energies in his service, or to suffer martyrdom as St. Paul did for the cause of the gospel.

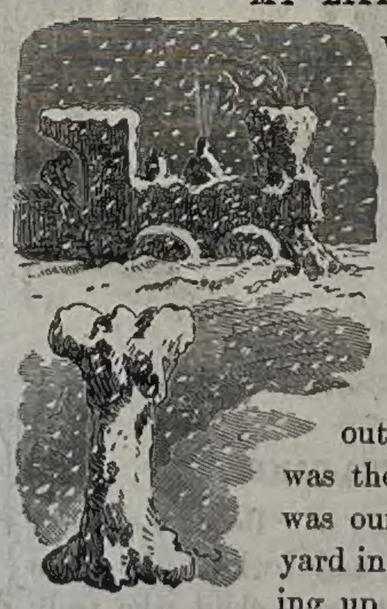
"I shall never see an ox," thought Fanfan, "but it will recall to me this picture in the children's chapel. What a submissive creature it is! How quietly does it yield to the yoke, and draw the plow all day as it turns up the rich loam, and makes wide furrows in the field! and how does it lay down its life for us when its working-days are over!"

The other pictures were beautiful and appropriate; but I have not room to tell you of them here.

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

## MY LITTLE NIECE.



I WAS sitting alone at my chamber-window.

"Minnie, Minnie Williams, come into the house this moment!" The voice came sounding through the long hall, up the stairway, into my room; and, turning hastily, I looked out of the window to see what was the matter. There, indeed, was our little Minnie, out in the yard in a thick snow-storm, holding up the corners of her little apron, trying to catch the great white flakes as they came tumbling down over her bare head and shoulders. Twice the call was repeated before the little feet turned in obedience, and then the steps were willfully slow; and I knew, by a smothered little cry I heard a moment after, that mamma had been obliged to use something more substantial than words. A few minutes more, and the pretty red dress and white apron came fluttering into my room, and the curly head was laid with a great sob in my lap. "My mamma is dest ugly." The little girl hid her face while she said it.

"Why, why, Minnie, do you call your nice, pretty mamma ugly? I am astonished!"

"Vell" (well was usually the preface of all Minnie's important remarks), "I des vanted to dit some of the pretty fowers for auntie, and mamma *s'ook* me."

"But you didn't come quick when she called you."

"Vell, I didn't dit 'em; and I'm doin' up in the sky some time (you tole me so, auntie), and then I can pay with the fowers and vater all I vant to; and I'm doin' *barefoot* too."

The little girl pulled a curl or two over her eyes as she looked shyly up into my face. That was a funny idea of Minnie's, and I felt quite like laughing; but the naughty feeling was too manifest; and her little conscience too, I plainly saw, was chiding: so I kept sober; and, taking her up in my lap, I brushed away the shade from her eyes, and, looking steadily into their blue depths, asked, "And who will you see when you go up there, Minnie?"

"God and the angels." She made a great effort to speak distinctly, and, clasping both arms around me, hid her face again.

"Did I tell you you would surely go there?"

"If I was dood, an' I'm doin' to be," answered the smothered voice.

"Do good people do what God tells them to do?"

"Ees'm."

"What does God tell us about our parents?"

"Obey your paywents in the Lord." There was a little trembling in the voice this time.

"Perhaps God will call your mamma before he does you to come up to him. Then who would see to little Minnie? for auntie is going away, you know. It makes mamma very tired to run after you with baby in her arms; and what if she should be sick and die?"

"Vell, I don't vant my mamma to die." There was a little shudder, and the arms were clasped tighter.

"It grieves her, too, to have her little girl disobedient. She knew you couldn't gather the pretty flakes, and that you were getting cold; and you should have come quick when she called you."

"Vell, I didn't."

"No, I know you did not; and you were naughty, weren't you?"

"Ee's: I dess I vas." I drew the little arms from around me, and took my little niece to the window, which I opened, and, extending my hand, caught some of the snow-flakes she admired so much, and explained to her that they were not flowers, and would not be at all pretty in the house, but would only turn to water, and make whatever they touched damp and uncomfortable. Minnie looked very thoughtful, and was soon satisfied that her mother knew what was best for her when she called her in. She remained silent for some minutes, while a look of anxiety stole over the dear little face. At length the anxious expression changed into one of firm purpose, indicating that something was to be done. Slipping down hastily from the chair where she had been standing, she said very softly, "I dess I'll doe and see my mamma now;" and, before I had time to get the window closed, the gay, petulant, warm-hearted little creature was gone.

H.

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### BIRDS THAT LOVE THE COLD.

"Ho! what's this? What kind of birds are these, father?"

"Why, can't you tell, George? Didn't you ever see such birds before?"

"I don't remember them, if I have. They look something like ducks. No: they're too large for ducks. They look more like geese. But they can't be geese; for their bills and their wings and their legs are different from what geese have."

"Oh, I know, George!"

"Well, what are they, Lizzie?"

"Penguins. Don't you remember? We saw a splendid picture of one last summer, among Uncle Wallace's pictures of birds."

"Yes, yes: I remember now. But that was only one bird. I never saw such a crowd as this. Please tell us about them, father."

"Yes, Lizzie is right: these are penguins. There is much to be said of them that will interest you and all other boys and girls. Can you tell me why they are called 'birds that love the cold'?"

"Is it because they don't like a warm climate?"

"That is it. Their home is in the antarctic regions. I need not tell you who are studying geography where that is; and as it is March now with us, and cold weather, it is a good time to talk of birds that love the cold. Their name comes, perhaps, from the Latin word *pinguis*, which means 'fat' or 'greasy;' for they need, and therefore are supplied with, a nice layer of fat under the skin to keep them warm. I will read you, from a magazine called the 'Leisure Hour,' some parts of an interesting article about these birds: —

"'When on the ground, the penguin stands quite upright: indeed, as he walks, or rather waddles along, the resemblance to a little, grave-looking old man, wrapped in a silvery-gray cloak with hanging sleeves, is so apt a burlesque, that one can not resist indulging in a hearty laugh at the oddity of its gait.

"'Wings, directly speaking, the penguin has none, — if by wings are meant the requisite organs for supporting it in the air; but, destined to dwell in the ocean, the ordinary form of wing would have been a useless encumbrance. Hence they are changed into paddles of a most efficient kind, enabling it to move with as much ease and celerity through the turbulent waves as the powerfully winged condor and eagle cleave the air.

"'Weddell, in his journal of "A Voyage toward the South Pole," thus speaks of the king penguin, as he found it in the Island of South Georgia: "In pride, these birds are perhaps not surpassed even by the peacock; to which, in beauty of plumage, they are indeed very little inferior. During the time of moulting (shedding feathers), they seem to repel each other with disgust, on account of the ragged state of their coats: but, as they arrive at the maximum of their splendor, they re-assemble; and no one who has not completed his plumage is allowed to enter the community. Their frequently looking down their feet and sides in order to contemplate the perfection of their exterior brilliancy, and to remove any speck which might sully it, is truly amusing to the beholder.

"'The Patagonian penguin is described by Mr. G. Bennet, who saw a colony of these birds which covered an extent of forty acres. He says, "They were arranged on shore in as compact a manner, and in as regular ranks, as a regiment of soldiers, and were classed in the greatest order, — the young birds being in one situation, the moulting birds in another, the sitting hens in a third, and so on."'

"There is much more that would interest you, George and Lizzie; and, the more we know, the more we are impressed with the goodness of Him who made all things, as I think you began to learn in our talks a while since about the lion and the elephant. But this will do for our evening lesson."

"Thank you, father. Lizzie and I will be glad to have another such lesson soon." **Uncle Paul.**

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**For the Child at Home.**

### LITTLE HELPERS.

Charlie was crying. He was the little baby, three months old. Georgie left his play, and came running to see what was the matter. Georgie was only a two-years-old baby himself; though he could talk "like a little man," and loved his new brother with a love big enough to fill a great manly heart.

"What will Georgie do to help us?" thought weary mamma, holding the restless baby, as she saw him leave his little new rocking-horse, and come to her aid. Yes, even then, mamma had learned to expect help rather than trouble when Georgie came.

What *could* the little darling do to help? Not much, you think. He climbed up on a stool, and took Charlie's little fat fists in his, and put his bright face up to the baby's, and said, —

"What the matter, Charlie? Don't you cry, Charlie, and I'll tell you story, Charlie. 'Jack and Gill went up the hill,' Charlie."

Charlie stopped crying, though he did not understand the words; for, somehow, Georgie's sunny face

comforted him: but mamma, who did understand all, was comforted yet more.

Will all the dear children who have baby brothers and sisters follow Georgie's example, and try to be little helpers? Herbert Newbury.

For the Child at Home.

### "THE SECRET MARK."

My little boy seven years old received at Sabbath school the beautiful little paper, "The Child at Home."

He brought it home, and read it. It was the paper for November, 1865. That night, on going into his room after he had gone to bed, I found him weeping. On inquiring what was the trouble, I found he was thinking of "The Secret Mark," the title of an article in the paper. He confessed, that some time before, being alone in his father's store a moment, he sold some little article, and did not put the money which he received in the drawer. He wished me to pray for him, and seemed to be very sensible of the sinfulness of his conduct.

May no other little reader of this paper have to make a like confession! But remember, dear little boys, if you are guilty of a sin like his, it is better to confess it; for we read in God's holy Word, "If we confess our sins, He is faithful and just to forgive us our sins, and to cleanse us from all unrighteousness." D. K. C.

For the Child at Home.

### NELLIE'S INK-STAND.

A TRUE STORY.

Little Nellie had a very bad habit of becoming impatient, and losing her temper, when things did not go just as she wished them to. If the door did not latch the first time she closed it, she would shut it with a bang which was sure to wake the baby; and I once knew her to give her dolly such a jerk because the sleeve of her dress did not slip on as easily as it might, that she tore the arm off, and poor dolly was obliged to go with only one arm the remainder of her life.

Nellie's mother had often talked to her about this, and told her that our dear heavenly Father was grieved to see any of his little children angry. Nellie had tried some to overcome the habit; but she had not tried half hard enough, as we shall see.

One day she came home from school in high glee, saying that the teacher had promised to give the first class lessons in writing, if they would bring pen, ink, and copy-book. Nellie's father got them all for her; and the next morning, with clean hands and face and a new white apron, she started for school. It was the loveliest of spring mornings, and Nellie noticed for the first time that the trees were full of robins singing as if their little throats would burst, and that ever so many dandelions had bloomed out in the grass since she went home the day before. Nellie's heart seemed almost as glad as the robins', and was full of happy thoughts of learning to write, and soon being able to write a letter to Sister Mary instead of printing it.

Nellie's ink-stand was a glass one, with a stopper made of wood, which her brother had neatly whittled and fitted the evening before. Now, it came to pass, as Nellie trudged rapidly along over the stones and rough road, the motion of her body loosened the stopper, and tiny black bubbles of ink came oozing out round it. She pushed it in, and walked on: again it loosened. "Dear *me!*" said Nellie, impatiently pushing at it; but the stopper did not mind her, and became loose again.

"You hateful old thing!" she exclaimed, "you *shall* stay in, any way;" and, so saying, she stepped to the side of the road where there was a large flat rock, upon which she laid her copy-book; then she put down her ink-stand, and took up a small stone, and gave an impatient blow upon the stopper, when, to her great astonishment, she found her ink-stand split in two. Oh, how surprised and frightened she was! She had no idea it would do so, and could hardly believe her eyes. But yes: there were the two pieces, and there was the ink trickling through the leaves of her nice copy-book, and there was a large black spot on the front of her new apron.

Oh! what shall I do, what shall I do?" exclaimed Nellie. "I can not go to school; I must go back:" so she turned, and walked slowly toward home.

The birds had either all gone away again, or were so sorry for her, they could not sing; for Nellie did not hear a single warble all the way home. and, if the dandelions had been thick as stars all along the roadside, she would not have seen them; for her eyes were full of tears.

Nellie's mother was very much grieved when she heard her little girl's story; and, as she took off the new apron to try and get the ink spot out, her face was very sad. But this wicked, impatient temper had left a spot on Nellie's soul blacker and harder to get out than the one on her white apron; and the dear, patient Jesus looked down from heaven, and saw it, and was sadder even than Nellie's mother.

L. R.

For the Child at Home.

### "TOO HAPPY TO SLEEP."

If there was a happier boy in our United States of America on Christmas Day, in the year of our Lord 1865, than Kenneth Cornell, I am very sorry that I did not have the blessing of a sight at him; for the vision that my eyes saw on that day will never depart. The child's heart was running over with joy. You all know what a lovely day was given to us to enjoy; how, from raging winds and wintry snows and icy rain, the wonderful Ruler brought forth the day all a-blossom with sunbeams, and fairy, spring-time airs, that made the hours seem fitted for carols and sweet rejoicings.

At "break of morn," Kenneth was awake to examine the stocking that had been knitted in with his dreams in a marvelous way. How he longed for full day-light, that he might examine the contents of the packages! and his wish was speedily granted. His shouts of joy rang through the house when he learned the treasures that were there laid up for him.

In less than two minutes, Kenneth's stout little knuckles had resounded on every sleeping-room door, and his voice cried forth wishes of merry Christmas to every ear within the dwelling.

The family Christmas-tree followed the private stocking affair; and at evening, to crown all the joys of the happy day, came the trees of the Sunday school, all laden with light, and beauteous with gifts. It so happened that Kenneth had received every present that he had been longing for, and there was not one drop of disappointment in his heart. Long after the household had retired to rest, I heard little sounds as if some one was astir in Kenneth's room. I went in; and there sat Kenneth in a chair beside a window, with a shawl wrapped about him.

"Why, Kenny," I said, "what can this mean? Why are you not in bed?"

"Aunty, I'm too happy! I don't want to forget it one minute, and I am afraid I shall if I get fast asleep. I don't want ever to forget to-day."

"But what is it that has made you so happy?"

"It's everybody's kindness in giving me so many beautiful things."

"Why do friends give gifts at Christmas?" I asked.

"Because they love each other, I suppose; and the gifts help tell of it, isn't it?"

"Who do you think gave the first Christmas present, Kenneth?"

"I don't know: I should like to."

"It was God, Kenny. He gave, out of the fullness of his love, Jesus Christ, as a gift of redeeming mercy to the whole world."

"Oh, aunty! I never thought of that before; and all these little gifts ought to make us think of that great first one:" and Kenneth looked very solemnly up at the mysterious sky, all spread with starry glories; and my hands, in their caresses over his dear face, found tears thereon.

"I am glad you came in, aunty," he said after a few minutes of silence. "I couldn't go to sleep. *I knew something was wanting;* but I didn't know what. I had not thanked God for his present to-day;" and, kneeling down beside me, happy Kenneth lifted up his little thank-offering.

A half-hour later, I looked in again; and the angel of sleep was keeping guard over happy Kenny.

Our worldly, every-day joys will not satisfy us. We shall, like Kenneth Cornell, find unrest, and "something wanting," until we learn the precious truth, that they are only faint shadows of the joys that our heavenly Father hath laid up for those that love him. P. J.

For the Child at Home.

### BLIND TOM.

Have you seen him? Have you heard him play? Some of you have; for, at the time when I had the opportunity, I saw children in the hall, who, I think, will read this paper, and who seemed equally delighted and astonished with myself; and no doubt others have heard him in other places. But many of my little friends will perhaps never hear this wonderful boy; and for them I write.

Who is blind Tom? A colored boy, once a slave in Georgia, where he was born. His parents were "field-hands," as the slave used to be called whose work was in the cotton and rice fields on the plantations. Poor Tom was not only born a slave, but blind; and his sad lot in this respect made him an object of pity to all, and caused him to receive kind treatment from those about him.

But while the light is shut out from his eyes, and he can never in this world see the faces of friends, nor any of the beautiful things that God has made,

he has received one great gift; and that is the power to perform music, — a power that he possesses to a degree that can not fail to astonish every one who hears him; and it was discovered that he had it while he was but a little child. He will play on the piano the most difficult as well as the most simple music, with a grace and beauty which charm the listener. As he plays, he seems lost to every thing but the music. He bows his head toward the keys, smiles, moves his head from side to side, and appears as if he is holding some kind of converse with the instrument, that fills his heart with happiness. And as he rises from the piano, he claps his hands with the audience in applause.

He has composed some pieces of music which have been printed. One is called the "Rain Storm." He held it it in his hand when the photograph was taken from which the picture is copied.

How good God has been, I thought, to this poor, blind, ignorant black boy, in giving him such means of enjoyment to compensate for the loss of sight, and perhaps for weakness of intellect! I hope he knows and loves sacred music as well as that which he played and sang for us. How pleasant it must be to him, if he has learned to love that Saviour who has pitied and blessed him in his darkness, to think the time will come in another world, if not in this, when he will *see* as well as sing!

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

## THE CHILDREN'S CHAPEL.

I told you something about it a while since, as perhaps you can remember. I think you will be interested to hear more about the pictures in that chapel. The second picture represented a river where the minister was baptizing such of the people as wished to lead a new life, and follow in the footsteps of the blessed Saviour. Upon the bank were many waiting, either to have their part in this holy sacrament, or to greet those who had newly put on Christ. In the third picture were instruments of music and a singing-book, and two angels sounding the praise of the Lord. The little children could look up to it as their sacred songs swelled through the room, and feel that angels and archangels, and cherubim and seraphim, were uniting with them in glorious ascriptions to the King of kings. It was better to have this suggestive picture before them. Little children receive impressions through the eye long before they can be taught by the hearing of the ear; and the kind friends who planned for the Sunday scholars the beautiful chapel knew this, and acted accordingly.

Fanfan went down from the platform near the organ, and took her station by the clock, that she might have a good standpoint for the other views, that were almost over her head, where she sat before.

The central picture of the remaining three was an open Bible and a cross, with a wreath upon one arm. Between the cross and the Bible was a trumpet, from which a flame proceeded, to show the children how powerful is the word of God, and what zeal should belong to those who take up the cross of Christ.

On the left of this was a Bible with a cross upon it, and a lamb upon the cross; above the whole a wreath, with the letters I. H. S., the initials of the three Latin words, "Jesus Hominum Salvator," I and J being the same in the Latin tongue. The lamb upon the cross was to remind the little ones of that Lamb slain from the foundation of the world; and the Latin inscription means, "Jesus, the Saviour of men."

The Bible is the only book that tells us of the great sacrifice which Jesus made for our sins; and if we faithfully read the word of God, and are washed in the blood of our slain Lamb, and patiently bear his cross through life, we shall by and by receive a crown of glory, upon which we shall always gratefully read, "Jesus, the Saviour of men."

The last picture Fanfan delighted to dwell upon. It was full of meaning. There was a serpent, and the two tables of the law, that carried her away back to the Garden of Eden, where our first parents were tempted and fell; and to the dreadful Mount Sinai, where God wrote the commandments with his own finger.

But her eyes wandered from the serpent that brought such trouble into this world, and from the tables of the law, that are so hard for us to keep from breaking, and rested upon the altar of incense with the two angels bowed in prayer, and the all-seeing Eye bent upon them. In the distance was the temple, with its shining pinnacles, to represent the holy house above, where God's children shall forever praise him. There were palm-trees also near the altar; for the palm is the emblem of victory. Surely none of the little children can look upon this lovely picture, and not desire to bow constantly before the altar of prayer, and by the grace of God so to overcome every sinful enemy as finally to wave the palm of victory in the temple that is heaven itself. In all the pictures there were garlands of bright flowers, and the lily, which is called "the flower of the blessed virgin," because of its purity. It is the emblem of that guilelessness of spirit which all the children of God should strive to possess.

"Blessed are the pure in heart; for they shall see God."

Around the walls of the beautiful chapel are sentences from the Holy Scriptures, — some for the teachers: —

"He that winneth souls is wise."

"They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

And some for the scholars, and for all: —

"Him that cometh to Me I will in no wise cast out."

"Thy word is a lamp unto my feet, and a light unto my path."

"Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

"Remember thy Creator in the days of thy youth."

"The Lord is nigh unto all them that call upon him."

"I am the Way, the Truth, and the Life."

"The entrance of Thy words giveth light."

"Search the Scriptures."

"Those that seek Me early shall find Me."

Then there were the old commandments on one side of organ, and the new on the other.

Fanfan read them all with delight; and, taking one more last peep at the pictures on the ceiling, she donned her bonnet, and left the music of the fountain as the cool drops trickled upon the little boy and the dolphin; and even now, in her far-off home, if she shuts her eyes, she fancies herself in the distant city, in the children's beautiful chapel. Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

## BLESSED ARE THE PURE IN HEART.

BY FRANCES LEE.

When I was a little girl, and wore high-necked aprons, I went to school in an old red schoolhouse with two windows on each side, and a door opening toward the west. It was very hot there in summer, and very cold in winter. There were wide cracks between the floor and ceiling, where we used to lose our slate-pencils pretty often, and through which the wind was always blowing on to our feet.

So, with the bleak walk of a mile over the snow, and cold feet in the schoolroom, I was always getting a sore throat and a cough, and had, almost every winter, to stay at home a part of the time. For this reason, the red schoolhouse was not a very safe place for a delicate child. But there was a greater danger still there, because any evil done to the soul is a great deal worse than illness of the body, — something which has since troubled me more than all the cold and wind.

Among the children were several boys, who used to say bad words, and often do low, mean things. I thought these boys were almost too wicked to live upon the earth, and kept out of their way as much as I could. But yet, all my life long, the memory of what they said and did sometimes comes up to me; and, though I would be very glad to forget them entirely, I can not.

Now, my dear little boys and girls, I wish you would listen to me, and believe what I say.

You do not know what mischief you are doing to yourself when you listen to coarse boys, who use any sort of bad words. If you are not made low and wicked by them, and come up, in spite of it, to be pure men and women, you will be all the more sorry for the impure spot left in your mind, which will stick like pitch to you, and which you can never burn out or wash away.

For the Child at Home.

## "DOES GOD LOVE BEGGARS?"

An old man knocked with his staff on a courtyard gate. Within the house, a happy family were clustered about a well-spread breakfast-table. The gate had been locked to keep intruders out.

A little girl, with a face as fair as a pippin apple-blossom, looked up on hearing the knock, and said, —

"There he is again, — the old beggar-man. He comes every Monday morning, and you've never given him a crumb all winter. Do now; he looks so pinched and hungry! May I give him a cup of coffee? It is my birthday: please let me!"

"No, no, Susie! If we give beggars coffee, we shall have a crowd around our gate every morning."

"But do, mamma, let Susie just this once," asked little voices from all sides of the table; and even baby, who had not yet aspired to the second round year of his life, cried, "Dive, mamma, dive!"

"Oh, you are all beggars!" exclaimed the happy father. "Wife, we will risk the crowd, and let Susie give the coffee."

The mother smiled permission. The man still waited at the gate. He could see the breakfast-table quite plainly, and no head had been shaken to bid him go on his way. Susie waited for the cup, and even begged an extra lump of sugar wherewith to make more sweet the coffee.

Oh, how happy the delicious draught made the "beggar-man"! Susie could see the wrinkles fade out from his face, and smiles come in their places.

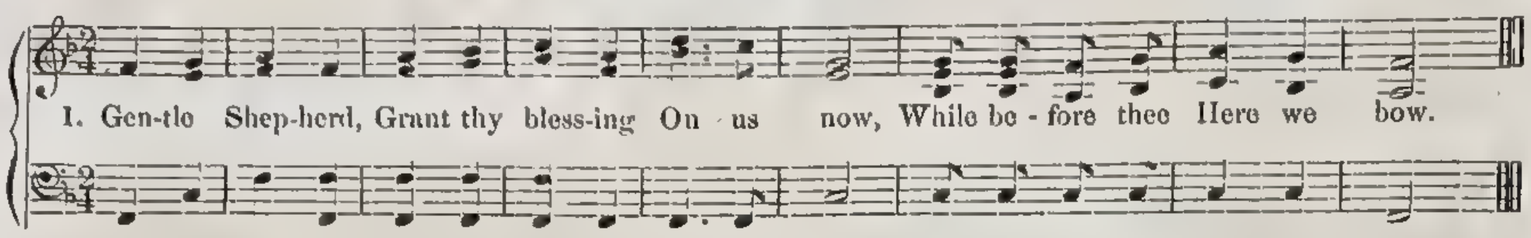
"It's many a weary morning," he said, "since I've tasted coffee. Tell your mother I thank her;" and, having caught up the last drop of sweetness, the old man went on his way

The family group separated, and were soon occupied with their various interests. At mid-day, tired with play, weary of his horses, his carts, and his

For the Child at Home.

## GENTLE SHEPHERD.

Words by Mrs. M. P. C. Music Arranged from the German.




2 Gentle Shepherd,
We thy children
Seek thy face.
Give us now
Thy heavenly grace

3 Gentle Shepherd,
Bless the children
Of this fold;
Cleanse the hearts
Of young and old.

4 Gentle Shepherd,
Through this Sabbath
Guide our way:
May we never
From thee stray!

5 Gentle Shepherd,
When life's ended,
Take us home,
From thy side
No more to roam.

toys, little pet Arthur stole up to his mother, and said, "Kiss me, mamma." The kiss was given. Arthur turned again to his toys; but he was soon at his mother's side. "Kiss me another time," he said. The child received kiss number two; but it was not many moments before the head of gold returned, and with a plaintive tone Arthur begged, "Do love me, mamma, and kiss me twenty times."

I am certain that the score of kisses were not counted by Arthur nor by his mother, as the lady gathered the boy in her arms, and looked anxiously in his face to learn if he were ill.

Arthur lay quietly for some moments, and sleep seemed creeping in at his eyes; when suddenly the head of gold darted up from its place of rest, and, with his eyes of blue fixed on his mother's face, he asked, "Mamma, you don't love beggars, do you?"

"I love you, Arthur."

"But old men and women with dirty faces, I mean, and ragged girls and boys who keep knocking at the door?"

"No, Arthur: I am afraid I don't love them."

"Mamma, does God love beggars?"

"He loves all the creatures that he has made."

"But beggars, I mean, — folks who keep teasing and teasing for things he don't want to give them?"

"I should think not."

"But I guess he does, mamma. *I guess God loves beggars;* for papa asks God every morning for just the same things, and every single night I beg God to keep me while I go to sleep, and Susie and Bennie and Mary ask him just the same. We are all beggars, and I think God loves us; for he always takes care of us: and he never locks up his big courtyard gate; for, if he did, he wouldn't hear us."

Arthur fell asleep, the color deepening and deepening in his cheeks until they burned into a flame-like hue; and, two mornings later, a little beggar boy was admitted, for Christ's sake, into the kingdom of heaven.

S. J. P.

For the Child at Home.

### ASK MOTHER FIRST.

OW many pleasant things we can see and hear every day, if we watch and listen!

I was walking toward home late one afternoon in winter. The country all around was covered with a deep snow, that seemed of a purer white than ever in the light of the departing day. I heard the voices of children behind me; and their little feet stepped fast over the hard, crisp snow. They passed along beside me; and I saw that one was a little girl of about eight years, and her companion was a boy somewhat older. The girl wore a pretty crimson hood, which was quite becoming to her cheeks, made rosy by the fine winter air. She was drawing a sled. The boy had a sled too. "Come, Annie," he said, "let's go down to Pine Hill now; it's splendid coasting there; and we shall have time for some first-rate slides before dark."

"I must go and ask mother first, Henry," said Annie. She did not drawl out the words dolefully, as if she did not like to have to ask her mother; but she spoke in a very pleasant and cheerful tone. She hurried along with her sled, and Henry after her. I soon lost sight of them; but I could not forget Annie. I thought to myself, "How safe that child will always be, if she keeps to her rule, — 'I must ask mother first'!"

I know children who have sometimes got into a great deal of trouble because they did *not* "ask mother first." Remember that it is unsafe to do any thing you think it possible your mother would not like to have you do. Remember that God has said, "Forsake not the law of thy mother."

Children, I mean boys as well as girls, you will be saved a great deal of unhappiness if you *ask mother first.*

S. E. L.

For the Child at Home.

### LITTLE PROFESSORS.

"I don't want to go to church to-day," said my little boy one Sabbath morning, as we were preparing to go out.

"Why not, sonnie?" I asked in surprise.

"Because it is the Supper to-day, and I can't eat it. When shall I be old enough, mamma?"

"Just as soon, my dear, as you can truly feel that you have a new heart and are one of God's children," said I.

"Do little children ever, mamma? Are there any little boys and girls that stay and eat the Supper?"

"Oh, yes! quite a number. None quite so young as you, but several no older than your sisters."

"Are they any different from other children?" asked my little boy. "I wish I could see one!"

"They ought to be different, dear; and I hope they are. They ought to be more conscientious, more loving, more patient, more diligent. They ought to be better every way. And you do know some little professors. There is Fanny Green, and Susie Day, and Willie Andrews, and Katy Grover."

"What! Katy Grover, mamma? Why, she missed her lesson the other day in school, and she got so angry!"

Just then some one called off my little questioner, and I fell to thinking. I wished I had all the little professors of the religion of Jesus in this land together in one place, so that I could talk to them a few moments. And this is what I would say: —

My dear little friends, when you came forward in church to join yourself with the followers of Jesus, you separated yourself by the same act — did you not? — from those who were not his followers: and you declared there, while angels and men were listening, that it was your earnest and fixed purpose to devote your whole body, soul, and spirit to the service of God, and to take the Bible as the "authoritative rule of faith and practice;" that is, that God's holy word should be your only guide, both in what you believe and in what you do.

Now, I would ask you a few simple questions. *Do* you believe what the Bible tells you? Do you obey it in all things? Do you always choose that which *it* pronounces right, and avoid that which it pronounces evil? Do you use every member of your bodies, your hands and feet, your eyes and ears, your lips and brain, the power of thinking and the power of feeling, — all, — to please God with? and are you careful never to take any of these faculties, which you have given up to him, for sinful purposes?

And is your purpose and practice in these respects so manifest, that all around you see and recognize it? Can your schoolmates and companions point to you, professors of religion, members of the church, and say, "They *are different* from the rest of us"? When there is any question of right or wrong to be settled, do they exclaim, "It is no use to ask this one or that one; for we know beforehand which side they will choose"? And, when any wickedness is going on, do they try to conceal it from you because they are certain you will disapprove it?

This is the way it should be. I think this is what God meant when he said, "Come out from among them, and be ye separate, and touch not the unclean thing; and I will receive you, and will be a father unto you, and ye shall be my sons and daughters, saith the Lord Almighty."

Little sons and daughters of the Lord Almighty, be not ashamed of your relationship, but rejoice and glory in it, and walk worthily of your high and holy calling.

H. E. B.

For the Child at Home.

### GRATEFUL LITTLE ARTHUR.

Charlie was teasing him, as big boys sometimes like to tease little ones. He was holding a miniature wheel-barrow over his head, out of the reach of the tiny arms that tried to stretch themselves up to it; and the child's trouble seemed almost to give him pleasure. At last, when his aunt could no longer bear his selfish cruelty, and commanded him to give up the plaything, he threw it upon the floor pettishly.

Arthur, dear little tender heart! took it gladly; for it belonged to him: but, as if to make amends for Charlie's disappointment, he ran and got a little broken cradle that he prized, and said, "Sarley can play with that: here, Sarley, I'll lend you this to play with."

You may be sure it made the big boy feel very much ashamed of his selfishness. Do you tease your little brothers and sisters? I hope not.

B. S.

Jesus three times asked Peter if he loved him. What would you say if Christ were to ask you once, —

"Lovest thou me?"

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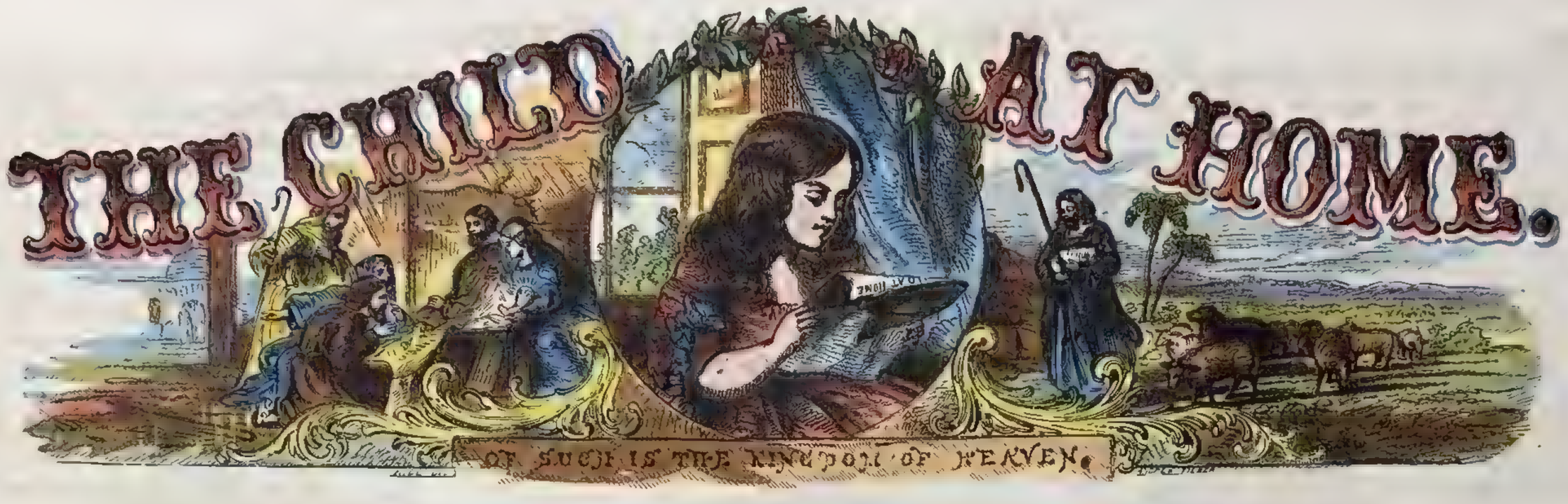


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### THE RETURN OF THE BATTLE-FLAGS.

It was on the last "Forefathers' Day."

Do you need to be reminded that Forefathers' Day is the 22d of December, and that it is so called to commemorate the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth Rock?

On that day, in last December, a procession passed through the streets of Boston such as was never seen in that city before, and perhaps never will be again. We may hope there will never be occasion for another like it. It was a procession of soldiers: but there were no new and showy uniforms; there was not much glitter of silver or gold lace; and the officers' horses were not as gayly decked as you have seen them on some holiday occasions.

It was not what might be called a *brilliant* spectacle. It was something better. It was a procession of noble men, — patriot soldiers, — marching with the flags which they had followed through the fire and smoke of many a well-fought battle-field, and of which they were now taking leave.

Those flags were soiled and torn; some of them hung in strips; and, in more than one case, the color-bearer only held the staff, the flag having been all torn away, and the staff itself bound up to hold its broken pieces together. When they reached the State House, they gave these precious relics into the keeping of the State of Massachusetts.

The remnants of the battle-flags of ninety Massachusetts regiments, battalions, and batteries, were thus returned.

The scene at the State House, when all these standards had been brought together, was a strange and thrilling one. Nearly three-hundred flags were there, and about them stood the war-worn veterans who had followed them and fought beneath them. Many of those veterans could show scars received in defence of our country's cause. In the Nineteenth Regiment, three of the color-bearers were one-armed men. In front of the colors of the Twentieth Regiment marched the noble sergeant who had borne them on the battle-field, but who now had to give them into other hands; for both his arms were gone.

The standards were delivered up at the State House by the general in command, and to his presentation-speech the Governor replied.

And now those battle-flags are placed where they will be safely kept as precious relics of the great struggle for the Union; and they will always remind those who look upon them of the patriotism and the sacrifices, both of those who lived to come home, and those who laid down their lives for our dear land. Let us rejoice with hearts full of thankfulness to God that he has so richly blessed us as a people; that the war is over, and we have peace: and let us pray that he will unite all hearts throughout our land in the desire to "do justly and love mercy, and to walk humbly" before him.

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

### "I MUST SAY MY PRAYERS."

Through the dusk, an express train was rushing over bridges and long lines of rail, showing through the windows glimpses of lights shining here and there in homes, bare trees, and barren fields. A child had been traveling all day, amused by various devices into good-humor and happiness. Now the night fell, far away from his crib, and the dark eyes looked sleepy. From his silver mug and a homelike plate the little boy made a tolerable tea; but the sleepy time came of longing to be undressed, and rocked in the familiar room.

The cars thundered on, regardless of childish fatigue; the lamps were shedding a dim light; when little Howard was told that he must lie down in his mother's arms, and sleep. The child looked incredulous: "Where is my night-gown?" he exclaimed. The mother explained that he was going to see his grandmother, — with whose memory was connected all privileges of petting and spoiling, — and that he could be just as comfortable in the warm rug and shawl.

The child sat in his mother's lap, looking with large, wondering eyes on the strange prospect, with red lips parted. "But I must say my prayers, mamma," he lisped in sweet baby-fashion. In new scenes, unconscious of the eyes around him, he folded his dimpled hands, and repeated reverently the old prayer beginning, "Our Father," embracing all our wants and dangers. As he prayed, "And deliver us from evil," the mother clasped him closer, and prayed, too, that they might escape the perils of the way.

Then followed the "Now I lay me," in the same sweet voice, the child's faith clear and strong.

The passengers in the seats adjoining could not avoid hearing these childish words. Some of them turned away in scorn; others smiled: one woman

with a peaceful face looked lovingly on the child who did not forget, even in a railway car, to say his evening prayer. The rosy lips murmured, "God bess papa and mamma, and make me good for Christ's sake." Then his curly head was pillowed on his mother's arm. Onward the cars swept in the darkness; and still the boy slept profoundly, fearing no evil, while the echo of those prayers lingered in hearts unused to praying in the hardness of their older lives. One man seemed to brush away a tear hastily, as he thought, probably, of the time when he had not forgotten to pray.

The angels who watch over our little ones kept Howard in peace and security all the night long, and brought in safety to his grandmother's arms the boy who remembered to say his prayers. Agatha.

For the Child at Home.

## AGGIE'S MIRACLES.

Many years ago, a little girl whose name was Agnes lived in one of the villages of the State of Vermont. Her father was pastor of a church in the place; and little Aggie, as most of her friends called her, was the pet of the village. Her father was not only a very good, but a very learned man, and had in his study a cabinet of choice minerals.

When Aggie was about four years old, Dr. L——, a professor from a neighboring college, was visiting at her home. He had a long, scientific talk with her father, and they spent some time in examining the contents of the cabinet; Dr. L—— expressing, during the conversation, a wish that he might have some fine specimens to add to the collection at the college. Aggie had been watching the two very earnestly as they turned over and examined the little stones, and, after the conversation ended, slipped quietly out of the room. In a few minutes she returned, her sweet face flushed with pleasure and exercise, her little hands heaped full of small stones which she had gathered in a lot adjoining the house; and, walking gravely up to her father's guest, she laid them on the table at his side, saying, "Here, doctor, are some *miracles* for you." She did not understand the smile on all the faces as the doctor thanked her, and said, "Your specimens shall be duly deposited, my little girl," but, satisfied that she had done a good work, retreated to her little bench by her mother's side.

Ah! little children, as I told you, that was many years ago; and Aggie, grown to be a beautiful, good woman, the delight and comfort of her parents, went home to Jesus last summer, but not till she had gathered many a rich handful of "miracles" which God will treasure up, and which will sparkle everlastingly in the crown she wears.

And now, little ones, I have written you about "Aggie's Miracles" for a reason: I want you to be like her. That little act of her childhood gives you an idea of her whole life. She looked at the common things of the world, at the little things, the things that many would call useless, and, by her sunny good-nature, her faith and prayer, worked miracles of brightness and blessing with them, — a kind word for the poor old man whom she met by the way; a seat in a crowded vehicle cheerfully given to the old or infirm, whether richly clad or in rags; always a bright smile and a ready hand to aid her aged parents; and a cheerfulness which cast over common homely duties a light which made them easy, even pleasant, to bear.

And these are miracles you all can work by good-nature, unselfishness, and prayer. M. H. H.

## "THE NEVERS."

The author of "The Nevers," lately republished by the Tract Society in the volume entitled "Frank's Victory," sent a copy to a little boy not quite three years old. He replied, with the help of a friend, as follows: —

"I do not intend to *say* never unless I *mean* never. I used to say, 'I'll never run away down street any more;' and then I would run away down to my papa's office: but I am trying to be a better boy; and I ask God to make me a good boy, and make me mind my papa and mamma."

If this were the only token yet received by the author, he would feel richly rewarded. How many other of his little friends will make such a good resolution, and pray for God's help to fulfill it?

Maxwell.

For the Child at Home.

## ONE OF JESSIE'S FRIENDS.

Shall I introduce you, young readers, to one of Jessie's friends? It is Ellen McIntire.

Ellen was a poor child, and could not go to school, for she had to work all the time to help buy food for the family at home; and she could not go to church and Sunday school, for she had no clothes fit to be seen. Jessie felt sad, as she saw the little lame girl limp up the street every day, for it seemed as if every step must give her pain; and, when she found out that Ellen was poor too, there was no rest in the kind, generous heart, until she and her mamma had devised some plan for the child's good.

"She must have some clean, warm clothes," said Jessie.

"Well, if you want her to have them so much that you will make them all with your own hands, you may do so, my dear," said mamma. "I will cut them out, and you shall sew them."

How pleased Jessie was! and how hard she worked to get the clothes done quickly! though, to tell you the truth, she did not like much to sew.

One day, while she sat at work on the dress, sewing the "hard, ugly gathers," as she called them, into the belt, mamma said to her little girl, —

"Jessie, I think Ellen McIntire is one of your best friends."

"One of my friends! Why, I should sooner think I was one of hers," said the child.

"So you are; but she has well paid you for all you have done, and mean to do, for her. She has done quite as much for you as you have for her."

"How queer, mamma! What do you mean?"

"Why, if I had cut out a whole suit of clothes for you three weeks ago, and said, 'Now, Jessie, I want you to make all these with your own hands,' would you have thought you could do it?"

"No, I guess not," said Jessie; and she laughed at the very thought.

"But you could do it now, could you not?"

"I guess I could;" and Jessie laughed once more.

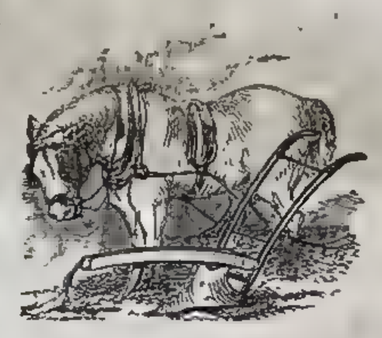
"Then Ellen has taught you the worth of your own hands, and shown you how much help you can be to me, hasn't she?"

"Yes: I see."

"Then she has been a right good friend to you, and you will have to thank her all your days."

So when Ellen's clothes were all made, and given to her, and she looked up, with tears in her eyes, to say "Thank you," Jessie said quickly, —

"No, no, do not thank me, but let me thank you for the good you have done me. You are one of the best friends I ever had, and I shall always feel grateful to you as long as I live." H. E. B.



## GOOD-NIGHT!

"Good-night!" said the plow to the weary old horse,
And Dobbin responded, "Good-night!"
Then, with Tom on his back, to the farm-house he turned
With a feeling of quiet delight.

"Good-night!" said the ox with a comical bow,
As he turned from the heavy old cart;
Which laughed till it shook a round wheel from its side,
Then creaked out, "Good-night, from my heart!"

"Good-night!" said the hen, when her supper was done,
To Fanny, who stood in the door.
"Good-night!" answered Fanny: "come back in the morn,
And you and your chicks shall have more."

"Quack, quack!" said the duck: "I wish you all well,
Though I can not tell what is polite."
"The will for the deed," answered Benny the brave:
"Good-night, Madame Ducky, good-night!"

The geese were parading the beautiful green:
But the goslings were wearied out quite;
So, shutting their peepers, from under the wing
They murmured a sleepy "Good-night!"

Now the shades of evening were gathering apace,
And fading the last gleam of light:
So to father and mother both Fanny and Ben
Gave a kiss and a hearty "Good-night!"

Songs for my Children.

For the Child at Home.

## "LITTLE MISS HILL."

She came in from the garden as proud as could be, holding in her mouth her first prize. Who do you think "Little Miss Hill" is? and what do you suppose made her so very grand? She is Willie's pussy, and she had caught her first mouse. "Di" (that is the other cat) marched behind her in a stately way, as if to share in her triumph when the family should see what a feat she had performed.

Well, it is something to feel very comfortable about when one does what a wise Creator formed him to do. I know a great many girls and boys who use their members for quite a different purpose than that for which God designed them. For instance: The tongue was made for gentle, loving words and blessings; and I have heard words of bit-

terness and anger and cursing. The hands were made to perform works of useful labor, and to clasp lovingly other hands, and to smooth the pillow of the sick, and to help others who are weary: but I have seen them folded idly when there was work to do, and raised to strike dumb, helpless animals and little playmates, whom they should have cared for tenderly, and caressed; and picking and stealing, when they should have wrought dilligently to get their living honestly.

Shall we let "Little Miss Hill," with only her animal instincts to teach her, do better than we, to whom God has given reason and his blessed word and his Holy Spirit?

S.

For the Child at Home.

### WHERE THE WHITE DOVE WAS NESTLING.

I was walking to Sunday school last Lord's-day morning, dear little children; and, as I passed a beautiful stone church, I glanced up at the square turret that caps the roof over the main entrance. Among other embellishments is an indented cross, finished at the bottom by a semicircular projection, like a balcony that you have seen at a window, only very much smaller, to be sure; and there, at the foot of the cross, a pure white dove was contentedly nestling.

My heart leaped at the sight, it was so suggestive of a holy moral; and I could not help saying to myself, "How beautiful! how beautiful!"

Then my thoughts went out toward the boys and girls for whom I love to treasure every pleasing incident that occurs in my daily life, and I wondered how many gentle little hearts were nestling on that hallowed morning at the foot of the Saviour's cross.

I watched the sweet bird to see if it would not flutter its white wings, and fly away to join its companions that huddled together on the top of the tower; but it seemed to have no other wish than to keep its quiet position.

It taught me such a true lesson! — that only as we keep close to the foot of the cross can we find real contentment and peace. The companionship of our young friends may give us a momentary happiness; but the love of Jesus overshadowing us will bring lasting joy.

Shall not you and I seek this divine love? Shall we not, by the help of the Holy Spirit, of which the beautiful dove is an emblem, get near to the cross of Christ, even to its very foot, and there rest in blessed contentment until our Lord shall lift us up to our eternal home, and crown us with everlasting bliss?

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

### THE OUTSIDE AND THE INSIDE.

The bell was tolling, and the people were slowly walking up the aisles. It was a country church, and most of the congregation had remained through the half-hour's intermission between the Sabbath school and afternoon service.

I had observed a little girl, a pretty-looking child, with deep-blue eyes and dimpled cheeks, who had sat very quietly in her class, and, I imagined, had recited her lesson very properly. She now took her seat a little in front of me, in such a position that I had a full view of her face while the congregation was assembling. It was a very fair face, with its rosy, dimple-dented cheeks and full red lips; and its loveliness was not lessened by the neat straw hat, with white trimmings, which rested so becomingly upon the full, broad forehead. Bright, happy glances were bestowed upon another little lady who sat beside her. It was a pretty sight, those two little friends sitting thus, waiting for the "worship of God" to commence; and I had time to have a number of pleasant thoughts about them while the bell was tolling.

I thought of the gentle words of our blessed Saviour, "Suffer little children to come unto me." So fair and innocent and childlike they looked, that it did not once occur to me that there could be guile in their hearts. I felt that it was well for Christ to say, "Of such is the kingdom of heaven."

But the happy vision was soon dispelled. Slowly walking up the aisle came an aged, gray-haired man, leaning heavily upon his cane, as though it was a weariness for him to walk. The sexton, who preceded him, looked at the pews upon one side and the other, finally opening the door of the one where the little girls were, and seating the stranger there.

Little reader, did you ever sit before an open grate, and watch the beautiful figures that the crackling coals would seem to form, until your imagination was all in a glow, and you saw trees and horses, and boys and girls, and many beautiful shapes, that were not there at all? and when, in the midst of your fancies, somebody stirred the fire, and spoiled them all, didn't you open your eyes in astonishment to think you had been so deceived? So suddenly were my eyes opened, and my pleasant thoughts scattered, by the unlovely movements of the little girl I had been admiring, when that trembling stranger was seated by her. There was plenty of room in the pew, — the little girls and the stranger being the only occupants; but an evil spirit does not wait for even seeming reasons to exhibit itself. Had she been crowded, there would have been some show of excuse why that little girl should shrug her shoulders, pushing as far as possible away from the old man, drawing the little arm that was nearest him in front of her in a very unbecoming manner. The stranger looked around at her in a mild, humble way; and I fancied I saw a look of pain upon his face as he met her bold, scornful look. I began to wonder if it was "of *such;*" but the bell stopped, our good minister was walking up the pulpit stairs, and the attention of all was immediately asked to "the solemn worship of God."

H.

### LETTER FROM THE SOUTH.

We have received a letter from Mr. W. F. Eaton, who is located as a Government agent at St. Simon's Island, Ga., from which we take the following: —

"About the middle of June, a Sabbath school was organized on this island. But four children came out at the first meeting. We organized, however, and began at once to learn some of those sweet songs in the 'Golden Chain.' This attracted the children; and, very soon, 'I'll away to the Sabbath School,' and 'I'm glad I'm in this Army,' were heard every day in the week. We now number eighty-nine, and many adults have joined us. The scholars at first appeared restless and wild; but now it is easy keeping good order, and the improvement in manners and dress has been rapid and pleasing. Most of the Sabbath scholars are in a school during the week, and hence are learning to read the 'Child at Home,' 'Freedman,' and other papers printed for them. We hope all the good little children at the North, when they pray for themselves, will remember these little ones who have so recently come from slavery. They are poor, and often suffer for clothes and food; but they are happy, because they are free. Oh, how I wish that they were all free from the hard service of sin!"

For the Child at Home.

### THE SHIPWRECKED EMIGRANTS.

On Sunday, the fourteenth day of last January, the bark "Fredonia," Capt. Edmund Burke, arrived in Boston harbor, having on board two hundred and seventy-three emigrants, who, together with the officers and crew, numbering thirty-three, had been taken from a sinking ship twelve days before. It was a remarkable preservation of that large company of men, women, and children, from death at sea. The noble-hearted captain of the bark, when he found the emigrant-ship in a sinking condition in mid-ocean, determined, if possible, to save all those precious lives. The ship's name was the "Gratitude," a word that must have been on the lips or in the heart of every one of the imperiled passengers when the bark hove in sight. Capt. Burke threw overboard a large part of his cargo to make room for them; and all day long, from nine o'clock in the morning till five in the afternoon, the boats were passing to and fro till all were safe.

But there was neither food nor water in the bark sufficient for so many. They were therefore put "on allowance," each one receiving a biscuit and half a pint of water a day, till they reached land.

They arrived at Boston on a bitter cold day, and were at once taken from the bark and carried to a hall, where every thing was done that could be done for their comfort. I saw them there. Many of them were very thinly clad. There was a large number of children among them under ten years of age, and many of these were bare-foot. They had suffered sorely. Four had died on the passage. One, a babe, died in its mother's arms as they reached the wharf. Six were so ill, that they were taken directly to the City Hospital.

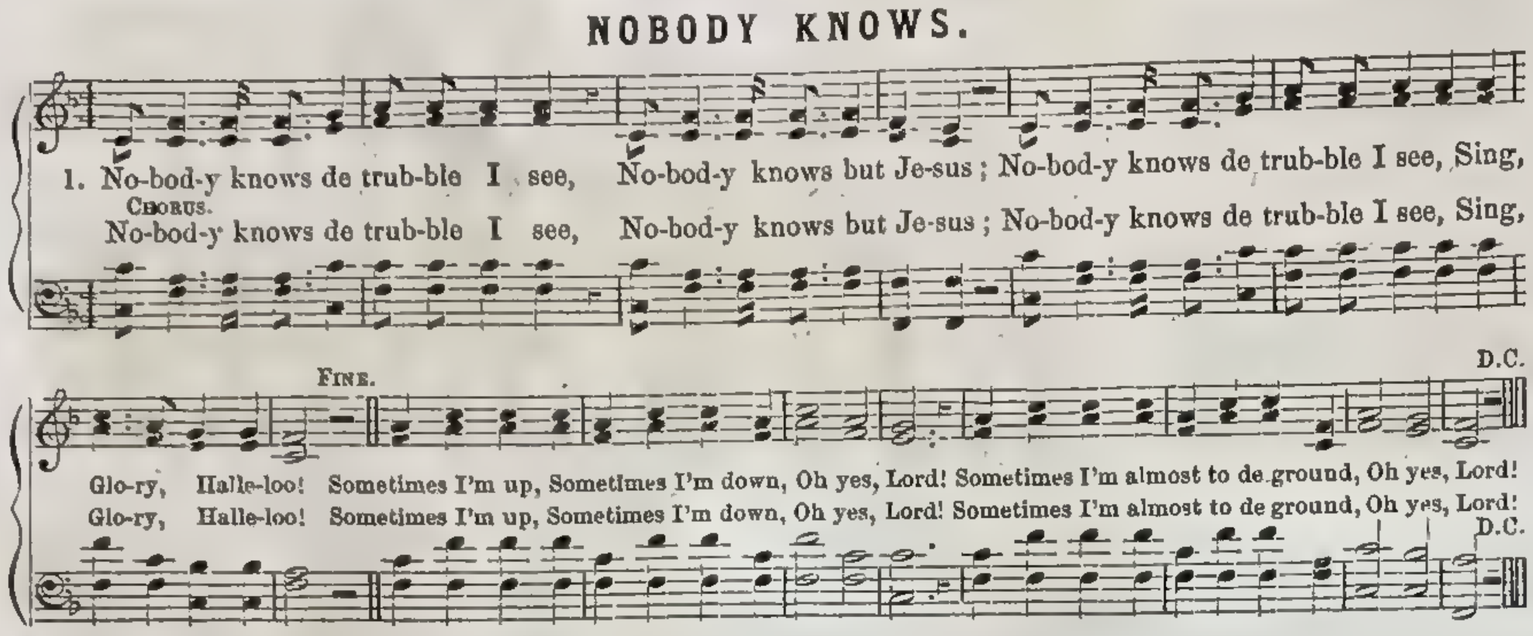
These poor people had fallen among friends. Busy hands and warm hearts were in that hall. The emigrants were having their morning meal as I passed around among them. Ah! dear children who sit and read this in pleasant homes, I wish you could have been there and seen what I saw.

Huddled about one of the stoves was a group of little ones, their ages, perhaps, from four to eight years. Two or three tired-looking mothers were at hand; one of them sitting with a babe in her arms, while another child, scarcely more than a babe, leaned wearily against her. Each child had a piece of nice bread, which he was eating as if he enjoyed it. Their faces were thin and pale; bare feet peeped from beneath scanty and soiled coverings, — what they wore could hardly be called clothes; and their little arms had become so poor from want and suffering, that there was not much more than skin to cover the bones.

Then, dear children, I thought of you, for so many of whom it has often been my pleasure to write as now; and, as I looked upon the little "strangers in

For the Child at Home.

## NOBODY KNOWS.


1. No-bod-y knows de trub-ble I see, No-bod-y knows but Je-sus; No-bod-y knows de trub-ble I see, Sing,
Chorus.
No-bod-y knows de trub-ble I see, No-bod-y knows but Je-sus; No-bod-y knows de trub-ble I see, Sing,
Fine.
D.C.
Glo-ry, Halle-loo! Sometimes I'm up, Sometimes I'm down, Oh yes, Lord! Sometimes I'm almost to de ground, Oh yes, Lord!
Glo-ry, Halle-loo! Sometimes I'm up, Sometimes I'm down, Oh yes, Lord! Sometimes I'm almost to de ground, Oh yes, Lord!
D.C.

2 Nobody knows de trubble I see, &c.
One morning I was walkin' along,
Oh, yes, Lord!
I saw some grapes a-hangin' down,
Oh, yes, Lord!
*Cho.* Nobody knows, &c.

3 Nobody knows de trubble I see, &c.
I picked de grapes and sucked de juice,
Oh, yes, Lord!
'Twas sweet as any honey-comb,
Oh, yes, Lord!
*Cho.* Nobody knows, &c.

4 Nobody knows de trouble I see, &c.
Ole Satan told me to my face,
Oh, yes, Lord!
That he would pull my kingdom down,
Oh, yes, Lord!
*Cho.* Nobody knows, &c.

5 Nobody knows de trubble I see, &c.
But Jesus whispers in my ears,
Oh, yes, Lord!
That he will build my kingdom up,
Oh, yes, Lord!
*Cho.* Nobody knows, &c.

6 Nobody knows de trubble I see, &c.
What make dese Christians pray so bold?
Oh, yes, Lord!
They got salvation in their souls,
Oh, yes, Lord!
*Cho.* Nobody knows, &c.

7 Nobody knows de trubble I see, &c.
De tallest tree in Paradise,
Oh, yes, Lord!
De Christian call de Tree of Life,
Oh, yes, Lord!
*Cho.* Nobody knows, &c.

a strange land" so gratefully receiving these gladly-bestowed charities, I could not help asking myself, "Do the children of our happy homes know and feel the value of their blessings? Are they grateful to God? Do they love Jesus in return for his wonderful love?" Will you answer these questions in your own hearts?

Kind men were moving among these poor shipwrecked emigrants with loaves of bread, and cans of milk and hot coffee; and all were supplied. In many families the wardrobe was examined, and various articles were sent to the hall, till more than enough was received to make the sufferers comfortable with warm clothing. They wondered at the kindness shown them. Their hearts were full of gratitude. It was a sight that I shall long remember; and I left the hall, hoping that all those who responded so heartily to this call might be enabled to do it in such a spirit, that one day they would hear the welcome words, "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these, ye have done it unto Me."

Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

### HELPING MAMMA.

"Careful, careful, Ettie!"

Little Ettie was trying to help mamma by carrying away the dishes, — one cup, one saucer, one plate, at a time; for her small hands could not yet clasp a pile of them. Mamma was cautioning her; and, in perfect obedience, the little feet pattered back and forth from pantry to table, ever busy, yet never hurrying. No dish had ever fallen from those tiny fingers, so well was the "careful, careful," heeded. But, this time, something new had taken place. A rug lay in Ettie's path, over which her cautious feet had hitherto trodden safely. This time, for some reason, the little slipper did not get quite high enough, and the corner of the rug turned over. Here was a dilemma. She did not stumble: no, Ettie seldom stumbled. But the rug was out of order: what should she do? She cast mournful glances, first upon the disarranged mat, then upon the plate she was holding tightly in her hands. She knew the corner of that rug ought to be turned down; but which to do first, fix that or carry away the plate, was the question that agitated Ettie's little brain.

Mamma saw her perplexity, but thought she would let her make her own decision. It was but a brief space of time before Ettie decided. Stepping carefully to a chair that stood near, the thoughtful child safely set down her dish, and, turning back to the disordered rug, put it in order, viewing the effect with an emphatic "There!"

A new dignity was about the little creature, when, after the plate was safe in its place, she came back to the table, and looked up silently, tears trembling in her eyes, into her mother's face for further orders. Ettie, for the first time in her little life, had decided for herself; stepping, in that brief trial, over many months of slow maturing. And I felt, as I looked upon the dear, sweet face, mirror of the sensitive soul within, that henceforth the great apostle's injunction, "Let all things be done decently and in order," would be one of the child's rules of action.

N. M.

For the Child at Home.

### THE OTHER HAND.

BY FRANCES LEE.

When Totty was a very, very little bit of a girl, not much larger than the cat, she stumbled over a footstool one day, and down she went right on to one hand.

It was Thanksgiving Day; and Totty's grandmother, who was almost eighty years old when the little girl was born, had come up to dinner from the brown house where she and Aunt Patty lived by themselves. She was sitting in the best rocking-chair, dressed in her old-fashioned blue short gown and wide-bordered cap; and Totty's mother was just putting a chicken-pie on the table, big enough to hold Totty and the cat too. Then there were as many as three aunts in the dining-room, besides Amy and Kate and George. They all thought Totty must be hurt, and expected to hear her cry; but, before anybody could go to her, she had got up, and was looking at the little pink bruised hand, with her lip out and a pitiful face. It was only for an instant, though: then she said joyfully, "Didn't hurt *this* hand!" and so ran away happy as ever.

The mother always remembered how Totty comforted herself, and in the years after used to say, when she fretted for some lost pleasure, "You must look at the *other* hand, my child."

Ah! yes: that is indeed the simple secret of happiness, — a secret better worth knowing than how to turn iron into gold, — to keep thinking of the pleasant things we still have, with hearts grateful to God, and never stop to mourn over those which are gone.

### A SONG OF THE FREEDMEN.

We give our young readers a piece of music this month, with the accompanying words, as a specimen of the hymns sung by the freedmen of the South. The hymn was sent to us by one of the teachers who has been for some time engaged at Charleston, S. C., in instructing these poor people. Our children will notice quite a difference between this and their own songs; but they will remember that the words, —

"Nobody knows the trouble I see,
Nobody knows but Jesus," —

are sung by many a heart that is overflowing with love for Him who has delivered the slave from his bonds, as well as the soul from the bondage of sin.

### THE BIRD THAT LOVED THE SUN.

"Mother," said a young blackbird, looking out of his hole in the wall one cold winter's day, "what has become of all the flowers?"

"They are withered and dead, my son."

"And what has become of all the fruits, mother?"

"They are gathered and gone, my son."

"And the beautiful flies, mother, with the colored wings, — where are they?"

"Perished, all perished, my son."

"And the creeping things, mother, that we live upon, — where are they?"

"Safe under the earth, my son."

"Oh, mother, how dreary it is, then! We have nothing at all left."

"Well," said the old bird, "it is dreary now. But look up at the sun that shines in the heavens: he still remains to us, and, when his time comes to work, will restore to us the flowers and the fruits, and the painted flies, and all our needful food; and therefore let us wait patiently, my son; for in him we have all things, though now hidden from us."

Original Fables.

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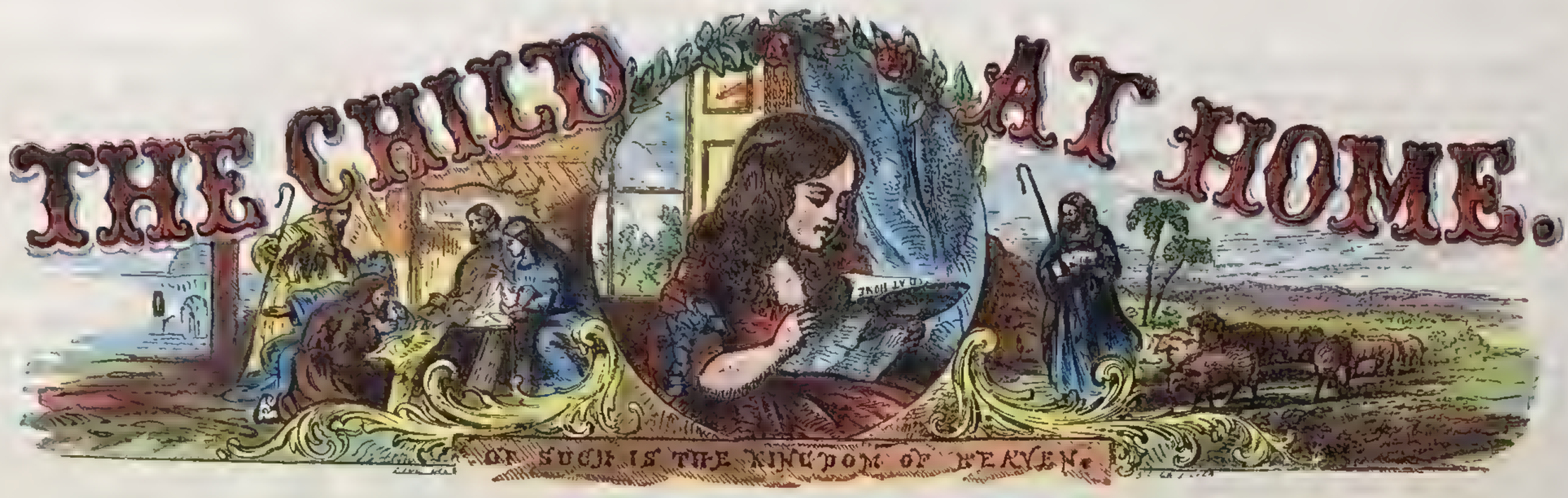


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### THE BEAR AND THE FOX.

WALTER and Nellie had drawn their chairs up to the table by which Mr. Lee sat reading the evening paper, and were quietly looking through their lessons as they waited for the time to come for their pleasant "evening talk with father." At last he laid the paper down, and, looking up, met their expectant eyes with a smile.

"I saw a picture in town to-day that I thought would please you, and I brought it home," said Mr. Lee, spreading the picture out before them on the table.

"Why, it's a bear!" cried Walter; "and he's caught in a log, and those men are going to kill him!"

"And what's that fox doing in the bush by the tree?" asked Nellie, whose bright eyes took in the whole picture at once.

"I shall have to tell you the story," said Mr. Lee. "It's the old fable about the lion's court, and the bear that went to arrest the fox. The lion, being the king of beasts, was holding a court, at which all complaints could be made, and difficulties settled. Very serious charges were made against the fox. He had done much mischief, and hurt and destroyed many defenseless creatures. The lion said he must be brought before the court; but none of the beasts dared to undertake the part of sheriff or police-officer. They were afraid that the fox would be too sly for them, and, in the end, would in some way bring them to grief.

"At length the bear came in. He sneered at their fears, and declared that he felt able both to take care of himself and to bring the culprit fox to justice. So he was sent out on that business. He reached the home of the fox, and was received very politely, and indeed with much apparent affection by him. The bear did not directly announce the object of his visit; but the fox had found it out, and was ready for him. They chatted pleasantly together a while. Then the fox remarked that he found luxuries in abundance thereabouts; and, if his friend the bear had an appetite for honey, he would show him plenty of it. Bears are fond of honey, and Bruin gladly accepted the invitation. The fox took him to the out-yard of a farmer, where there was a large log partly split open, the wedge still sticking in the rift.

"'There,' said the fox: 'the honey is down in that log,—a lot of it. You'll find it. Eat to your heart's content.'

"The bear eagerly thrust his paws and his head into the opening; when the fox suddenly pulled out the wedge, and the two sides of the log flew together, holding Bruin fast. After much struggling, he managed to get his head out, with the loss of a large piece of his skin; but his paws were held tightly as in a vice, and he groaned with pain, while the blood streamed from the wound on his head. The fox, who now threw off his disguise of friendship, laughed and jeered at him, and, looking up, said, 'I see the people coming; so I'll bid you good-day!' and left the bear to his fate.

"The farmer and his friends who now arrived were astonished to find a large bear in such a trap. They seized whatever they could lay hands on, and made so fierce an assault upon him with stones, clubs, and pitchforks, that, in an agony of pain, by a mighty effort he succeeded in drawing out his paws and making his escape, bruised and bleeding and almost dead.

"You see, Walter and Nellie, the bear was *too confident of his own powers;* and that was the cause of his misery. If he had been watchful, on his guard, and had attended to his duty, and that alone, he would have escaped the misfortunes, which, according to the fable, had well-nigh ended in his death. Don't be like poor Bruin. Remember your weakness. Be on your guard against artful and wicked enemies of your peace; and try to find out all the meaning of those Bible words, '*Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall.*'"

**Uncle Paul.**

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**For the Child at Home.**

### LITTLE JOE'S SUPPER.

He had often been hungry; but to-night he was longing very much for something to eat,—right here in this rich city, where many a sumptuous table is spread, and people gorge themselves every day with food. His mother had come from an up-town tramp: she had been begging with poor success, and had taken the child with her; and now she had pennies enough for car fare down the avenue to the street where they burrowed like rabbits in the dark. They were too weary to walk, and the ride was better to them than bread. So the woman thought; but the little boy's eyes were hollow and greedy as he caught sight of a lad opposite, nibbling crackers.

He did not ask to share his neighbor's supper; but

some hearts are quick to feel the wants of others. It is a great gift to have such a heart. God had bestowed it upon the lad; and, without a word of entreaty, he fished from his pocket a handful of the round, dainty biscuit, and gave them to the little hollow-eyed fellow.

You should have seen Joe's expression of delight and gratitude as he took what seemed to him an angel's portion.

There was a good man sitting near, who had watched the little scene with interest; and, as the young lad imparted this feast to the poor boy, he touched him, and asked, "How came you to give the crackers to the child when he did not ask for them?"

"Because," returned the lad, "he looked as though he wanted them."

Is not this the truest kind of sympathy, that does not wait to be importuned for charity, but feels another's woes while yet unspoken? God grant to us this gift of real benevolence that is constantly welling up from our own heart and overflowing into the hearts of others! F. B. S.

Some of our young readers have read, in a book entitled "The Winter School," the story of Willie Osborne. His mother discovered one day, to her surprise and sorrow, that Willie had been chewing tobacco. She at once proceeded to wash out his mouth, as you see in the picture. The punishment of the little boy mentioned in the story below was much like that of Willie Osborne.

For the Child at Home.

### WASHING OUT THE STAIN.

I lately heard of a novel punishment of a little boy who had done something to grieve his good mother. You, my little readers, may like to hear about it; but you will be careful not to commit a like offense, that your mother may not try this upon you. This little boy was too young, you will think, to do that for which he had to be punished: but very little folks sometimes *hear* wicked words; and, almost before their lips can pronounce them, they are *uttered*. This was the offense: Little Tommy was on a visit with his mother to some cousins; and one day, when the cousins were playing happily together, this little boy, only four years old, said a bad word.

His cousin took him in to his mother, and told her what Tommy had said. She was very sad, when she asked her little son if this was true, to find it really was. She thought then she must punish him in such a way that he would be likely to remember it.

She said, "Now, Tommy, your *lips* have said a very bad word. I must cleanse those lips from that stain. I must *burn* out that mouth." Ah! don't you think little Tommy trembled when he heard that? He did not know how much his mother would hurt him, though he knew any kind of punishment would give him pain.

His mother then mixed some strong pepper and water, and proceeded to wash his mouth. Poor Tommy! the burning and smarting made him wish his lips had never been polluted with the utterance of any thing bad. Don't you think he remembered it? His mother told him, while he was being punished, that this was a sin too, — a sin against God. And this is what I want you all to think of. If you speak wicked words, your souls are stained as well as your lips. No washing of pepper and water will cleanse the stain from the soul. The lips are not only defiled; the heart is made corrupt: and it is out of an evil heart that the wicked words come. And so, little friends, David's prayer is a good one for you, if you have such an evil heart: "Wash me thoroughly from mine iniquity, and cleanse me from my sin." The blood of Christ will make the sin-stained soul "whiter than snow." That will wash out the stain. This little boy had heard this bad word. Some older boy with whom he had played had said it. Oh! what a fearful thing it is to be thus the means of making a white soul soiled and stained! for a very little child has a whiter soul than one who has lived longer to hear evil things and keep them in the heart. L. E. R.

For the Child at Home.

### WHAT IS LOVING?

Every little child has its own sweet, winning ways, and its own peculiar words of love; all very dear and beautiful to those who love it, and who are so much happier for God's having sent it to their home.

Willie, a dear boy of five years, is the pet of several big brothers and sisters, and the charm of the whole house. Every night he "*rests* his poor tired papa" by climbing on his knee, and, with his chubby arms around his neck, listening to a "good-night story." Every morning he creeps into his mother's bed, and half-smothers her with kisses, repeating over and over again, as he has done hundreds of times since he first learned to lisp the words, "Oh, precious, darling mamma! how I do love you!" Then he flies off to rouse the boys, stopping a moment in each bed to "comfort" them with a hug, a kiss, and an oft-repeated "I do love my Sam!" "I do love dear Johnny!"

One morning, Sam, who chanced to be up before his turn had come to be "comforted," heard the usual words of assurance from his mother's bed. He tapped at the door; and, when he was bidden to "Come in," asked, "Willie, what is loving?"

"Loving!" cried the pet indignantly: "I guess I know what loving is." And clasping his mother's neck in an embrace which almost took her breath, and kissing her over and over again, he added, "There, that is loving!"

"Oh, no!" said the brother: "that is hugging and kissing. You hugged and kissed old Betsey Lane for two red apples; but you don't *love* her, do you?"

"No, not very much; but I'll try to be kind to her, because her husband's dead, and she's got nobody now to split her wood," said Willie pitifully.

"Well, what is loving, then?"

"Loving is," — and the little cheeks grew red as Willie remembered a scene of the day before when he wanted his own way and grieved his mother sadly, — "loving is — loving is *obeying!*"

Although the dictionary would not tell you just what Willie did, his answer was a very wise one for a baby-boy. His little heart told him that obeying and loving were very closely connected; and it began to beat very quickly now; for he feared, after all, that he did not truly love that tender mother whom he did not always obey.

The way to prove that we love our parents and friends is to do all we can to please and honor them, and loving the great God will be seen by our obeying him in all things. J. D. C.

For the Child at Home.

### HOPE'S DISAPPOINTMENT, AND HOW SHE BORE IT.

H, dear! oh, dear! what shall I do, Aunt Ruth? Just look here! See, it rains!" exclaimed my little friend, Hope Leigh. And drops, just like those which fell drip, drip, drip, from the roof, fell from the blue eyes of the child.

Kind Aunt Ruth drew near. She saw the drops of rain, and the tears too, and bent down to kiss the blue eyes and the wet cheeks. She thought her love might dry up the drops which glistened there. And so it did; for all at once Hope looked up in her aunt's face, and a smile as fair and bright as the bow which you sometimes see in the sky played round her lips.

"Now, if I could reach up to the clouds, and kiss them, do you think it would dry up the drops of rain?" said Aunt Ruth with a gentle voice.

"I guess not, auntie;" and Hope laughed outright at the thought.

"Who sends the rain, my dear?"

"I know, Aunt Ruth. God sends it."

"And did not God know that my love wished to go out in the woods to-day with her young friends, and that she could not go if it rained?"

"Yes, of course he did."

"Then it is all right; for we know that the good God can do no wrong. It is right that it should rain, and right that you should not go to the woods to-day, although we can not tell why. But we must be satisfied; for we should be glad at all times to have right done, although we may suffer by it. Should we not, darling?" asked Aunt Ruth in her still, kind way.

"Yes, I know," said Hope. "But I felt bad at first, when I thought of the good time Frank and Bell and I meant to have out in the woods. But now I will not mind. I will do just as if God spoke to me out of the sky, and said, as you do sometimes, 'Hope, I think it is best for you to stay at home to-day, and let the drops of rain go to the woods in your place.' How quick I should mind if God did speak to me; shouldn't I, Aunt Ruth? So I will wait for my good time till the sun shines out. That will be God's time; and so, of course, it will be a good time; won't it?"

"That is true, my dear child. God's time is the good time, the best time we can have for all that we wish to do. I am glad you feel it to be so now, and I hope you will in all the days and years of your life to come."

"I will try to," said Hope; "for I do love God. I know he is good, and that he loves me; and, though I am nothing but a little child, he would not make me feel bad if it was not for the best." H. E. B.

For the Child at Home.

### EMILY'S PRAYER.

One Sunday, Emily Warren came home from church very thoughtful and quiet. Mr. Grant had been preaching to the children about prayer. The text was, "Ask, and ye shall receive;" and he had told them that the true way to get a "clean heart and a right spirit" was to ask God for them. Now, Emily was quite encouraged by this. Many a time she had

said to herself, "I *will* be a good girl; I will be a Christian." She had tried to love God and to do right for a little while; but it seemed to her, that, the more she tried, the worse she grew. She was discouraged.

But if really the Lord did not want her to try in that way, if he would *give* her a heart to love and please him, as Mr. Grant said, she would certainly ask him that very day.

She put off her hat and cloak, and went to her own little room. There she prayed very earnestly, with many entreating words, for a new right heart. On Monday, and every day through the week, she prayed again.

When Saturday evening came, and the still twilight brought its solemn thoughts of God and eternity, Emily followed her mother into the parlor, and sat down on a cricket at her feet. Mrs. Warren was absorbed in reading a book of hymns; and, as Emily looked up at her face, she saw a happy smile pass over it.

"No wonder," thought Emily, who that night was more discouraged than ever, "no wonder that mother is happy; for she is a Christian. I never shall be; for now I have tried every way." As she said this in her heart, the tears began to come, and she could not keep down a little sob. Mrs. Warren dropped her book in surprise, and took her little daughter into her lap, saying, "Why, what is the matter, my child?"

"Mr. Grant said that God would give me a new heart if I asked him," said Emily when she could speak; "but he hasn't, although I have asked him every day this week."

"My dear little girl," said her mother, kissing her, "I am glad that you asked him. Mr. Grant was certainly right; for it was Jesus that said so, and he is a faithful promiser. If you don't get an answer, the reason must be in you. Let us see if we can find it."

"Oh, do!" said Emily.

"In the first place, what do you suppose a new heart is?"

"Well," replied Emily, "if I had one, I should be very different. I should want to think about God, and I should love to do right and mind you. I should be kind to Nellie, and not get angry."

"Very well," said her mother. "And did you really wish to be so changed?"

"Yes, ma'am, I think I really did," answered Emily earnestly. "I prayed truly."

"Then what makes you think you did not receive what you asked for?"

"Why, I am just the same," replied Emily. "I had to stop and bite my lips yesterday, I felt so cross with Nellie; and part of the time I did not like to mind you any better, though I had to. And I am afraid of God because I am so naughty."

"My dear child," said her mother, "God pities you, I am sure; but do you suppose, if he gave you a new heart, you would be made perfectly good in a minute?"

"Why, yes, ma'am; you are," replied Emily.

"No, indeed, I am not," said Mrs. Warren. "But I have been a Christian a long time, as I hope. I have had twenty years to fight against my evil ways, and God has helped me to overcome some of them. To have a new heart is to have a new wish and purpose to love and obey the Lord. Are you sure that he has not given you that new wish and purpose?"

"Why," said Emily, opening her eyes wide, and flushing with surprise, "I don't know but he has; but what use is a wish, if I don't *do* what I wish?"

"The wish will keep you trying to overcome your sins, and God will give you the victory over them by little and little. He gives the wish, and he gives the power too. He says, 'Ask, and ye *shall* receive.' You must believe him. If you have truly asked him, you must trust that he is hearing you."

"Oh, how kind he is!" said Emily, laying her head down on her mother's shoulder with a look of peace. "I do love him for being so good." Genesee.

For the Child at Home.

## GOD SEES YOU.

Many children have read the fairy tales of the Danish writer, Hans Christian Andersen. A pleasing story of his childhood is told in a sketch of his life.

Little Hans was out one day, with his mother and some of their poor neighbors, gleaning in the field of a man who was said to be very harsh and cruel. They saw him coming, and all started to run away. But Hans's clumsy wooden shoes came off: the stubble, or short stumps of the grain-stalks which had been left by the reapers, hurt his tender feet, so that he could not keep up with the others; and he found he must be caught. The rough owner of the field was very near, and could now almost reach him with his heavy whip; when Hans, whose hopeless case suddenly filled him with new courage, stopped and turned, and, looking into the man's face, said, "How dare you strike me *when God can see you?*"

The anger of his pursuer was subdued at once. Instead of striking the boy, he gently stroked his cheeks, asked his name, and gave him some money. The truth of which little Hans had reminded him, that God could see him when about to do a mean and cruel act, seemed to make him ashamed of it at once, and to cause him to speak and act kindly.

How many wicked words and acts children, as well as grown people, might be kept from saying and doing, if they could at the right time be reminded, as that man was, of the presence of God! When you rise in the morning; through all the hours of the day; when you go to your rest at night; in the darkness, when you are fast asleep; when you are faithful in duty, and when you are careless; when you are kind and loving, and when you are unkind and selfish and sinful,—always, everywhere, *God sees you.* When you are tempted to speak harshly to your little brothers or sisters, or undutifully to your parents; when you are tempted to lie, to cheat, to steal, to speak a profane or impure word,—ask yourself, "How dare I do this wicked thing when God can see me?"

Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

## THE LOST HEART.

It was Christmas Day; and Clara was sitting upon her mother's lap, looking from the windows upon the golden sunset skies, and listening to the same old story of Bethlehem's babe that has for ages charmed the ears of childhood.

As the sweet tale progressed, the little face took on a rapt, spiritual expression. She thought the bright sunset was the open gate to heaven; and the low, earnest voice, whispering often, "Tell me more, mamma," led the mother on unconsciously to speak of things almost beyond the infant's comprehension,—a holy life; an obedient, tender, loving way, which she must have; a new heart, full of all pure, sweet thoughts; and a constant desire for the happiness of others.

Then came the question, with the chubby hand pressed upon the breast,—

"What is a new heart, mamma?"

In simple language it was explained, and Clara seemed to understand it all. Her eyes were full of thought and seriousness; when suddenly, the face radiant with the rapture of the feeling within, she exclaimed, "I've got it, mamma! I've got a new heart! It makes me *so* happy, and I love Jesus so! Don't you think it's a new heart, mamma?"

Pressing her tightly in her arms, the mother said she hoped so, and that she might think so as long as she was good, and tried to do right for *Jesus' sake.*

The evening passed, and the mother's watchful eyes saw that her little girl did try to overcome selfishness and impatience many times. At last the morning of a new day came, and with it the tempter. Would the little one forget? would she yield to sin? Had all the holy influences of yesterday's twilight gone? Not all. Good angels were whispering; the Holy Spirit was silently guiding; but the temptation was strong, the child weak, and, sad to say, she yielded.

"Where is that beautiful new heart, my child?" asked the mother sorrowfully; and with tears the answer came,—

"It's gone away, mamma: I've *lost my new heart.*"

"My little girl must find it again: it *must not* be lost," said the mother earnestly.

"Where, mamma?" the question came with almost a sob.

"Go to Jesus, my child. No one else can give it to you." And mother and child went together to the closet, and with simple prayers and tears Clara found again the peace she had lost.

Let mothers remember, that, as soon as their children know *when* they sin, they may repent, and the *mother* must teach them how.

And, children, do not you forget how easy it is to do wrong, and lose a new heart, or your love for Jesus. He can tune your heart to love him supremely, and none but he can enable you always to abide in that love. H. K. P.

For the Child at Home.

## THE TWO ARKS.

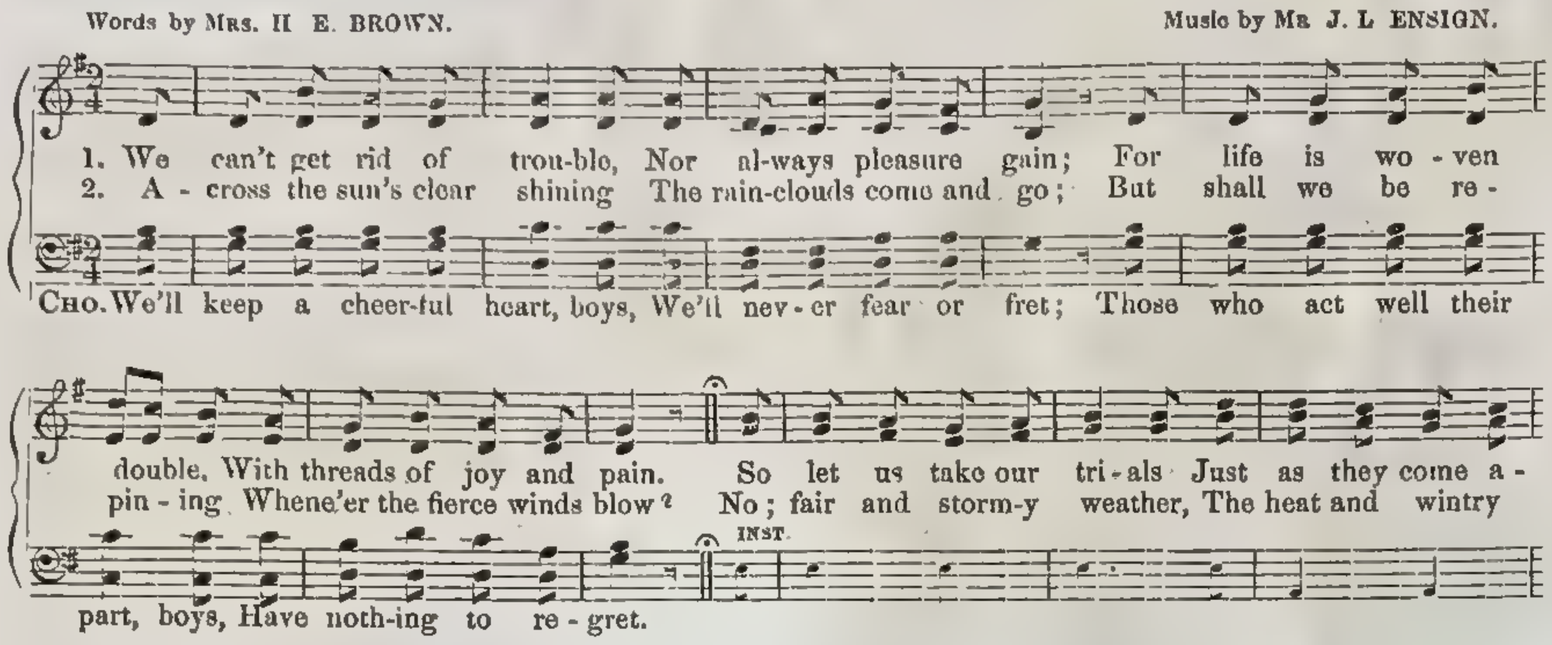
Our "word" in the Sabbath-school concert was *faith*, and we found some of the best illustrations of it in Heb. xi. These are Abel, Enoch, Abraham, and Noah; all faithful fathers, if not all fathers of the faithful. Here we sung the hymn, "Gospel Ship;" and this made us think of Noah, and his ark of faith as well as his ark of gopher-wood. Then we thought the gospel ship and Noah's ark are very much alike; and I will tell why. Each of them is built with great care; neither is liable to leak. Noah was building two arks at the same time, one of wood, and one of *more enduring* substance. He had, no doubt, many trials which are not recorded in the Bible. As Noah and his sons went into the woods day after day, and year after year, with poor tools and poor oxen, you can imagine how his wicked neighbors scoffed at him, and called him fool and other bad names. But he goes on calmly, trusting in God; telling all along the road about the great storm and flood. But they only laugh and jeer at him; and now every day as he works upon it they come around, and you would have heard, "Well, Noah, how about the flood?" "Going to sail on dry land?" "Get aboard, everybody!"

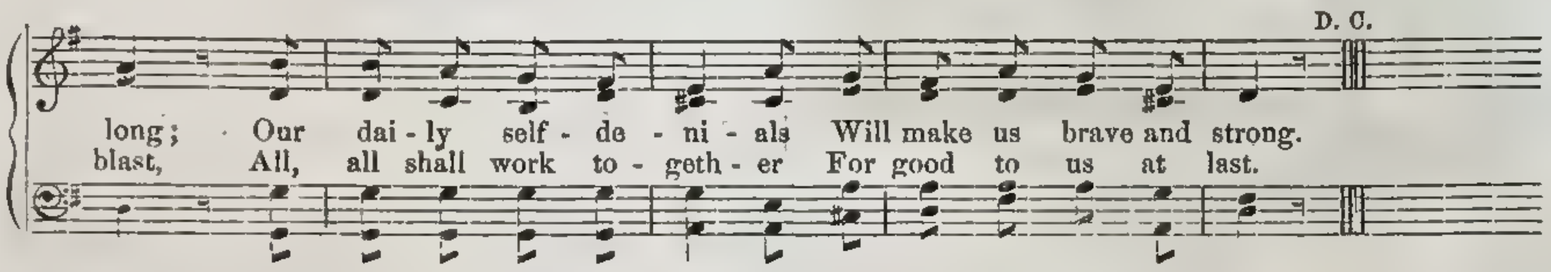
Thus they try to ridicule his work and his faith: but he prays for deliverance from temptation; and God keeps him up amid such wickedness all the one hundred and twenty years of his work, till the ark is finished. And now upon a certain day is seen a long

For the Child at Home.

## A SONG OF COURAGE.

Words by Mrs. H E. BROWN. Music by Mr J. L ENSIGN.


1. We can't get rid of trou-ble, Nor al-ways pleasure gain; For life is wo - ven
2. A - cross the sun's clear shining The rain-clouds come and go; But shall we be re -
Cho. We'll keep a cheer-ful heart, boys, We'll nev - er fear or fret; Those who act well their
double, With threads of joy and pain. So let us take our tri - als Just as they come a -
pin - ing Whene'er the fierce winds blow? No; fair and storm-y weather, The heat and wintry
INST.
part, boys, Have noth-ing to re - gret.




3 We'll never, never borrow
The trouble that must fall;
Nor sink beneath the sorrow
That comes alike to all;
Nor yet waste time regretting
Vexations that are past;
But, trifles quick forgetting,
Press forward to the last.
We'll keep, &c.

4 Then let us courage gather,
And patience for the strife,
And, trusting in "Our Father,"
Move on our way through life.
We'll take success and pleasure,
And disappointment too,
In his own time and measure:
He'll bear us safely through.
We'll keep, &c.

line of wild and tame beasts, and in the air also a long line of birds, all directing their way to the ark. All Noah's wicked neighbors are out to see the strange sight. One asks, "What does this mean?" Another says, "Perhaps Noah is right, after all:" these are laughed down.

Noah stands at the door of the ark, and urges the people to come in. One says, "I will if others will;" another, "There's time enough to go in when it begins to rain;" another, fearing the storm, starts to go; but all laugh at him, and he returns.

The clouds now begin to gather over the sky. Noah gives one more invitation; but none come, *and the door is shut.* The water gathers upon the plains, and men, women, and children run for the hills in crowds. They then urge their way up higher and higher till there is no more retreat. Now they see the ark sailing calmly upon the smooth waters, and cry to Noah to open the door just *once* more; but he can not open it. Their cries are soon choked by the rising water, and all are swallowed up.

How like the gospel ship is this ark! In this gospel ship, Christ gives the invitation. He says, "Come; for all things are now ready." "Believe; be saved." Some of your friends are in this gospel ship of hope. How they wish you would come in, too, before the storm of death comes! Do you make the same excuses that Noah's neighbors and children did? Look and see. Some friend of yours too, a father or mother, brother or sister, "may have sailed over to Canaan's happy shore." Don't you sometimes almost hear them calling you to heaven, urging you to get on board the gospel ship? Noah did and suffered much to save his wicked neighbors; but Christ died in preparing his gospel ship to save your souls. If others scoff at you, remember that wicked men also scoffed at Noah, Elijah, and our blessed Saviour. "But never mind the scoffs and the frowns of the world." Be in earnest to get into the ship. It is just sailing to heaven. It may go away and leave you. The storm of death may be rising at this moment. Don't wait for others. Do you see Christ beckons you to come in? Come now. Christ is reaching out his hand. My dear boys and girls, take the hand of Christ. Do as he says, and go to heaven. This is the only ship which goes there. Do believe this, or the storm will certainly overtake you, and in the gulf of death your soul will certainly be lost. Again, dear children, I entreat you to get into the gospel ark of safety. H. M. H.

### "I WISH I WAS A CANDLE!"

So said Harry Hopeful, as he sat one winter evening at the table, learning his lesson for the next day. "I wish I was a candle!"

His mother, who was at her needlework on the other side of the table, presently said, "That is rather an odd wish, my boy; but why would you like to be a candle?"

"Because it would be so nice to give light, mother!"

"You are quite right, Harry. But the kind of light you have been thinking about, *you* can never give. Yet you may shine and give light. I will try to tell you how. Jesus, the children's friend, when teaching the people on the mountain, said, 'Ye are the light of the world. Let your light so shine before men, that they, seeing your good works, may glorify your Father who is in heaven.' Jesus meant that those who know and love him are like lights set up in a dark world; while his words also teach us that those who do not know and love God are living in darkness. If you really love God, the light has shined into your heart, and you have learned that your heart is very wicked, and the danger to which those who love sin are exposed; and you have asked for forgiveness, and prayed God to help you not to do wrong any more. God has taught you that you are a sinner in his sight, and need pardon and forgiveness; and you have seen the evil of your ways, and resolved to show your sorrow for sin by not willfully offending again.

"Now, if all this is true, dear Harry, and God has given you to see the evil of sin, and shown you the way to escape from its punishment, others will be sure to notice it, and may be led to seek the same change which you have felt; and thus your light will shine, and others will be able to see it."

We can not tell you all that Harry's mother said to him; but this much we know, that he felt afterward more than ever anxious to prove that he loved Christ, by so behaving himself, that others were obliged to confess that he was what he professed to be, — a pious boy; and some even desired to imitate his example.

For the Child at Home.

### OUR DEAR ONES.

I know three home-fairies
Flitting o'er our way, —
Thoughtful, kind Augusta;
Playful little May;
With the fair-haired brother,
Winsome, bright, and gay.

There's a world of meaning
In the darkest eyes;
In that girlish bosom
Oft grave thoughts arise.
Father, guide the eldest;
Teach, direct, advise;

Lead her o'er Life's pathway
With a gentle hand;
Point her to the summits
Of that peaceful land
Where dear little children
In thy presence stand.

And for May, our darling,
Choicest gifts we crave:
Jesus, from dark earth's stains
This fair jewel save;
Bless dear May, and guide her
O'er Life's troubled wave.

Precious little Justin,
Pet lamb of the flock, —
May no future tempest
His young spirit shock!
May his faith be planted
On the heavenly Rock!

Bless these household darlings;
Bless them every one:
With them Life's fair morning
Has but just begun.
May their day be golden
As the summer sun!

And, when life is ended,
May these dear ones three
Be in love united
In eternity!
May they be bright angels,
From all sorrow free!

Dewdrop.

### "GRANDMA'S PAPER."

A lady who receives each month the Child at Home in colors writes about it as follows: —

"I let Aunt S—— have it for her grandchildren. She has nine in her neighborhood, almost within call. They are impatient to have *grandma's paper* come."

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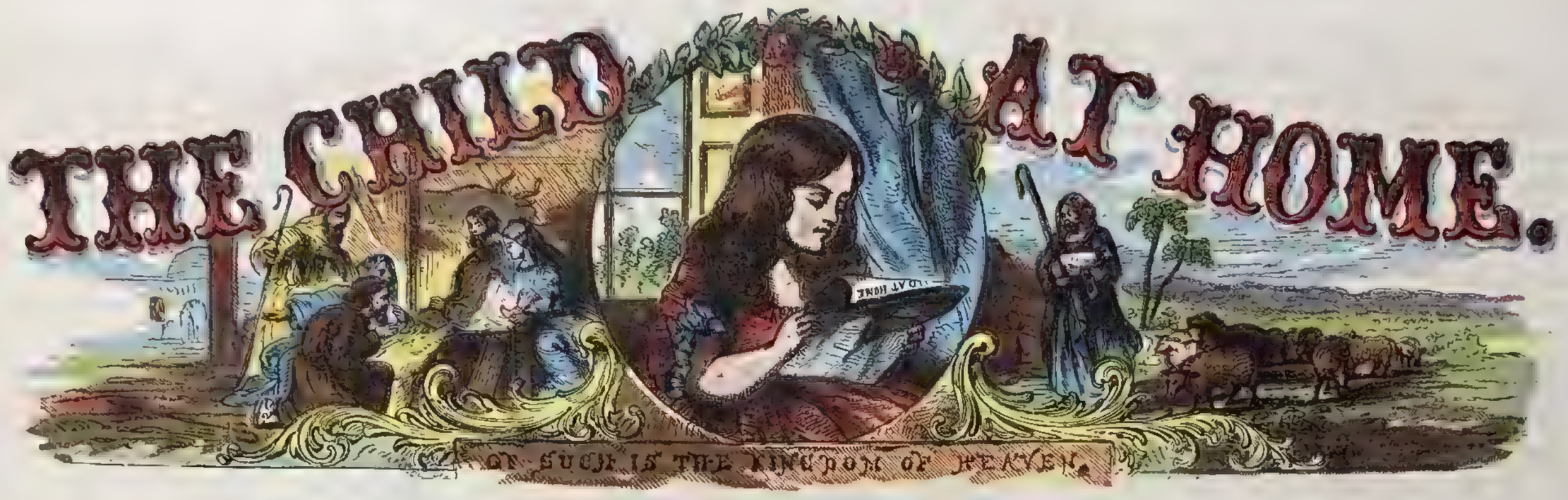


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"CUT IT DOWN."

You have read, I doubt not, the parable of the fig-tree many times. It is in Luke xiii. 6–9. It is very short, but full of solemn meaning. Did you ever try to understand what Christ would teach by it?

Perhaps I can help you.

A friend of mine spent the winter and spring months in a beautiful city across the sea. In front of the house which for the time was his home was a pleasant park and garden. There were graveled walks, and broad lawns, and shrubs and trees, and vine-covered arbors. As the winter began to give place to spring, he enjoyed the scene from his windows more and more every day. The buds on the trees swelled till they burst into tiny leaves; the brown face of the lawn became speckled with green as the grass peeped up; till at length the earth could nowhere be seen, and the trees and shrubs and vines had all put on their summer dress. No, not *all*.

There was one tree, fair in its proportions, — a tree which, while the frost was in the ground and the leaves and grass and flowers were asleep, looked as promising as the others; but, when all things about it were putting on their beautiful robes, this tree remained unclothed. There it stood, its bare branches contrasting strangely and unpleasantly with the verdure-clad lawn and vines and trees around.

At first, my friend did not particularly regard it; but by and by, every morning, when he looked out, his attention was attracted to that tree.

Where were its buds? where its tiny leaves? Would it not put them forth like its neighbors?

He began to feel a sort of pity for the tree. He saw the gardener often at work in the grounds. Once he saw him come and look at the tree, and loosen the earth about it with his spade. The days passed. How my friend longed to see that tree show some signs of life! But at length he grew weary of it; and when he rose in the morning, and looked out and saw it, with its boughs all bare and dry and dead, he began to wish it out of the way. At length he saw a gentleman, the owner probably of the beautiful garden, come down the walk. He stopped beneath the tree. He examined the bark, looked up at the branches, shook his head, and went away. Soon the gardener came with an ax. He laid it with vigorous strokes against the tree until he felled it to the ground, and then he carried it off out of sight.

"There," said my friend to himself, "*that is right.* I'm glad of it. It ought to have been done. The tree was dead, worthless, and only marred the beauty of which, if it had been living, it might have been a part."

And, when I heard him tell the story, he added at the close, "I never felt the meaning of that parable of the fig-tree as I did then."

Though the tree in the garden was not his, he could understand from his own feelings what the disappointment and grief of its owner must be when he found no signs of life, no prospect of buds or blossoms or fruit upon it.

And now, dear young readers, when we think of God, the owner of the great garden which is the world, coming year after year, and looking upon us, old and young, who are the trees of his garden, and finding, as he so often does, that there is no promise of leaves or fruit, no loving, gentle words and deeds, no upright Christian life, no service of the blessed Jesus, can we think it strange if he sometimes says of one and another of these trees, "Cut it down; why cumbereth it the ground"?

Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

## A LOAD FOR THE LORD.

A father once said to his little daughter, scarce four years old, as he looked seriously upon her, "Is it right to use your horse and cart to-day, — God's holy day?"

The large, thoughtful eyes and earnest expression of the child's face told that the question was being weighed in her mind, and the good father thought best to leave her to her own reflections for a time. The cart was the latest and best beloved gift, and the weather was such as to prevent the little one from going to church as usual. The bells sounded upon the air, and she stood a while watching the carriages drive up to the neighboring church; when, just as her papa was ready to give her the good-by kiss, she appeared with a happy, satisfied manner at the sitting-room door, drawing behind her the proscribed cart. The father said, "Are you going to do wrong to-day, and play with your week-day toys, my child?"

"Oh, no, papa! I'm good. I've only got a load for the Lord. We're going to church."

Trying to repress a smile, the father gave the good-by kiss, and went away, saying, "Perhaps that alters the case."

Turning to the one in whose care she was, she said with dignity, "O' course it's right; peoples ride to church if it is Sunday, don't they?"

But, with all her philosophy, she evidently was not satisfied. The cart did not bring the desired happiness. She drew it this way and that: the meeting-house was first in one corner, then another. At last, sitting in her little chair, and looking upon the toy with a mixture of doubt and desire, she said in an undertone, "I guess it isn't any use to have this to-day: p'r'aps the Lord don't want these kind o' loads." And she was right, and felt happier after putting the toy out of sight.

Children should never deceive themselves and do wrong, hoping God will judge them by their words, or by the excuse they make to those about them. Oh, no! he reads the motive, and judges always by that. To him the heart is as an open book.

Begin early to be honest with God and your own hearts, children. H. K. P.

For the Child at Home.

## OUT OF THE BODY.

BY FRANCES LEE.

Robin sat on the carpet, reading in Uncle Edo's French Testament. He could read French just as well as he could English. He held the book upside down too: but that did not make any difference; because little Robin only knew S and O, and they are the same either way.

He said he was getting his Sunday-school lesson; and he read away with all his might, "And so Betty Brindle went to heaven, and so she was naughty, and so she had to be sent away."

"Oh, Robin! who is Betty Brindle?" asked mamma, astonished at such a Sabbath-school lesson.

"Why, Betty Brindle. Why, don't you know, mamma? Why, Betty Brindle is Mr. Comey's cow. There she is eating grass out on the green now!"

"Oh, yes! but cows can't go to heaven. They have no souls; and, when their bodies are dead, that is the end of them."

"Is it?" asked Robin: then he looked on his book, and did not speak again for a great while; that is, as long as two minutes. Then he came close to his mother, and said, with a very troubled look on his little face, "I shouldn't like to be all dead and buried up in the ground like Aunty Pauline. I should try to put my lips up through the dirt; and if I couldn't touch your face with them, mamma, I should feel bad then, and I should cry."

His mother put away her work, and took Robin in her lap, and, as it was quite his bedtime, began to undress him.

"See your little red gown down there on the floor," she said in a minute, unbuttoning and throwing it off. Do you think it feels badly because it can't walk about on you now?"

"Why, no, mamma! No: my red gown don't care. My red gown don't know any thing," Robin replied, laughing at such a funny thought.

'Well, when Robin's soul has slipped out of his body, Robin's body will not care or know either *We* are not buried. It is only the dead body, which is not good for any thing any more, that is put in the ground This is a kind of dress for us, and a troublesome dress too, — one which is often getting tired and hurt and sick: so we shall be a great deal better off when we get out of it. Our Father in heaven sent us for a while to live on the earth, and *here* we need these earthly bodies; but when he sends for us to go and live with him in our beautiful home, where grandma and Aunt Pauline and little Cousin Walter are already waiting for us, we shall not want our bodies any more, and we shall be very glad to leave them, and have them buried up out of the way."

"Will we?" said Robin, comforted and satisfied, although he was too young to understand very much his mother had said. But he kissed her good-night with a happy smile, and went asleep, saying over and over, —

"If I should die before I wake,
I pray the Lord my soul to take;
And this I ask for Jesus' sake."

## THE BITTER AND THE SWEET.

Come, darling Effie,
Come, take the cup:
Effie must drink it all, —
Drink it all up.

Darling, I know it is
Bitter and bad;
But 'twill make Effie dear
Rosy and glad.

Mother would take it all
For her wee elf;
But who would suffer then?
Effie herself.

If Effie drinks it,
Then, I can tell,
She will go out to play
Merry and well.

Drink; and then, darling,
You shall have this:
Sweet after bitter.
Now, first, a kiss.

Ah, darling Effie!
God also knows,
When cups of bitterness
His hand bestows,

How his poor children need
Urging to take
Merciful draughts of pain
Mixed for their sake.

He, too, gives tenderly
Joy after pain;
Sweet after bitterness;
After loss, gain.

Sunday Magazine.

For the Child at Home.

## ASK.

Who may ask? A favored few? The rich, the wise, the good, the middle-aged, the old? No. The promise shows that the Saviour means all: "For *every one* that asketh receiveth."

"Oh!" says some little boy or girl, "it always seemed right that Enoch and Moses and Paul and Timothy and Henry Martyn and David Brainerd should ask, — they were all such good men; and the minister and our Sabbath-school teacher and my good father and mother. But that God should hear me is another thing."

Not another thing at all, but precisely the same thing. Do you think it would be a *new* thing for God to hear, forgive, and save *you?* That would only be just like what he has been doing all along from the beginning, these thousands of years past, — hearing and answering the prayers of just such unworthy, wicked sinners as you. The apostles asked and received. The martyrs sought and found. The minister and your pious friends knock, and it is opened. Why? Because they are good? No; for that is the very thing they ask, — to be made good. Does a beggar ask for a complete suit of good clothes because he has *some?* So the best came at first as beggars. They had nothing but rags, and filthy at that. These they took off and cast away, and came to Jesus naked. Then he threw over them his clean white robe. Come so too, and he will do the same for you.

Remember, it is *every one* that asketh. That takes in me, and it takes in you. It is as if it read, "If you, Susie, or you, Hattie, or you, Willie, ask, you shall receive."

It says more than that. I have put it in the future, in the form of a promise of what shall be. Our Saviour does better. He puts it in the present, in the form of a *fulfilled* promise. "Every one that asketh *receiveth*." Every one that really asks, that really desires forgiveness and a new heart, as a hungry child desires bread, receives at once the life-giving and peace-giving Holy Spirit. A. A. B.

## A PASTOR'S LETTER TO HIS SABBATH SCHOOL.

Our young friends will be pleased, we are sure, to read the following letter. It was written by the Rev. A. L. Stone, D.D., while on his voyage from Boston to San Francisco, and addressed to the Sabbath school of the Park-street Church, Boston.

AT SEA, NEAR THE WEST-INDIA ISLANDS,
Thursday and Friday, Feb. 15 and 16, 1866.

MY DEAR LAMBS, — That means all that have not gray hair, and a few that have. I want to send you back a brief greeting from the Isthmus, and I must get it ready before we come to land. I have sailed away from you almost five days; but you are just as *near* me as when I started. I don't think *two* oceans can separate us.

We have had but one rough day and night: the rest of the time has been quite comfortable, though never very smooth.

There's a mother here with two beautiful little boys, — one about seven years old, the other about four. The big boy takes pretty good care of the other one. But yesterday I heard the mother ask, "Where is your little brother?" I looked up from my book, and the little boy was missing. The mother ran to one side of the boat, and he was not there; and then to the other side, and he was not there; and into the saloon, and he was not there; and down into the dining-saloon, and up on deck: but he could not be found. Oh, how the color left her face, and how white it was as she cast a quick glance down into the boiling sea! We all joined in the search; for the cry went round the ship, "A child lost!" More than one stole up on deck to look back in the path of the vessel to see if any thing were floating on the waters. No; nothing but a flock of gulls, half on wing, and half in the water. There were a few terrible moments when it almost began to be believed that the little fellow had fallen overboard, and would not be seen again. Oh, how that mother's face looked! At last the little wanderer was found in a strange state-room, where he had hidden away from his mother and brother. We all felt as though a load had been lifted from our hearts.

"A lost child!" — yes, that is a fearful cry.

Are there no lost children on land? Look for them in the Sunday school, — not there. Look for them kneeling in prayer, — not there. Look for them in all good places, — not there. Not at

Jesus' feet; not in the fold of Jesus' lambs. Oh, how lost! Who will try to find them? Who will remember them and pray for them and love them?

About noon of Wednesday, a lady came to me, and asked me if I would go down into the second cabin and see a sick young woman. I found her very ill indeed with pneumonia, and breathing very laboriously. I asked her if she knew Jesus and loved him. She knew him, but she had not committed herself soul and body to him. I told her he was ready to receive her now,—sick, weak, and unworthy,—to be her Saviour and Friend. She said she wanted to go to him, and to rest in him, and was willing to give up all to him. We went over together the story of his love to sinners, his welcoming invitations to them, his dying love for them. Oh, how eagerly she listened! and how eagerly she spoke! When I began to quote any of his inviting and comforting words, she would take them out of my mouth, and finish the passage herself. She had been well instructed in the Bible, and this was why she found peace and comfort so soon. I said, "The blood of Jesus Christ"—and she broke in, "cleanseth from all sin." I repeated the line,—

"Jesus sought me when a stranger,"

and she added the next,—

"Wandering from the fold of God.'

I gave the third,—

"He, to save my soul from danger,"

and she whispered tenderly the last,—

"Interposed his precious blood."

I prayed with her several times, and spent several hours with her. Toward night, her sufferings increased. I asked if she could say in her suffering, "Blessed be the name of the Lord;" and she repeated those words many times with great energy.

She was an English girl; had married at the age of sixteen, in England. Her husband came immediately over to this country to try and better his fortunes. She had not seen him for five years. He had just sent for her to come out to California, where he was doing well. She had reached New York just in season to take our steamer: she was not very well when she came on board. But she will never meet her husband in this world. She died on the night of Wednesday, or rather the morning of Thursday, at half-past two, and, I have no doubt, has gone to be with that Jesus to whom she so lately gave her heart. She has two brothers and a brother-in-law on board. She made them promise to meet her in heaven.

Thursday afternoon at six, at the going-down of the sun, she was buried at sea,—committed to the deep. At the captain's request, I conducted the service. The whole ship's company seemed to be present. When, at the words, "We commit her body to the deep," she was launched into the sea, the effect was solemn and impressive beyond any thing I ever witnessed. No footsteps of friends will pass her grave; no eyes of affection read on its headstone the name of "Mary Anne Vincent:" but God's eye will watch her; and that name is written, I think, in his book of life.

We are now below Long Island, and nearing Cuba. I must close; for I have many letters to write. God bring us all together to stand upon the sea of glass, when earth's continents and oceans shall be no more!

Ever your friend,

A. L. STONE.

---

And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying; neither shall there be any more pain: for the former things are passed away.

For the Child at Home.

## BEAUTIFUL CROSSES.

I have seen some that were very beautiful. In the Bible that I love,—not only because it is God's book, but because it has been mine so long, has comforted me in sorrow, and has been a friend and counselor in bright days,—I have one for a book-mark that seems so to me; for it is wreathed with flowers, and has the word "*Truth*" upon it, in little, bright letters; and for many years it has lain between those precious leaves.

I have seen crosses made of evergreen, of mosses and shells, of gold and silver and ivory, and studded with rubies and pearls and diamonds.

Perhaps some of you have heard of Madame Guyon, a good lady whose home was in France. While she had many blessings and mercies, she also had great trials; and it was no doubt her trials, especially her being shut up in prison, which led her to write the sweet hymn, of which this is a verse:—

"A little bird I am,
Shut from the fields of air;
And in my cage I sit and sing
To Him who placed me there;
Well pleased a prisoner to be,
Because, my God, it pleaseth thee.

I have read of an incident in her life which will interest you. She was on a journey from Paris to Geneva with her little daughter. As they floated

in a boat along the River Seine, the child gathered the drifting leaves and twigs that she could reach on the water or on the banks, and wreathed them into the shape of little crosses, which she quietly fastened to her mother's dress. When, after a while, her mother noticed what she was doing, she found herself almost covered with crosses.

These, too, were beautiful crosses; but they reminded her who wore them of past sorrows, and seemed like a prophecy of others to come. The child continued her play with the leaves and river-flowers; and soon it was noticed that she was making them into a crown. When she had finished it, she again went to her mother, and insisted on placing it upon her mother's head, saying, "After the cross, you shall be crowned." And then the mother could not help comforting herself with the hope that this also might be regarded as a token of what a loving Saviour would do for her when her cross-bearing should be over.

You, dear young reader, have seen beautiful crosses like some of these which I have described. Have they reminded you of that other cross, large and heavy, and made for One to die upon? And when you have heard it said that "we all have crosses to bear," and that our vexations and trials and sorrows are our crosses, have you never thought that He who suffered death to save us expects us to bear these patiently for his sake?

If you have felt so, and if, for the love you have for that dear, crucified One, you are bearing your crosses patiently, then your crosses, though they may not be called *beautiful*, are more precious for what they are doing than those made of gold and diamonds; and when you lay them down, as you will some day, you will have a crown. Uncle Paul.

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For the Child at Home.

## THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

Walking in "Greenwood" one day in the bright summer-time, I came to a grave that was surrounded by these dear little blue flowers. To me there was a voice in it, because a precious friend lay sleeping in the lowly bed that the flowers encircled; and I knew that these words would come from his heart and from his lips if he could speak once more.

Do you know how it was that the pretty blossom received that name? I will tell you. It is said that two lovers were walking upon the banks of the Danube, when they saw one of these lovely flowers floating upon the stream. The lady admired it very much, and her companion sprang into the river to get it for her: but, just as he had seized it, he began to sink beneath the waters; and, making a last effort, he threw the flower upon the shore, exclaiming, "Forget me not!" since which time the blossom has retained this name.

There is a brook near the Luxembourg (one of the royal palaces of France) which the peasants call the "Fairy Bath." On its southern bank the blue forget-me-not is thickly spread, and inclines its pretty head toward the water.

Some call it "myosotis" or "mouse-ear;" but I like "forget-me-not" better, and shall always think of it by this name, because it reminds me of Him who formed its delicate petals for our pleasure, and gave to them their pure blue tint like the heavens that are above us.

I can not forget Him when I see in every thing that I meet a proof of his love and goodness toward me. Whether I find this beautiful blue flower by the graves of the departed, or by the brook-side, or on the heads of the peasant girls as they adorn themselves with it on their birthday, it will lead my thoughts up to God, who scatters pretty blossoms over our earthly way that we may be drawn heaven-ward by his dear love. It is he that says to us all, through this bright blue flower, "Forget me not."

Fanfan.

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For the Child at Home.

## THE GATE IN THE WALL.

Once there was a gentleman who was the possessor of wide domains. His acres were so many, that they were numbered in miles. He could ride from east to west, from sunrise to mid-day, without passing beyond his own territory.

This gentleman had a little child, a precious little girl, who was so dear to her father, that he never permitted her to be out of his sight if he could possibly avoid it. All his vast wealth seemed as nothing to him when compared to the little immortal gift which God had intrusted to his care

One morning, the gentleman was suddenly summoned from his castle on important business.

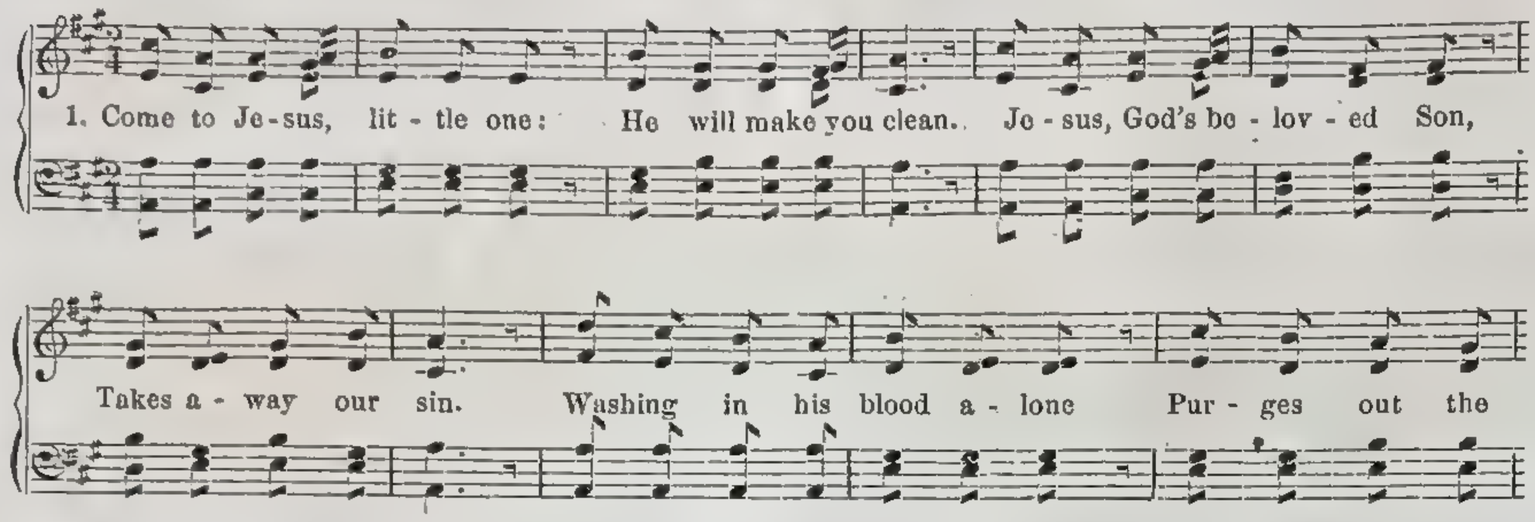
He did not forget little Apaline, not even for a second, but ordered the child to remain with him until the last minute. He even took her in the carriage with him down to the high wall that separated his castle-ground from the country beyond.

When they came to the place of parting, little Apaline was given into the arms of her nurse and, when the father turned in his carriage to take a parting look, the nurse was standing in a little gateway in the wall.

For the Child at Home.

## JESUS THE CLEANSER.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN. Music by Mr. J. L ENSIGN.


1. Come to Je-sus, lit-tle one: He will make you clean. Je-sus, God's be-lov-ed Son,
Takes a-way our sin. Washing in his blood a-lone Pur-ges out the
stain; Wash-ing in his blood a-lone Pur-ges out the stain.

2.

Precious blood from that dear side
Flowed all warm and free;
While the sacred, living tide
Angels bent to see.
In that fountain let us hide:
'Tis for you and me.

3.

From the heavenly bath we rise,—
Rise all white and pure,—
Singing songs of love and praise,
Sinning never more.
Jesus Christ, your Sacrifice,
Little one, adore.

Baby Apaline could just lisp the word "Papa;" and calling out, she gave a sudden spring, and fell from the protecting arms of her nurse. Her little head of gold struck the cruel wall in falling, and the child lay quite dead in the gateway. From it she would never move.

The screams of the nurse reached the ears of the father. Ere the sun of that day went down, the gate in the wall was no longer there. Its place had been filled in. The gentleman said no *foot* should fall on the spot where his child's head had lain; and to this day the great wall stands with the little gateway sealed.

There is another Master, the great Owner, by the right of creation, of all the earth. Around about one portion of it he has built the great wall of Time, and the moments thereof are the little gateways in the wall. Our thoughts and acts stand in them; and, as fast as they fall, God sends his angels to seal up the moments. No after-moments can *ever* take their place.

Now, if God, the mighty Maker of the moments, thinks so much of them, ought not we to treasure them every one?

One day the order will come, and the great wall will be opened; every little gateway will be unsealed, and the sacred moments come forth to tell what we have done in them. No moment in the future can ever be like the *present one;* no particle of time can pass through the gateway again. Then let us, every one, strive to make the moments so bright by good deeds and kind thoughts and holy faith, that when the wall is torn down, and the gateways opened, we may behold only treasures there whose coming to the light shall not make us ashamed. S. J. P.

For the Child at Home.

### THE SLEEPING CHILDREN.

They had been tossing for days upon a bed of suffering, and mother and father and friends had watched them with tearful eyes and anxious hearts. It is so sad to see little children writhing with agony, and to feel that you are powerless to relieve! But God also was about the couch of these precious little ones; and he took away from them all pain, and gave his beloved sleep.

How peaceful they looked in their coffin-bed, with their faces turned toward each other, and hand clasped in hand, while sweetest flowers were scattered over them! It was pleasant for Lily and John to go together to the beautiful paradise above.

It was the Lord's-day morning when the angel came for the dear little boy whom Jesus loved and wanted; and at evening his sister Lily heard the Saviour's voice, saying, "Suffer the little children, and forbid them not, to come unto me," and her gentle spirit bounded to meet that dear heavenly Father, and the little brother from whom it would have been such sorrow to be long separated.

The mother was weeping bitterly, and would scarcely be comforted; and the heart of the father ached for want of the little voices that were now hushed and still, and the joyous forms that made his home so sunny and bright; and we all wept with them, knowing what a sad void the absence of the dear little children caused. But I think, that if father and mother and friends could penetrate the vail that hides the better world from this, and could see the bliss that these children are enjoying in the presence of redeemed saints and in the bosom of God, they would quickly dry their tears, or only sigh to be speedily taken whither these beloved ones have gone before. It is so blessed and beautiful in the paradise above! No sin, no sorrow, no death, but purity and joy and love, and life everlasting. F. D. S.

For the Child at Home.

### THE LITTLE WANDERERS.

One cold morning, not long ago, a gentleman, whose business called him out at an early hour, was hastily walking through one of the streets of New York, when he saw before him what seemed to be a heap of rubbish; but, as he turned aside to pass it, on looking more closely he discovered three little boys lying snugly together, fast asleep. They had curled themselves up over one of the grated openings which are found over the vaults where steam-engines are kept at work all night to move the printing-presses.

The gentleman watched the little fellows a moment; but they were sleeping so soundly, he thought it not best to disturb them, and passed on. Just at daybreak he came that way again, and found the boys were beginning to show some signs of life: so he took hold of one of them, and said, "Well, Tommy, have you been here all night?"

"Yes, sir."

"Why didn't you go home?"

"Ha'n't got no home, sir."

"Haven't you any father or mother?"

"No, sir."

"Well, boys, don't you want a breakfast?"

"Oh, yes, sir!" chimed in the trio. So he led the three wanderers into a restaurant near by, and ordered coffee and buns for them, which they swallowed with a relish.

Then he took his leave, but did not forget his new acquaintances; and the next morning he started early upon the same route, and found the boys in the same place, sound asleep, but with another added to their number, who had neither hat nor shoes. Think of it, children, you who have such nice beds to sleep in and warm garments to wear! Here was a little boy without clothing enough to make him comfortable, and making his bed upon the cold pavement; for, remember, it was winter then. By inquiry, the gentleman found this boy had no mother. His father was living, but was a drunkard, and had kicked his little son into the street, telling him to take care of himself as best he could. Here he was, without a friend to call upon, trusting to the cold charities of the world for his living.

Once more the kind Samaritan furnished these poor, homeless, and hungry ones with a good warm breakfast, while he went about devising means by which they might be provided with comfortable homes, and means of improvement.

We, who have all these comforts, know little of the sufferings of the very poor. Let us never forget them, but do all in our power to relieve them, and always be very thankful to our heavenly Father that he gives *us* so many blessings. S. L. E.

### HOW L—— GOT HIS PAPER.

This is what he writes to us: "I have saved all my money for six weeks. I have not eaten any candy since; and I send you all my money for the colored edition of the 'Child at Home.' Cousin E—— and I took the paper the last year, and were much pleased with it."

We hope that little L—— will be made a happier boy all through the year by his paper, and that he will not regret the self-denial it has cost him.

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### NO MORE SLAVES IN AMERICA.

Do you understand the picture?

America stands in the presence of the once enslaved but now free people, — the oppressed ones whose cry so long went up to a righteous God for deliverance. The chains are breaking, and falling from them. They shout for joy. America, with her left hand upon the Bible, beneath which is the sword, and with our country's flag unfurled beside her, points with the right hand to heaven, reminding the grateful millions that "to God belongs the glory;" for without his aid the sword would have been drawn in vain.

Henceforth there must be no more slaves in our land. It is the LAND OF THE FREE.

You will be glad to read here John G. Whittier's beautiful poem, *Laus Deo*, — "Praise to God:" —

### LAUS DEO.

It is done!
Clang of bell, and roar of gun,
Send the tidings up and down.
How the belfries rock and reel!
How the great guns, peal on peal,
Fling the joy from town to town!

Ring, O bells! —
Every stroke exulting tells
Of the burial-hour of crime, —
Loud and long, that all may hear;
Ring for every listening ear
Of Eternity and Time!

Let us kneel:
God's own voice is in that peal,
And this spot is holy ground.
Lord, forgive us! What are we,
That our eyes this glory see,
That our ears have heard the sound?

For the Lord
On the whirlwind is abroad;
In the earthquake he has spoken
He has smitten with his thunder
E'en the iron walls asunder,
And the gates of brass are broken.

Loud and long
Lift the old exulting song;
Sing with Miriam by the sea:
He hath cast the mighty down;
Horse and rider sink and drown;
He hath triumphed gloriously!

Did we dare
In our agony of prayer
Ask for more than he has done?

When was ever his right hand
Over any time or land
Stretched, as now, beneath the sun?

How they pale,
Ancient myth and song and tale,
In this wonder of our days,
When the cruel rod of war
Blossoms white with righteous law,
And the wrath of man is praise!

Blotted out!
All within and all without
Shall a fresher life begin:
Freer breathes the universe
As it rolls its heavy curse
On the dead and buried sin!

It is done!
In the circuit of the sun
Shall the sound thereof go forth:
It shall bid the sad rejoice,
It shall give the dumb a voice,
It shall belt with joy the earth!

Ring and swing,
Bells of joy! On Morning's wing
Send the song of praise abroad;
With a sound of broken chains
Tell the nations that He reigns
Who alone is Lord and God!

For the Child at Home.

### THE LITTLE CHRISTIAN.

Among the many children in my infant-class is one little girl of eight years, who has for a long time exhibited so sweet and tender a love to Christ, that my own heart has gone out to her in a degree that it can not to all. I have felt that she loved Jesus, and was to serve him, even at this early age.

If the Saviour's name is mentioned, her face shows a holy joy that I sometimes see upon the countenance of an aged Christian who has lived near the loving heart of Christ many years.

So confident was I that she was influenced by something deeper than the natural affection of childhood, that I was impelled to speak of her to her mother, who said with deep emotion, —

"I almost think Mary is a Christian; and yet she is so young, that I hardly dare *say* it."

"Who can judge better than a mother?" I answered. "If you think so, never throw a doubt in her way: train her to rejoice that she is one of Jesus' lambs, if she gives evidence of it, even though you may not be able to date the time of her conversion."

The mother hesitated a moment, and then said, as the tears filled her eyes, "Mary had an interesting experience about two years ago that I will tell you of, although her papa and I never speak of it to any one. I have felt at times as though she was converted then; for she has lived like a Christian since."

I saw her heart was very tender, and waited until she was ready to commence the story. I tell it in her own words as nearly as I can: —

"Two years ago, we had a cousin visiting us, of whom Mary was very fond; and one day she went into her room alone. When she came out, I noticed a strong odor about her of our friend's cologne. I called her to me at once, and asked if she had been meddling with it. She did not reply; and I talked with her a long time of the sin of taking any thing, however small, that was not her own, and urged her to confess if she had done so; but not a word would she reply. She wept freely, and I was uncertain how to proceed. When her papa entered, I told him the circumstances, and left her with him while I went to my room.

"In about fifteen minutes, I heard his voice calling me: he said he was afraid the child would go into convulsions, so intense was her agony. I went at once to her, and I really feared the violence of her grief would throw her into spasms. I was in doubt what to do or say; for she had always been a gentle child, of a calm, placid temper, and this manifestation filled me with surprise.

"'Oh, mamma!' she said, 'what shall I do? I'm such a wicked girl, God never can forgive me!'

"We said every thing to her to calm her, but of no avail. She continually repeated, 'I'm such a sinner, Jesus can never, never forgive me!'

"At last, this text flashed into my mind: 'This is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptation, that Christ Jesus came into the world to save sinners, of whom I am chief.'

"I repeated it slowly to her. After a moment, she seemed to take in the whole meaning of it, and, by degrees, grew calm. We said nothing more then, and she went to her room. She had always prayed, and we waited and prayed for her: by and by she came out, and, running to her papa, she threw her arms about his neck, and exclaimed, 'O papa! I've found Jesus! I've found him!' She had never heard the expression before; for she was too young to go to evening meetings. After a while, she said again, 'I think God has forgiven me for Christ's sake, papa.' Since then she has lived a consistent Christian life, never omitting prayer, and always showing a most beautiful spirit at home and at school. She *may* never know any other conversion?" added the mother inquiringly.

I responded heartily; for I had no more doubt of the child's conversion than of my own. But the parents were praying parents. Every day Mary heard their voices, and knew that Christ was the holiest and dearest name on earth or in heaven to them.

Mothers, we may lead the lambs early to the good Shepherd if we will. The Holy Spirit will take up his abode with those who are faithful in works and prayer, and will draw by his holy influence the little ones so tenderly and gradually to Christ, that we may never know the hour their hearts were regenerated. H. K. P.

For the Child at Home.

## A BUNDLE OF STRAW.

BY FRANCES LEE.

Looking down one day on the busy street beneath my windows, I saw a man drive by with a load of straw. As he was passing, one bundle fell off; and a little Jew calf-dealer, coming close behind in a rough wagon, stopped his horse, and jumped off to pick it up. He seemed about to call to the owner; then threw it into the end of his own wagon, evidently intending to drive after and give it to him.

But, after climbing into his place again, a new thought came suddenly into his mind, which I could read as plainly as though it had flamed out on his face like the handwriting on the wall at Belshazzar's feast. He pulled the straw forward under the board seat, thinking he would say nothing about it if the owner did not see it. This was his second thought; and the first thought is always likely to be the most honest one, and the safest to follow; for see to what the second thought led on the little Jew calf-dealer!

He drove along a few steps more and more slowly; till presently, still with his eyes on the straw, now with a look both sly and guilty, he turned his horse suddenly round, and drove rapidly back the way he came. He had picked up a bundle of straw; the owner would never miss it: it was a very little thing, not worth making a fuss about either way. Somebody had lost it, and he happened to be the one who found it; that was all: he would not have gone to the man's barn and stolen it, not for his hand. But he had found it, and it was his. It would make a good bed for his horse, and was worth perhaps five cents.

So much he had made; and how much do you think he had lost? how much in self-respect and honesty and manliness? He had lost very much more than he had gained, and very much more than he could afford to lose.

It is so with the one who gets two car-rides on one ticket, or takes too much change through somebody's mistake, and keeps it. Any thing we should be ashamed to be found out in is sure to be better not done at all; and remember, my dears, no money can pay for the smallest hurt done to the soul.

For the Child at Home.

## THE LITTLE BOY AND HIS FLAG.

I want to tell you something that I heard this morning, which pleased me very much.

Sitting in my Sunday school, where the little children had gathered to learn of Jesus, we were called upon to be very quiet while our superintendent read to us a letter from far-off Idaho, that region of mountains, and of almost perpetual snow. He who wrote the letter had once been in charge of the school; and, now that he was away from the old loved haunts, his heart yearned after them and us, and therefore he wrote. He told us what a sad day was his first Sunday in that strange "Ruby City," with no church or Sunday school, and with a general desecration of God's holy time. He could not bear it; he, who had been used from babyhood to the church-going bell, and to the reverence and fear of the Almighty Father and his sacred institutions. So he set to work in good earnest to build a place of worship; and, when the letter came, there was a congregation of devout men and women, and the little ones were brought together every Lord's Day for religious instruction.

Among these children was a small boy, who particularly pleased him by his answers to some questions; and he gave him money to purchase what he liked, — candy, or any thing he pleased. And what do you think the little fellow bought? *An American flag*, bigger than himself, which he wrapped about him every Sunday, and wore to Sunday school. You will better appreciate this when I tell you that the population of that place was made up of secessionists, and of deserters from our own army; and it is therefore wonderful to find in the heart of a little child among them such love for his country's *flag*.

It may seem improper to wear such a thing to a religious meeting: but the love of one's country and the love of God go together; and be sure, where the latter is what it should be, there you will find the former in its full strength and beauty. Think of the little boy at Ruby City, Idaho; and send some of your mission-money to help pay for the gospel to be preached there. F. B. S.

For the Child at Home.

## "NOT SO BAD WHEN THE SPIRIT IS WITH GOD."

Aunty Berry was dead. The children across the way had known she was very sick; and they had looked over to the closed curtains and still grounds with a sad, strange feeling of wonder and suspense. And now there was a new, sorrowful mystery in the house always so full of sunshine and good cheer. A few strangers went in and out with quiet step; and kind friends spoke in low, sad tones, with tearful eyes.

Charley's mother was a dear friend of Aunty Berry, and it was fit her loving hands should dress the faded form for its last rest. Another friend assisted Mrs. Carroll in the sad offices of love, and then returned with that lady to her house to arrange some things for the coffin and the grave.

Charley had watched all these unusual doings as far as he could see, and laid by his play, pale and nervous with the awful mystery of death. The guest spoke cheerfully to the agitated child, and tried to soothe him with pleasant talk of what death is to one who is prepared for heaven.

"But Aunty Berry never will speak any more," said Charley very sorrowfully.

"No; not in this world, dear child."

"Nor open her eyes."

"No; but they are wide open in heaven."

"And she will be so cold in the hard coffin!"

"Aunty Berry will not feel the cold, my dear."

"The grave is so dark and lonesome!" said Charley; and the child trembled and sobbed.

"Aunty Berry will not mind that, Charley: the dead do not feel cold and dark. Besides, she is not all dead: her spirit lives in another world, a bright, happy spirit now. If you could see Aunty Berry as she is to-day, you would be *so glad* to find her grown so beautiful!"

"Didn't the *good* part die?" asked Charley, looking up through his tears.

"No, darling; not one bit of it."

"But her eyes died, and her hands, and her feet."

"Yes, the part you could see died; but the soul part, what she thought with and loved with, is more alive than ever before. Aunty Berry does not care now for what lies in the coffin: she has something better in the other world."

"Can Aunty Berry see God with her new eyes?" asked Charlie, beginning to be comforted.

"Yes: she can see God, and all that is holy and beautiful. Now we will not be afraid to look at death when the soul is not dead; will we, Charley?"

The child hung back, awed by the cold and solemn thought.

"Now, if we go and look at Aunty Berry in her coffin, and see how pleasant she looks there, and think how much happier her spirit is in the other world, death will not seem so dreadful, Charley; you will not be so much afraid."

Charley clung closely to his friend's hand: but he gathered courage to stand by the coffin, and look

upon his friend's dead face; and, as he turned away, he whispered, "It isn't so bad when the spirit is with God; is it?"

E. L. E.

THE BROOK.

"Brook, bright and gladsome brook! I pray thee stay a while: I love to see my moss-grown face in thy clear waters."

It was an ancient bridge, with many-colored lichens on its crumbling stone, that cried thus to the brook.

"Nay," said the brook; "I can not tarry: my river is far off, and I must not rest till I find it."

"Brook, dear, beautiful brook! stay and sing to us while we dance," said a group of daffodils that were trembling with delight in the summer breeze.

"Dance ye, and play," said the brook; "but I tarry not. As I sing, I flow onwards; for my river is far off, and I may not stay till I gain it."

"Brook, what song do you sing? How is it that you fear not to break our sacred silence? Remember the tale of quietness we tell, and cease your gay prattling."

Thus spake some old gray tombstones, that rose above the churchyard wall, and frowned darkly on the silver brook as it glittered in the moonlight.

"Nay, I can not be silent. My song is given me, and my voice is made to sing it; and I must not leave it off till I have gained my river." Thus answered the brook.

"Pretty brook, thou art not wide enough," said the moon. "Spread thyself over thy narrow banks, that I may rejoice more in thee, and thou mayest reflect more of my mild splendor."

"Pleasant moon," answered the brook, "I can not be more than I am, neither can I have more of thy brightness yet; but my banks will be wide indeed, and my glory great indeed, when I have reached my river."

"Presumptuous brook!" said the sun, "dry up! What! wilt thou dare to steal my splendor to dress thy poor thread-like course? Dry up, and perish!"

"Nay, by your leave, mighty sun, I will flow on under rushes, and hide from your scorn, and so reach my river."

And the brook *did* reach its river; for it was like the strong heart that neither trial nor temptation can hold in its hands.

Original Fables.

For the Child at Home.

## THE LOST BOY.

Henry May was a farmer's son, strong and active as a boy should be who is used to all weathers, and has learned to thrive in all. His home was in one of the northern towns of New Hampshire, — a wild, rough spot, even in summer. The primitive forest bordered one side of the farm, and stretched almost continuously to the foot of the White Mountains, except a small clearing here and there, or a road winding through some valley. Henry did not dislike the solitude of his home, but was happy in being obedient and useful. One of his duties was to drive the cows to and from pasture. The path led through a corner of the dense old forest; but Henry was brave as well as active, and cheerfully went alone.

One day, upon his way home, he stopped to pick berries, and unconsciously strayed out of the path while thus engaged. He was so intent, that he did not observe this, but went on farther and farther. Having eaten enough, he started to go home; but every thing about him seemed strange.

He ran this way and that; but no trace could he discover of the little path that led out of the wood. He was now very much alarmed. He had heard tales of hunters who had been lost in this forest, and who had wandered a day or two before they found their way out. He knew bears were not very uncommon: perhaps there might be other wild animals. He thought, "The sun will soon go out of sight: it will be terrible to stay here all night. I did wrong to stop at all."

He sat down discouraged and sad. What could he do? He did what every one should do who is in trouble, — he knelt down, and told his heavenly Father that he was lost, and could not find the path, and begged forgiveness and help.

How glad he was that God is in every place! He knew that he was heard, and felt that our heavenly Father would lead him out: he was safe in his care.

When he arose from his knees, all his anxiety was gone. He looked around, and observed a tall tree, which he climbed to see if he could discover the path from it. Yes, he could see the path: it was not far off. With an exclamation of joy, he hastened down, and ran toward home. The clearing was soon reached, and he felt safe.

Are you a lost child? Have you wandered away from the path of truth and obedience, or of right-doing? Then you are in far greater danger than the little boy who was lost in the wood. You may not see and feel your lost condition; but you can not get out of danger alone: for we all, "like sheep, have gone astray." We have all broken the holy law of God, and sin is displeasing to him. Do not wait until you have grown old in sinful ways before you seek the dear Saviour. Ask him now; tell him how hard it is for you to be truthful and obedient, and ask him to bless and help you. He has promised, "Those that seek me early shall find me," and he will help you. If you seek him earnestly, he will be found of you.

Carle.

For the Child at Home.

## THE BOY THAT WOULD NOT DRINK.

The following incident occurred last winter not far from Boston: —

One pleasant afternoon in January, Louis M——, a boy of twelve years, obtained his mother's consent to try his new skates upon a neighboring pond. Full of life, and thinking only of his sports, and how swiftly he should glide over the smooth ice, he soon found himself among his companions upon the pond. Not many minutes were spent in adjusting the tackling to his rockers before he was ready and as merry as the merriest.

Little did Louis imagine how near death's door he was approaching, or what a deliverance God in his providence was preparing.

Without a moment's warning he suddenly found himself upon thin ice, and, before he could escape, broke through, and disappeared from view. "Boy in!" "Boy in!" resounded over the pond. His companions gathered around. An instant after, he was seen to rise; but, as he was beneath the surface of the ice, his rescue seemed hopeless, and he again sank. With their skates and sticks the boys broke the ice, and again he arose struggling for life; and at that moment one of the older boys reached out his stick. Louis seized it, and was saved.

Faint, and shivering with the cold, he ran for the nearest house: a kind lady took him in. "I've been drowned!" said Louis. The good lady called her servants, caused him to be rubbed, put upon him warm and dry clothing, and ordered some warm drink.

"What is it?" said Louis as the cup was put to his lips.

"Oh! only a little warm punch to keep you from taking cold," said the lady.

"*I can't drink it*," said Louis. "I promised my mother I would never drink any ardent spirits."

"But it will do you good," said the lady; and again she urged him to take it. Louis was firm. He remembered his promise. He touched his lips to the cup, but refused to drink.

Louis arrived safely home. His mother's gratitude to God for such a deliverance can hardly be expressed. "My son," said she, when he had finished relating the account of his rescue, "what did you think of when you were in the water?"

"I thought of God and of hell," said Louis; "and, mother, if I had been drowned, I should have gone to hell."

What a thought! That there is a hell, to which many are hastening, our consciences assure us as well as the word of God.

For the Child at Home.

## RETURN-BALLS.

Many of you know what they are; for I have seen, within a few months past, many a girl — and boy too, for the toy is a favorite one with both — tossing a bright-red ball from them, which, instead of rolling away upon the ground or floor, would spring back, or "return," to be gracefully caught in the hand that had sent it forth. And I will tell the little folks who have not yet owned or seen what is called a *return-ball*, that one end of a rubber string or "elastic" is fastened to it, with a ring at the other end which is slipped upon the finger. The string stretches when the ball is thrown; but it directly overcomes the force which lengthened it, and draws the ball quickly back to its owner.

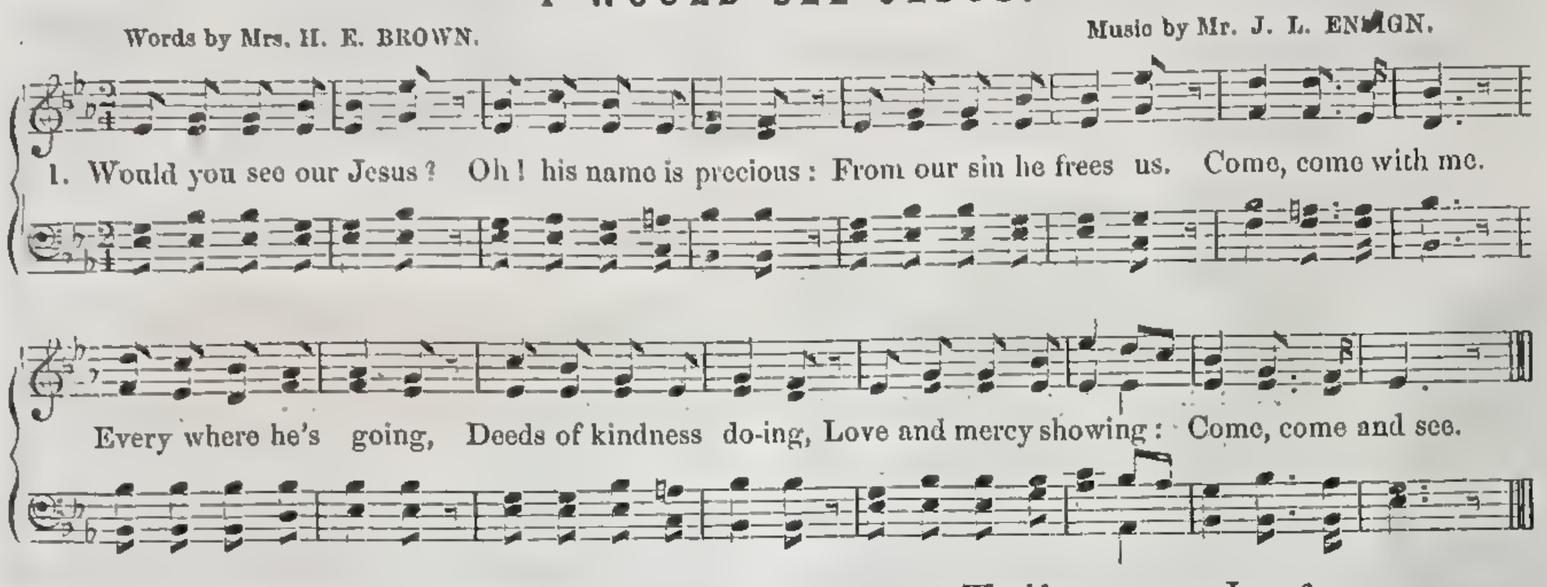
I saw a little boy and girl trying how many times they could catch the ball without missing. They were both very successful in the play, and seemed to enjoy it much. I have passed children in the street, and seen them in various places, practising with the new toy.

"It's like a loving deed," I thought one day, as I watched a little girl intent on sending out the

For the Child at Home.

## "I WOULD SEE JESUS."

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN. Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.


1. Would you see our Jesus? Oh! his name is precious: From our sin he frees us. Come, come with me.
Every where he's going, Deeds of kindness do-ing, Love and mercy showing: Come, come and see.

2 Would you see our Jesus?
Oh! his name is precious:
From our sin he frees us.
Come, come with me.
Children he is blessing,
Fondly them caressing,
Kindest words addressing.
Come, come and see.

3 Would you see our Jesus?
Oh! his name is precious:
From our sin he frees us.
Come, come with me.
Hear his solemn preaching:
Sinners he is teaching,
Outcasts he is reaching.
Come, come and see.

4 Would you see our Jesus?
Oh! his name is precious:
From our sin he frees us.
Come, come with me.
For our sins he's dying,
On the cross outcrying,
In the tomb he's lying.
Come, come and see.

5 Would you see our Jesus?
Oh! his name is precious:
From our sin he frees us.
Come, come with me.
Now the clouds are riven,
He ascends to heaven;
We are saved, forgiven.
Come, come and see.

bright-colored messenger, which seemed always eager to return to the hand of its happy young owner.

For did you know that a kind deed or a gentle word always comes back in some way to its giver? Not in itself: the kind word or deed does not itself come back, perhaps; but a blessing comes to the heart.

Did you ever try that, little return-ball players? Try it when you may. Speak a gentle word to some playmate in trouble; do a kind act to somebody that needs it; do it because you want to please Him, who, while he lived on earth, was ever ready with gentle words and loving deeds, and whom I trust you truly love; for love for him must go with every good deed, or it will lose the blessing: and see then if you don't find a blessing coming back in the form of sweet and happy thoughts in your heart. And the best part of it is, that the heart of one whose life has been full of such deeds and words will have the blessings returning to it long after the lips which have spoken and the hands which have worked thus for Jesus are still.

Why; don't you believe there are thousands of people in heaven to-day whose hearts are full of joy because of what they were permitted and inclined to say and do on earth for the sake of Jesus, who died for them?

Ah! what blessed "return-balls" the loving words and deeds of a young Christian are! Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

### THE LITTLE HELPER.

I want to tell you what I saw one winter morning, very early, while most little children lay quietly sleeping on their pillows.

I like to rise before the din and bustle of the great city begins, and to sit by my window and look up at the patch of tranquil sky, and think of Him who rules over all, and can bring peace and order out of confusion: it gives me strength for my busy day. Well, I sat where I love to sit, musing upon the love of our Father, who had kept me safely through the night; when my attention was attracted by a little fellow upon the walk opposite. He was certainly not more than five years old,—a chubby, comfortable-looking, miniature man; and he was trudging along over the ice with a large market-basket, in which was a heavy loaf of bread and some other edibles. I knew it was heavy, because every minute he had to stop to rest; and once he put it down, and drew it after him like a sled. Dear little fellow! he seemed to have such good courage, and never to dream of giving up the labor! But he trudged on for a few steps, and then halted for a minute to say some big letters from a poster upon a fence, which evidently refreshed him for a new start.

It may be that his mother has other little children, I thought, and no one to do her errands, and this brave little helper is her great stay and comfort. And so I watched him with glad eyes until he was far from my sight, and then my heart went after him; and it gave me such joy to know that the Infinite Heart was following him too, and that he could never be out of sight of the Infinite Eye, that beholds all the dear little children from the cradle to the grave, and loves to see them little helpers.

Are you doing any thing for mother and father, and brothers and sisters? Are your feet quick to run for them, and your fingers nimble to serve them?

It is better to minister than to be ministered unto; for then are we following the example of the blessed Jesus. Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

### LINDA'S FIRST FLOWER-POT.

Linda lived in a small log-house surrounded by tall forest-trees. A large hollow maple-stump stood in front under the six-paned window. She filled the cavity with earth, and set a bunch of violet-roots in it. Very soon the little plant, covered with buds and blossoms, became so large, that it entirely concealed the hollow, and seemed as though it grew out of the solid wood.

Linda loved it as only those can who dearly love flowers and have but one plant to love. Every morning, she examined it to see the new blossoms; and the pearly drops that covered it she called the tears that it shed, because it had been left alone in the dark; and when the sun appeared, and each little flower-face was upturned, she said it was to have all the shining tears kissed away by the loving sun-beams.

One evening, just as daylight was disappearing, an aged home missionary sought lodging at her father's. He was kindly welcomed; for the parents loved the Saviour, and delighted in the society of Christians. He was very weary, but, after a quiet night's rest, arose refreshed. He opened the door just as the sun was appearing above the forest. Linda was standing beside her pet. The good man raised both hands in admiration, and stepped to her side. His face was radiant with pleasure, and he exclaimed, "How beautiful!—how very beautiful!"

He inhaled their fragrance, laid his furrowed cheeks lovingly against the delicate blossoms, and wet his snowy locks with their crystal drops. He told her that he loved flowers because God made them to please man, and because they blossomed as beautifully for the poorest child as for the richest lady. He said they were a constant pledge that our heavenly Father loves to gratify the innocent tastes of his children; and that, if he cares so much for the gratification of the eyes that must soon decay, much more he cares for the gratification of the mind that can never perish. He told her how God had given his only Son to provide a way for sinful men to dwell in paradise forever, and how very great a sin even children commit by not loving and obeying so good a God; and said he hoped she would give her heart to the Saviour, and be prepared to dwell in his presence for ever.

The log-house has disappeared. The maple-stump has decayed. The aged missionary is at rest. The little girl is a woman, and a beautiful exotic is blooming in her pleasant sitting-room. Linda loves flowers still; but the memory of her first flower-pot is very dear, and no flowers awaken such pleasant associations as the humble violet. E. H.

"I KEPT BACK ON PURPOSE."—At a Sabbath-school anniversary in London, two little girls presented themselves to receive the prize, one of whom recited one verse more than the other, both having learned several thousand verses of Scripture. The gentleman who presided inquired,—

"And could you not have learned one verse more, and thus have kept up with Martha?"

"Yes, sir," the blushing child replied; "but I loved Martha, and kept back on purpose."

"And was there any one of all the verses you learned," again inquired the president, "that taught you this lesson?"

"There was, sir," she answered, blushing still more deeply: "'In honor, preferring one another.'"

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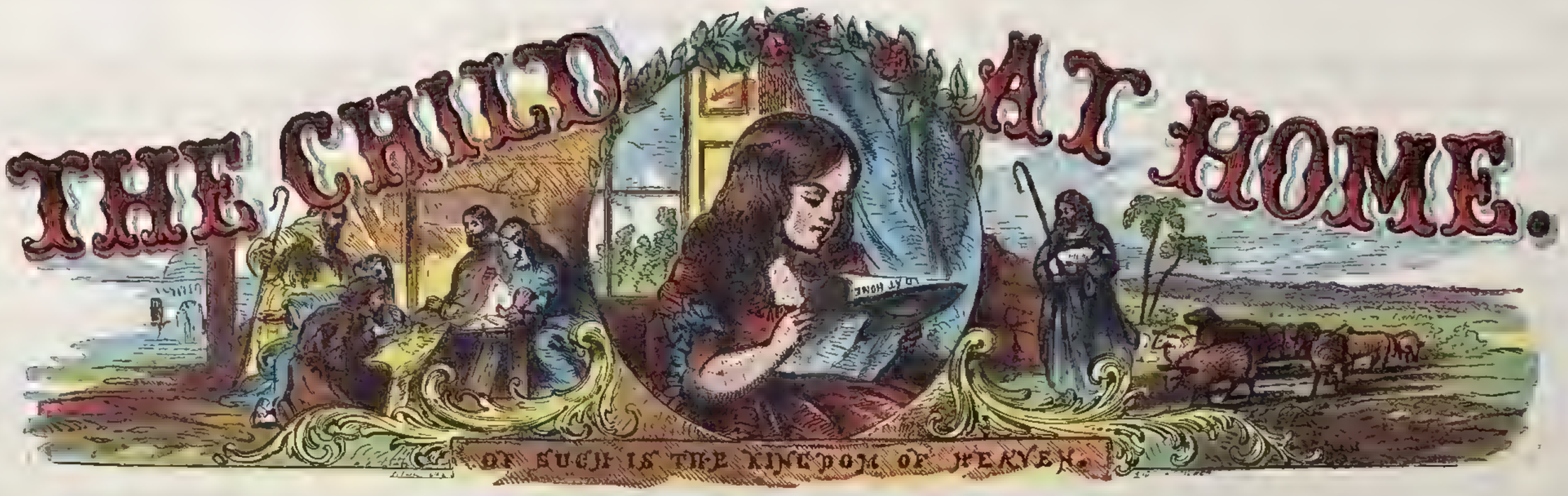


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### THE SPRING AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

HERE is a bright and happy face; and with good reason too: for you see the boy has just dipped his face into that clear, cool water, — the beautiful spring that rises among the flags on the mountain-side, and sends its sweet, pure stream down to gladden the meadows below. It is a pleasant picture — is it not? — for these sultry August days.

Pure water — what a blessing it is! We could not live without it. And the good God has made it almost as abundant for us as the air we breathe. It is a *common* blessing; and so common, that we are apt to forget that it is a *great* blessing, and one which we must have or die. We are told sometimes that one way to retain blessings is to be thankful for them. It is not meant by this that gratitude to God gives us any claim that he should still grant us favors: but we know that he is a God of infinite tenderness and mercy; he has a right to our love and gratitude and service; and, when he is receiving these, we know that he will continue to bestow upon us every blessing which we need to help us forward in the right way. But, if we neglect to thank him, he knows that we are in a wrong way; and the same mercy that led him to bestow favors, may lead him, when he sees they are enjoyed *ungratefully*, to take them away, to remind us of our duty.

Dear children, we are surrounded always with the proofs of our heavenly Father's love and care. Let us often call these things to mind, and gladly thank him every day.

"Oh! could we only count *a part*
Of daily mercies given,
The sum would surely melt the heart
With gratitude to heaven."

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

### THE TWINS.

Grace and Lily were twin-sisters, blue-eyed and brown-haired, and so much alike, that nobody out of the house pretended to know them apart. And, even in the house, nobody knew their little frocks and aprons and hats apart; for every thing they had was bought or made in pairs, and "they had all things common." They kept together like two cosset-lambs: if Grace got up, so did Lily; and if Grace sat down, Lily thought it was time to sit down also. If one had a doll or a kitten or a ball, so must the other. They never said, "*I* am hungry;" or, "*I* want to run out into the garden;" but, "*We* are hungry;" "*We* want to go and play."

Together they sprung from their little bed in the morning; and together their mother laid them down at night, when they had said their little prayers at her knee. It seemed as if they thought and felt the same things, and understood each other by instinct, without the need of speaking. One would think that each little girl was a part of the other, and could not live away from her other self.

But there came a day when the two began to grow unlike. When they were five years old, the Lily drooped and pined away, while Grace remained rosy and plump as ever. Lily lay helpless in her mother's lap, or tried to cool and rest her aching limbs upon the bed, while a burning fever consumed her life. But, though she suffered, she did not feel afraid, because she loved the Lord. Grace stood by, sad and wondering; and her loving mother tended her, and crowded back her own tears that she might put on a cheering smile, and murmur tender words to soothe her child. "My darling, my beauty, my precious one!" she said. But Lily would look up and say, "Am I a *good* girl, mamma?"

Many a time in her pain she repeated this question, as if afraid that she might do wrong when so distressed.

But the suffering was soon over, and this fair Lily grew fairer when her blue eyes closed for ever. Her little waxen hands were folded across her breast, and the lovely peace of death composed the sweet features that had been so changed by pain.

"Where is Lily, mamma? I want Lily!" cried Grace in bitter disappointment, as she looked at the little pure white form like that of a sleeping angel.

Where indeed? Where *were* the busy thoughts, the ceaseless play, the merry laughter, and the clinging love of the little one to her mother and to Grace? But the mother calmed her anguish to comfort the darling that was left.

"Lily has gone a little before us," said she. "This is only the body that she wore. She is an angel in heaven now. Christ has taken home his little lamb."

Soon they had to lay that dear body away to sleep till Jesus comes again, and Grace lived on

alone and very lonely. Morning and night, and every hour of the day, how strange and sorrowful she felt! If she tried to play, she often stopped to weep for her playmate. All her talk, at first, was of "Lily, who had gone to be an angel." They almost feared that love and grief would draw Grace after her, and leave them childless. "I want to go to heaven to find Lily" was what she often said. But God sent another little sister to keep her company, and after a time she grew happy again.

Years have gone by, and Grace is growing to be a woman. She prays to live near to Jesus, and to be kept faithful and pure and good, that she may be ready to meet her sister-spirit in peace. It is strange to her parents to look at her, and see how Lily would look now if she had staid on earth, and to think that in heaven there is just such an angel as Grace would be if she had died in childhood.

"Grow fast in heaven, sweet Lily, clipt,
In love more calm than this is;
And may the angels, tender-lipped,
Remind thee of our kisses!

While none shall tell thee of the tears,
These human tears, fast-falling,
Till, after a few patient years,
One heaven shall take us all in."

Genesee.

For the Child at Home.

### NELLIE'S PRAYER.

Do any of you children think that you are too small or too young to lead people to the Saviour? I do not think that any of you who will read this can be much smaller or younger than some little girls I knew of, who, not many years ago, lived in a small village where there was only one doctor, an old man, who had had the care of all of them, when sick, ever since they were babies. But this kind old man did not love Jesus; and one of these little girls, named Nellie Gray, was very much troubled about it.

At last, her mother said to her, "Why, Nellie you must pray for the doctor." It was a bright thought to the child; and, in following it out, she induced a few of her little playmates to go with her each day to a secluded place to pray for her aged friend. It was not far from the traveled way, but so thickly overgrown, that no passer-by could look into it. Not many days after, the doctor was passing, and, hearing the sound of childish voices, paused just in time to hear Nellie say, "O God! have mercy on Dr. K——, and give him a new heart."

"Is it so," said the doctor to himself, "that even the little children are praying for me? I don't mind the talk of the old folks; but I can't stand this."

He went home, but found no rest until he gave his heart to the Saviour. Then he went to Nellie, and, with tears in his eyes, thanked God that he had put it into her heart to pray for an old man.

E. C. K.

For the Child at Home.

### "WHAT WERE MOTHERS MADE FOR?"

"What were mothers made for, ma, if they can't take care of their children?" said little Frank, as he returned from a half-hour's visit at a neighbor's house. "Well, I'm glad I wasn't born at that house."

"Why, what's the trouble, my son? Did you not enjoy your visit?"

"Oh, yes! Sam and I had a nice time: but I would not live there for all the world," said the boy with earnestness. Little Frank had seen evidence that the mother in that house did not "take care" of her children.

My dear child, does *your* mother take care of *you?* Is she always glad to see you when you wake in the morning? Does she always have time to speak kindly to you? and, when she puts you in your little bed at night, does she ask God to keep you and bless you? Did you ever think to thank God that he gave you such a mother? Did you ever thank him for your happy Christian home? F. F.

For the Child at Home.

### "HOW SHALL I GO?"

"Well, my daughter, what is it? Tell me all that's in your heart, and I'll try to help you."

"I wanted to talk with you, father, about what our minister has said to-day. He told us we must '*go to Jesus.*' I know that many are becoming Christians now, and they seem happy. I think I really want to be a Christian; but I don't quite understand the way. I don't know exactly what I ought to do. *How* shall I go to Jesus, father?" And an anxious, tearful face was lifted to Mr. L——, just such a face as many a Christian father and mother has seen, and which has given an unwonted tenderness and fervor to their prayers.

"The blessed Jesus himself will help you, Emily dear, if your heart is turned in earnest toward him. Let us try together to find the way. In a book written for children, I saw a picture under which were the words, 'Going to Jesus.' What kind of a picture would you expect to see with such a title?"

"I suppose Christ was there, and children were going to him, and he was taking them in his arms."

"No: that was not it. A little child, with a sweet, thoughtful face, was alone in his chamber. He was kneeling beside a bed; his hands were reverently clasped together; and thus he was *going to Jesus.* The child was at prayer. He was praying to that dear, loving Friend, who, though we do not see him, is always near. And this is the only way to go to him. We can not rise and walk to some other place, and find Jesus. He is here. He sees us now. He knows our hearts, all we think and all we feel. He wants you to go to him. He is willing to receive you. He will certainly take you for his own child if you go to him. Do you really *want* to go?"

"But mustn't I feel something different from what I used to,—*very* different?"

"Do you feel that you have sinned against God, darling, and that you can not gain his favor alone, but must be lost if you do not have help?"

"Yes, father, I do."

"Do you believe that Jesus the Saviour, who died on the cross, is able to save you, and willing too?"

"Oh, yes! because he has said so."

"Do you feel *willing* to have him save you, and to give him all the glory of it?"

"Yes, father: I think I do truly believe all you have said. I am sorry I have sinned against God, and I want Jesus to save me. But I don't wonder that I feel so; it doesn't seem strange at all that I should: and I have been waiting to feel in some way that *should* seem strange and different from this. But I do want to go to Jesus, father, and be his child."

"If Jesus is here, and ready to take you and forgive your sins, and make you his child, do you want to go to him now,—just here?"

"Yes, father: I do, truly."

"Then you need not wait for different feelings. Let us kneel down together; for he *is* here, and is waiting for you."

And Emily and her father knelt there, and he went with her to Jesus, and asked Jesus to take her for his own child; and then he left Emily alone for a little time, while she, who had been led by the blessed Holy Spirit to Jesus, although she had not known it, with her own words of prayer gave her young heart to the Saviour. And from that hour she began to live for him; not at once a perfect life, for she had to fight against a quick temper, and selfishness and pride, and all temptations to evil, but trying never to be discouraged, though sometimes wrong feelings gained the victory, and wrong words leaped from her lips; for then she could run to Jesus in prayer, telling him all about her sin, and receiving forgiveness.

Thus Emily went to Jesus.

Thus thousands have gone to him during these late blessed months.

And thus, dear young reader, will not you go too? And will you not go NOW? for where is a promise for to-morrow?

Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

### EASY GENEROSITY.

It was just after night-fall; and Nanny had been sitting in her little rocking-chair at the corner of the fire-place, gazing at the little dancing flames quite silently for the space of three minutes, when she burst forth,—

"Oh, Joe! I just wish I had lots of money! I tell *you*, if I wouldn't make folks happy! I would send a whole barrelful of things to Cousin Hattie's freedmen; and I would get a suit of clothes all round for that home-missionary family out West, from the father down to the baby; and I'd put in a beauty scarlet merino trimmed with black velvet for the little girl that is about my size. Then I would"—

"Maybe you would be stingy," interrupted her brother Joe, who was whittling out a boat at the opposite side of the fire-place. "Rich people often are, you know. I advise you to begin your generosity right away, so as to be getting used to it."

"I haven't any thing to begin with," answered Nanny, rather taken aback.

"Oh! it doesn't take much to begin with: I'll warrant there is enough in your bank to send a fire-red turban to some old mammy down South, or a pair of mittens to your little missionary," said Joe, whittling away with an air of superior wisdom, and the shade of a mocking smile around his mouth.

"Oh, pshaw! I haven't but just ninety-three cents and you know well enough I have got to save every bit that comes to me to get a new sled like Nelly Dyer's, that costs two dollars. I mean, if I was *rich.*"

Just then, their sister Belle came up with a plate of bread and a toasting-iron, and knelt down before the fire. When she had arranged the embers in the most scientific style, and had laid two white slices in the toaster she said,—

"Did I ever tell you, Nanny, about the children's building the vestry at Newburyport?"

"No: what was it?"

"That winter that I spent with Aunt Eliza, the North Church burned up one stormy night; and, when the people began to raise money to rebuild it, Mr. Hooker made a rousing speech to the children, and told them he wanted them to build the Sabbath-

school room themselves; and they could, if every child would only go to work in good earnest, and earn all he could; and I should think they did!"

"Take care, Belle! that bread is going to burn!" cried Joe.

"No, thank you, young man; it's just a beautiful brown!" said Belle, as she turned the toasting-iron.

"Go on," urged Nanny.

"Well, it was every thing for money, and nothing for love, the rest of the winter. Aunt Eliza used to say she didn't presume to ask Charley to shovel a path or bring in an armful of wood without a round price."

"Did he make much?" inquired Joe.

"Oh, yes! five or six dollars. It was easy enough for him, because his father and mother had plenty of money, and liked to help him. He really didn't do any thing more than he always had done: the only difference was that he was paid for it. He didn't go without one thing he wanted: so his contributions didn't cost him much. But, for some of the children, it was quite another thing. Pass me that hot plate, will you, for — now a pair of slices, Nanny: that's it. There were two little bone-pickers" —

"Little *what?*"

"Bone-pickers: they overhaul the rubbish in the gutters and back-yards for old bones; and, when they have got a basketful, they can sell them for a few cents."

"Bah! what a disgusting business!" said Nanny, making up a face.

Joe asked, "What does anybody want of old bones?"

"To get phosphate of lime from them. But I was going to tell you about the contribution of these poverty-stricken little girls. You see, they earned their living by the hardest work in this disagreeable way: but they wanted the pleasure of helping to build the vestry just as much as rich men's children did; so they put their heads together to contrive what they could do. They could think of only one way. They had been for a great while saving up every spare penny they could get to buy a doll. They had never had one in their lives" —

"Never had a *doll!* — not even a rag-baby?" asked Nanny, amazed.

"Oh! I don't suppose there ever was a little girl who hadn't so much as a *rag-baby;* but they thought they should be perfectly happy if they could get a regular doll with a painted face. Now, just as they had succeeded at last, by slow degrees, in saving up almost cents enough, came the hard question, 'Should they sacrifice dolly to the Sabbath school?' They knew, if they gave any thing, it must be this; for they could not possibly get together so many cents again till it was quite too late to do any thing for the new church: and so the generous little souls brought their precious, pitiful hoard, wrapped up in fold upon fold of an old newspaper, and gave it over to the Lord's treasury. When the Sabbath-school room was dedicated, I doubt if any one there enjoyed it so much as those two self-sacrificing little ragamuffins."

Nanny heaved a deep sigh. Joe remarked, "Now, I have read any quantity of such stories in the Sunday-school papers; but I never took much stock in them."

"Some of them are made-up stories, no doubt; but this incident certainly happened at the building of the North Church in Newburyport."

"Didn't the poor little girls ever have any doll?" inquired Nanny mournfully.

"Yes: I believe they did. They didn't expect it; but some kind-hearted lady, that happened to learn the facts, gave them one. There," taking the last slices from the toaster, "supper's ready. Come."

Joe and Nanny were always sent to bed early, after the good old fashion; and, as they slept in adjoining rooms, they often held long conversations after they were gone to bed. That night, after all was quiet, Nanny called out, —

"Joe, I have concluded to give all my sled-money toward the missionary-box!"

"Oh, nonsense! you will be sorry for it."

"Oh, no, I sha'n't! That poor little girl needs new shoes more than I need a sled," replied Nanny in a very resigned and virtuous tone.

"Well, I rather think you will conclude you need a sled when you see the rest of us all shooting down the hill, and you have to stand sucking your fingers at the top."

"But I sha'n't do that: don't you see," in a confidential undertone, "father and mother never would let me go without a sled, just because I was generous enough to give it up for the missionaries?"

"Oh, ho!" shouted the brother: "that's the game, is it? Ho, Nanny! what a tremendous sacrifice!" and he laughed, and cried, "Oh, *Nanny!*" till her cheeks tingled, and she hid her face in her pillow, all alone in the dark as she was.

"Now, Joe, you are too bad! I should think you would be ashamed," she muttered at last.

"I should think *you would* be ashamed, you little martyr," with a short, derisive grunt. He presently added, however, in a kind-enough tone, as if he was afraid he had been too hard upon her, —

"You see, Nanny, it is all well enough for you to send your money if you choose to, and let father give you your sled instead of buying it: only you oughtn't to set up for a saint about it as if it was doing something very good; for you know it isn't making the least bit of a sacrifice."

Nanny's own heart could have told her all this just as well before; but like Ananias and Sapphira, and a great many of the rest of us, she was so anxious to enjoy both the credit of making the sacrifice, and the convenience of not making it, that she would not listen.

Jenny Bradford.

For the Child at Home.

## THE MURDERER.

"My mother never taught *me* to pray. If she had, I should never have been here."

This was not said in a pleasant home, such as is given to most of the readers of this little paper, but in a dark and dreary cell of a prison in New England.

The speaker was only seventeen years old, and yet he was a *murderer.*

As his Sabbath-school teacher entered his cell one Sabbath morning, he found him with a religious paper in his hand, in which he had been reading of a boy whose mother taught him to pray.

And now, as he looked back upon his own dark life, he remembered his miserable home, and his wretched mother, who had taught him to drink strong drink; who had taught him to lie, to steal, and to swear, but who had never taught him any thing good.

His Sabbath-school teacher could not help pitying him, although his hands were stained with human blood. He had confessed the dreadful crime; and that gloomy prison is to be his home all the rest of his life.

Do the readers of this paper feel no pity for this young criminal? He had never been taught to read even the letters of the alphabet until his teacher taught him in prison to read them. He had never been to church or Sabbath school, and had never even heard a prayer in his life, when he committed that dreadful deed.

What do you think would have been your condition to day if this had been true of you? With all the blessings that surround you, are you doing what you have been taught to do by your pious mother and your Sabbath-school teacher?

Since that young man has been taught to read his Bible and good books and papers while in prison, his teacher thinks he has become a penitent child of God. Are you too, dear reader, a loving disciple of the blessed Saviour, who is calling so many lambs into his fold in these precious days?

"Oh! hear him call, 'Come unto me,
My little children, come:
I'll fold you closely in my arms,
And take you to my home.'"

F. D. H.

For the Child at Home.

## IN THE CORNER.

In the corner, in sad disgrace, —
Daisy B. with her dimpled face:
From her blue eyes the light is gone;
Heavily, showers are falling down.

Sorrowing, mother sits anear;
Under her lashes is a tear:
Daisy has driven the sun away;
Daisy has made a cloudy day.

One little heart with anger stirred,
Two little lips by a naughty word,
Banish the angel of pearly wing:
Darksome spirits instead they bring.

## OUT OF THE CORNER.

Summer showers are swift to fly:
There's a bow of promise in the sky.
The gloom is gone, and the rain is o'er:
Daisy "will do the wrong no more."

Out of the corner, at mother's beck,
Two little arms around her neck:
Old heart and young together pressed,
Daisy is clasped to mother's breast.

Many an evil thought and deed
Out of our naughty hearts proceed:
Often and often, while here below,
Into "the corner" we must go.

Kindest of parents is watching anear,
Every penitent sigh and tear.
Out of the corner all of us may:
Happily, Jesus has opened a way.

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

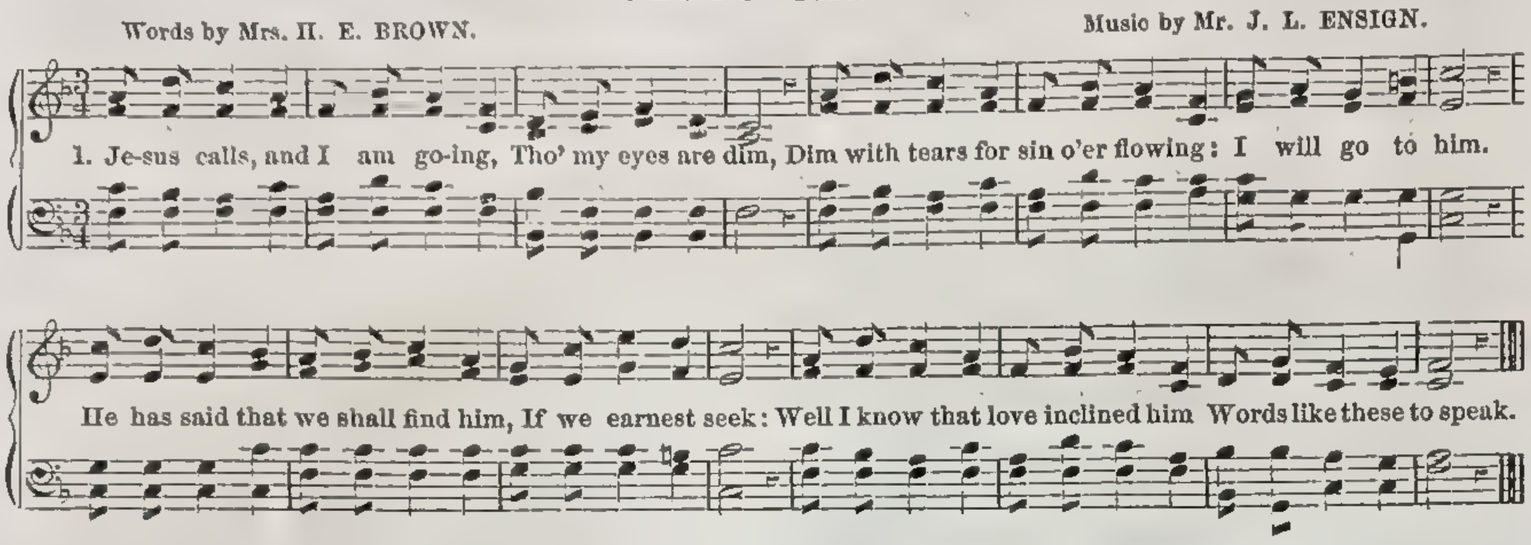
## LETTER FROM A GERMAN FRIEND.

Allow me, dear Sunday-school children, and readers of this pretty paper, to write you a letter to inform you of the great pleasure I have experienced in receiving now and then in the course of last year a number of your lovely "Child at Home." Many thanks for such kindness to the unknown friend. Some of you, perhaps, know that Christians never wish to become young again, and to live their past

For the Child at Home.

## JESUS CALLS.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN. Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.


1. Je-sus calls, and I am go-ing, Tho' my eyes are dim, Dim with tears for sin o'er flowing: I will go to him.
He has said that we shall find him, If we earnest seek: Well I know that love inclined him Words like these to speak.

2 Hark! again his voice is falling
On my waiting ear:
Through the darkness he is calling,
And he seems so near!
Oh, that face, so sweet and gracious,
Would that I could see!
Stretch thy hand out, dearest Jesus;
Draw me unto thee.

3 I have heard thy mercy reaches
To the weak and low;
Lifts the children up, and teaches:
Wilt thou take me so?
Just a child I am, dear Jesus,
Full of misery;
Undeserving friend so precious:
Yet I long for thee.

4 "Yes, my child!" I hear him saying,
"Hasten now to me:
Why such doubting, such delaying?
I can make thee see."
He has touched me; healed my blindness:
Now I see his face!
Wondrous power! oh, matchless kindness!
Oh, how rich his grace!

lives over once more, but that they much rather press toward the mark, the wonderful end, when they shall see with their own eyes the unspeakable glory of Jesus Christ. Yet of late I have almost been tempted to exclaim, "I wish I were a child again to go to Sunday schools, and to read such delightful papers as the American children receive regularly!"

However, I felt it not necessary to become a child again in years, but in mind; and I have been perfectly able to enjoy your dear paper, and to profit by it. Some of the beautiful stories and poems have pleased me so much, that I have translated them; for instance, "Minnie's Prayer," and "Going to Grandma's." These two poems will be inserted in a little German paper called "Die Sontages Schule," printed in Berlin, and the first weekly Sunday-school paper of its kind in our country. It has not many subscriers, and is only printed in thirty-five hundred copies this year, I am sorry to say. Hitherto the expenses have been paid by some kind Christians who wish to give pleasure to children, and tell them of the love of Jesus, who out of great pity with poor men on earth came down from heaven to save them from hell, and to open to them the kingdom of heaven. I should like to have seen him, carrying a little child on his arms, or a little lamb, as on the frontispiece of your "Child at Home." To be in the arms of Jesus! oh! is not that a real "child at home"? And that is what he has prepared for all those that repent of their sins, and love him and follow him. If children would only think more about it, and go to Jesus in all their little trials and in all their happy hours!

German children have more story-books with beautiful poetry and unequaled fairy tales,—more perhaps than any other children; but they might have more good religious books, which explain to them openly the sinful state of the human heart, and the danger of eternal perdition, except they repent, and believe in the Saviour of sinners. It is very wrong to be afraid, and not to warn little children, as the good Shepherd has exactly said, that theirs is to be the kingdom of heaven.

German children are quite as warm and true in love and friendship as any other children in the world; but few are made to understand that they should love Jesus more than any other friend, and that they ought to pray for new hearts to be able to do so. Not many German children sit quietly down and read their Bible as English and American children do; not even on Sundays, because the Germans do not keep holy the Sabbath Day. The awful desecration of the Sabbath is one of the greatest sins of the Germans, and one that must grieve the Lord very much. How often has the Lord complained that the Jews did not keep holy his Sabbath, and that he would be obliged to punish them, instead to continue with his overflowing kindness and mercy! If the Bible was but read and believed, if hearts would but repent and love Jesus, if the Sundays were kept holy, oh, how happy, how beautiful, my native country would be in the eyes of men and of angels and before the Lord!

Happy children of America, I entreat you, do not neglect the great blessings you possess in your Sunday schools and in your Sundays, in your Christian literature and in your Christian homes, yes, even in the Christian spirit which breathes through your government and its documents. Your President Lincoln praised the name of Almighty God in his proclamations, and ascribed in the most decided way to him alone honor and praise for having saved the Union and given liberty to all. European nations are not in the habit of hearing such dear Christian language. "Blessed is the nation whose God is the Lord!"

W. Brockelmann.

HEIDELBERG, 1866.

NUTS TO CRACK.

You see this picture of a basket of nuts. Well, we had just such a basket at the Tract House. It was a present to one of the Secretaries of the American Tract Society on last May Day; that is, the *basket* and the nut-*shells* were a present to him; but the *meat* in the nuts was for somebody else.

The Secretary, Rev. Mr. Warren, was invited to spend May Day with the Phillips Sabbath School of Watertown, Mass. They had a fine collation, and every thing was pleasant. A little girl went to Mr. Warren with a pretty basket of nuts, of which he was invited to partake. He cracked one; and, strange to tell, the *meat* was *green leaves!*—just such leaves as were found in the basket of flowers presented by the same school two years ago. Do you remember? Greenbacks!—the meat was *paper-money!*

He brought the basket home; and, when all the nuts were cracked, the "meats" amounted to thirty-two dollars! Was not that a "surprise"? This note, which accompanied the basket, will tell you for whom they gave the money:—

WATERTOWN, May 1, 1866.

REV. I. P. WARREN. *Dear Sir,*—May this offering of the Phillips Sabbath School of Watertown be accepted, and appropriated to the good work of disseminating the *hidden* word of God's holy Bible among that heretofore despised race who have not only been bound by the chains of slavery, but by the more galling chains of forced ignorance, wherein the truths of the gospel were indeed hid from them!

We trust that the boon of freedom will enable them to free themselves from the fetters of bondage upon their education, and gain them the ability to search the Scriptures as for hid treasures.

GEORGE K. SNOW,
*Superintendent Phillips Sabbath School.*

We thank that Sabbath school for their May-day offering, hidden so cunningly away in the nuts. We shall tell the freedmen the story. S. B., JR.

For the Child at Home.

### "GOOD-BY, PAPA! KEEP OUT OF BAD COMPANY."

He was a small child, not more than four years old; and every morning his little feet were heard on the pavement, as he ran beside his father always as far as the corner crossing, but never any farther; and his parting words were ever the same, "Good-by, papa! Keep out of bad company."

They rang out on the clear air, morning after morning, in the child's silvery tones, until they began to be a part of the day to me; and I found myself listening for the little sermon wrapped up in them.

The words were so old and so wise to come from the fair-haired child, that every passer-by turned to look at the child.

Every day through the summer, it was just the same; and, after the farewell, the tiny figure stood and watched his father until he was out of sight.

Do you think that father could go far astray with the sentence sounding in his ears? I do not. I think they were a safeguard in many moments of temptation; and I do not think our streets would be injured if there were more corner-preachers standing at them in the dewy freshness of each new day, and crying, "Good-by, papa! Keep out of bad company."

S. J. P.

It matters not what a man loses, if he save his soul; but, if he lose his soul, it matters not what he saves.

"Where is hell?" asked a scoffer.
"*Anywhere* outside of heaven," was the answer.

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### TOO NEAR!

Ah, yes! too near the edge! Little boy, there's danger where you stand! A step more, and you will go over the cliff. No wonder the loving sister comes up so cautiously, trying not to startle the thoughtless child, and softly creeps toward him with anxious face, and eager, outstretched hands, hoping to seize his arm, and draw him back, before it is too late.

Young reader, did you ever go as near to the edge of a precipice as this?

"Oh, no!" you say: "I know better. Why, I should expect to be dizzy, and fall over right away."

Well, perhaps that is true. I hope you would know better than to run, without good cause, a fearful risk of losing life, or being crippled while life should last. But there are other dangerous places beside such as this, which all who truly love you are hoping and praying you will avoid. They are dangerous, not to the body only, but to the soul.

Did you ever read these words in the Bible?—"Surely thou didst set them in slippery places." They are written of the wicked; the thoughtless, foolish ones who forget God, and go into the paths of sin. They are on the edge of an awful precipice, a slippery place, to slide from which will be to lose the soul. Every one who yields to temptation, and commits sin, whether child or man, is drawing near, or rather is already upon, just such a dangerous place.

When you hear the whisper of the Tempter urging you to any thing that is wrong, whether it be an evil thought or word or act, lift a prayer at once to Jesus for help, and resist the Tempter. The slippery places and the fearful precipice are at hand, and you are *too near* to danger not to cry for help. Well may loving parents and brothers and sisters stretch out eager, imploring hands to keep back any who are dear to them, if they know when these dear ones are being tempted; and well may we all from sincere hearts offer the prayer, "Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil." **Uncle Paul.**

For the Child at Home.

### BESSY'S DISAPPOINTMENT.

BY FRANCES LEE.

The door burst open as though there had been a gust of north-east wind behind it, instead of a dark-eyed girl, who carried a slate and arithmetic in one hand, and a geography in the other.

"Oh, mother, mother! we are going to give Ellen Meyer a surprise to-night,—we girls and a few of the boys," she began, throwing her books and slate on the sofa, and tossing off her hat.

"I can wait until you have shut the door and put away your things before I hear about it, my dear," said her mother gently.

The girl laughed, as she turned back, stopping half way to kiss her little sister Emmy, who trotted in from the nursery at the sound of her voice, crying, "Are you got any thing pretty for me?"

"Yes, you darling, I have brought you a beautiful little house; and how glad sister will be when you are old enough to go to parties and to school with her!" replied Bessy, opening her geography, and taking out a picture which she had torn from a newspaper advertisement.

Emmy's face broke out all over in smiles. "Are you got me a house?" she said, sitting down on the floor, perfectly satisfied, to look at it.

"We are all going to meet at the schoolhouse, and go up to Ellen's in a crowd. I don't think she suspects a thing," continued Bessy, as though her story had not been broken off, from the closet where she was hanging her hat and cloak. "We are going, each who can, to carry some cake; and Silas Smith is to see about buying peanuts and apples. We all contributed for that, and I gave three cents. Won't we have a splendid time, mother? Mrs. Meyer knows we are coming, and Sophy; but they will keep it a secret from Ellen. I was *awful* afraid, though, she would suspect something to-day, to see the girls all whispering around together so much, and hushing up whenever she came in hearing. What makes you look so, mother? I can go, can't I?"

"Why, my dear Bessy, I am sorry enough to disappoint you; but did you, for a moment, suppose I would consent to your going out in the evening with that sore throat?"

"Oh, mother! now really my throat is almost well. It doesn't hurt me hardly a speck when I swallow, truly now; and I do *wish* you would let me go. I will bundle up like every thing. I do think it will be too dreadful if I can't. All the girls are going,—Mary Jay and all."

The mother shook her head with the decided look which Bessy knew quite well teasing never changed. "No, my darling, I do not dare risk it, and wish

you to try how cheerful and happy you can be at home."

But Bessy did not try. She turned away, thinking within herself, "Every thing always happens just to plague me. It would not hurt my throat half so much to go just that little way as it will to stay at home and fret about it; I know it would not, and mother knows it would not. I might have known I couldn't go; for I can never do any thing I am set out on. Oh, dear, dear, dear!"

With such a heartful of discontented thoughts, Bessy could not look very pleasant. No: she looked, as she felt, like the most abused and unhappy girl in town all the time during supper; and, while her mother was up stairs putting the baby to bed, she sat in the deep window-seat which looked over toward the schoolhouse, thinking how unkindly and unreasonably she was treated, and how miserable she ought to be, when she heard a fearful scream in the room behind her.

Turning about, she saw little Emmy with her dress blazing above her head; while Joanna, the nurse-girl, stood helplessly screaming.

"The rug, Joanna, the rug! — mother said the *rug!*" cried Bessy, snatching a great woolen mat which lay before the grate, and wrapping it closely about the child.

Startled by the screams, the mother came in just as the fire was stifled, with no harm done to Emmy only a singing of her curls and a burn on one little finger.

"Oh, Bessy, dear! what if you had not been in the room! Emmy would probably have been burned to death before I could come in," said the mother afterward.

"I know it, mother. I have been thinking of that, and of what naughty thoughts I was thinking just that minute. You see God did not wish me to go to the surprise: he wished me to be here to remember what you said about putting out fire. I don't think I shall ever forget again, and feel so unwilling to stay away from anywhere, or give up any thing; because something may happen to make us very thankful when we don't have our own way. And I will try to remember God knows best every single time where he wishes us to be, and what he wishes us to do," replied Bessy humbly.

### LETTER FROM PRUSSIA.

Some of you will remember, that, in one of our papers of last year, we gave extracts from the letter of a Prussian lady. We gladly publish this second letter to Dr. Child from the same lady, with the incident which she relates at the close. We shall give our readers another article from her pen hereafter.

BERLIN, 1865.

Rev. W. C. CHILD, D.D. *Dear Sir*, — I was much surprised to find, in the July number of the "Child at Home" for 1865, part of my letter to you; and I was glad to hear from a Sabbath-school teacher in Lake Forest, Ill., that the children there had been interested to hear of our German Sabbath schools, as the superintendent read that letter to them. So I thought that perhaps some little incidents connected with our Berlin schools might interest them and some others too. To send you these is the motive of this letter; not that I think that they are of great value, or that I presume to see them printed (I know very well the editor's right to reject), but to show you the interest I take in your noble work, and to thank you for the papers I am so glad to receive. They are always read, not only by me, but by many of our friends. I am, sir,

Sincerely yours,
HELENE RUPPEL.

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Some time after the establishment of our Sabbath school, a little girl asked me if she could bring with her a younger sister, only five years old. Now, it was a rule with us, as we had no separate room for an infant-class, not to admit children before they could read. So I told little Helen her sister had better wait till she could read. Two months after, Helen, with a radiant face, introduced her little sister to me with the words, "Mary can read now."

I was greatly surprised; and, asking the children, I learned that Helen had talked so much of her beloved Sabbath school, telling how beautiful it was, that little Mary had urged her mother to teach her to read; and so diligently had she studied her lessons, that in two months she was able to read. How gladly did I receive that new scholar! Both the sisters continued regularly to attend our Sabbath school.

### THE SWALLOWS.

"How provoking!" said Betty, as she stood with her long broom in her hand under the parlor window.

"What's the matter?" said the vicar, looking out of it.

"Why, sir, these swallows!" said Betty: "four times this summer I have knocked down their nests; they *will* build under the slates just above; and they make me such work, I've no patience with them."

"Four times! Are you sure they have begun again four times?" said the vicar with interest.

"Sure enough, sir. They got the start of me, and finished their nests the first time before I noticed them: then I knocked them down with the long rake by help of the ladder; but, in two days, John came to tell me they had got a good way on with new ones. I soon finished them; but if they did n't begin that very evening! — and the next morning I had a good piece to clear away. I thought that would tire them out, and didn't look for a time; but right in the very same place, when I *did* look, were the two nests built up to the top. 'This shall be the last time,' I said; and I smashed 'em to atoms; and away flew all the birds, pretty well scared. But the obstinate, perverse things won't be conquered. Here they are again, the nests more than half made. Please, sir, might John have the gun to shoot them?"

"Oh, no, Betty!" said the vicar, "by no means."

"Then sir, I can never get rid of them."

"Don't attempt it, Betty," said the vicar, who had listened with much attention to her complaints. "Let them dwell in peace, where they have had such a trial of patience in building. I wish I may preach as useful a sermon next Sunday as their example has preached to me to-day."

Betty looked amazed. "Not knock them down, sir?" she asked in a tone of vexed surprise.

"No: don't touch them. Every time they twitter, they will remind me of the injunction, 'Faint not.' They have gained their parish, and are under my protection: so take away your broom, Betty," said the vicar with a smile, as he closed the window.

"Ah!" said Betty, as she watched his white head disappearing, "it's all very good, I dare say; but master hasn't got to clean the windows."

No, master had not; but he had trying lessons of patience with a refractory parish full of perverse hearts, and had often been tempted to cry out in despair, "It is enough; I will no longer work here; it is not my place."

Joyfully, therefore, did he take the hint from the swallows, and determined to build on, saying to himself, "Perhaps one more season of patient labor, and, like them, I may gain my parish."

Original Fables.

For the Child at Home.

### THE PRISON CART AGAIN.

Do you remember how it came in my pathway one day, and darkened my sunshine by its gloomy aspect and its miserable freight?

Well, I saw it again; and my heart ached worse than before. I will tell you why. Among other prisoners that were hustled in by the officer was a woman with disordered garments and a bloody face, that proved she had been fighting, — a woman fighting: — and in her arms she carried a little innocent baby. She was the baby's mother; and it clung to her neck, clasping her around as if she were the purest being on earth. Perhaps, after all, it is the very best thing for the sinful woman that she can have the touch of her little child's hand in the prison. It may be, that as she looks upon its baby brow, and feels it tender caress, she will be moved to forsake the evil of her ways, and lead a new and holy life. But I could not bear that the little creature should be shut out from the pleasant light even for an hour. I wanted to see it in the sunny park, where other children were sporting amid the green grass and the bright flowers.

There is only one way to get any consolation when I think of it; and that is, to believe and trust that God will make it a little minister to its erring mother, and that it may be the means of bringing her out of the dark prison-house of sin into the freedom which the children of God enjoy. Will you pray that the little baby may influence its mother to good, and not be led by her to the evil?

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

### IN THE FAMILY OF GOD.

I was with very pleasant company one evening not long since. Girls and boys were there, and young ladies and young men, and some fathers and mothers too. The good pastor was there, with a look of gladness and love in his face. It made me think of another place, and another gathering of friends among whom I hope one day to be; a happier place, and a happier company even, than was this. And I hope to see all these pleasant faces in that other company which shall meet hereafter.

I will tell you why I expect this.

I saw but a single person among them who had not a hope in Christ; and I trust that that one will find the Saviour: then, if we all are truly his, we shall be sure to meet in heaven.

The pastor spoke some precious words to the company. Some of them, especially of the girls and boys, had been Christians but a short time. Others had been in the church for years. He addressed them all as "children of God," "heirs of glory," and earnestly besought them to keep very near to their Father, and walk by faith in the Son of God. In his prayer he spoke of them as "adopted into the family of God," repeating the words in John i. 12: "But as many as received him, to them gave he power to become the sons of God, even to them that believe on his name."

I thought much of it then, and have since. To be adopted as a child by God — how glorious, how blessed, it is! Are *you* thus in the family of God? To be thus adopted gives you the same rights and privileges, and as warm a place in the Father's heart, as if you had never been out of the happy family.

A father and mother among my friends have lately adopted a sweet little girl. Two of their own dear children were taken, while quite young, up to the home above. As Providence seemed to guide them, they have felt willing to take this child. I saw the document or paper which showed that she was given to them. In that paper, the judge of the court where such matters are arranged, after stating the reasons which make the act a right and proper one, says, "By virtue of the power and authority vested in me, I have decreed that from this day *said child shall, to all legal intents and purposes, be your child.*" She has now become their own. They have opened their arms and hearts and home to her, and taken her as truly to love and guide and educate as if she had been born their child; and I hope she will live to reward them for all their love and kindness, and be to them a dutiful and affectionate daughter.

But how can you come into the family of God? How can you become his child? Look again at those blessed words from John: "As many as *received* him." Have you received Jesus into your heart? Do you accept him as your Saviour? "To them that *believe*." Have you believed? This is all we need to do, to repent of sin, and believe Christ's promise to save us; to receive him lovingly into our hearts. Can you now tell Jesus that you truly do this? Then the blessed God will "decree that from this day" *you shall be his child.*

"Lord, I address thy heavenly throne:
Call me a child of thine;
Send down the spirit of thy Son
To form my heart divine.

There shed thy choicest love abroad,
And make my comforts strong;
Then shall I say, 'My Father, God,'
With an unwavering tongue."

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

## LITTLE WALTER.

On a quiet Sabbath evening in May, in a Southern city, a family were gathered in a pleasant parlor. In his mother's lap sat a little boy four years old, with long golden hair and bright blue eyes. He had been listening to Bible-stories, and singing his favorite hymns. After a short silence, his mother said, "Walter, what will you do *first* when you get to heaven?"

He raised his dark blue eyes to her face, and replied, "I will make a bow to God."

A few weeks passed away, and where was this little boy? We did not hear his merry laugh, or the patter of his little feet in the halls and on the stairs. In the nursery, his toys were scattered about as before; but we did not see him playing with them. In a darkened chamber he lay, bearing a painful sickness so patiently, that his mother thought his spirit *then* bowed to God; and when all was over, and that lovely little form lay cold and still in the coffin, it comforted her to think, that, with ten thousand times ten thousand angels, little Walter was "bowing to God."

Emily.

For the Child at Home.

## A LESSON FROM THE FLOWERS.

Baby Claire is more than three years old now, and she loves better to hear her mamma tell of the many-colored flowers than of any thing else. She will run out, and fill her apron with the gayest buds and blossoms, talking lovingly to them the while, and then come bounding back, saying, "Tell me these flowers, mamma, that God made;" and, although she has heard the story many times, it still seems new to her.

"Tell me, mamma, please?"

"Yes, dear. God has filled the world with beautiful things; and these flowers you love so well he made, — made them for you, and for others who love them as well as you do. Do you see how even the flowers obey this good God? He tells them to wake up to life, and their tiny heads peep out of their beds at once. He bids them to receive the influences of moisture and sunshine, to grow and bud and blossom, and throw out their sweetness upon the world; and at once they obey him. They do right to obey the good God who made them; don't they, dear?"

"Oh, yes, mamma!"

"Yes, the flowers could do no other way: it is their life to obey their Maker. And so you are my little flower. God gave you to me. He says you must obey me at all times; then, like these flowers, you will be doing his holy will. He gave you life as he did them. He bids you receive into your soul the Holy Spirit to sanctify it; and all the buds of love and truth and cheerfulness in your little heart he bids to grow and blossom, that you may all through life shed upon those around you the fragrance of kind feelings, and a tender, loving heart. Will you try to obey *always* and *at once?*"

"Yes, mamma;" and the earnest look changed to one of pity as she said, "Oh, mamma! here's a poor dead flower! — *all* dead!"

"Yes, dear, it's dead. All the flowers must die some time; but they will live again. Another year they will awake to a new life as beautiful as this."

"Will I die too, as the roses do, mamma?"

"You will die, dear, when God is ready to have you; and you will wake, too, to a new life far more beautiful than this. You will wake in heaven with Jesus if you love him now; and your little buds of faith and patience and obedience here will blossom gloriously there, and never languish or die again. Will not that be beautiful?"

"Oh, yes, mamma! I must try real hard."

"Try to obey mamma, my darling. It is the first and most difficult lesson."

H. K. P.

For the Child at Home.

## THE WARNING BELL.

As I was once sailing out of Boston harbor on board a steamer, I noticed a strange object at some distance ahead, floating on the water. It looked at first like a small, oddly-shaped boat with one mast. As it was moved by the waves, I could hear now and then the tolling of a bell; and the sound evidently came from that object. We soon reached it, and passed so near, that the curiosity of the passengers was satisfied.

It was what is called a "bell-buoy," made of iron, something like a boat, but without railing or cabin, perfectly tight, and having an iron framework built upon it, in which a bell was securely fastened. A chain passed down from the buoy to the ledge of rocks below, firmly anchoring it there; and, as the waves tossed it about, the tongue of the bell was swayed from side to side, striking out over the waters its warning of the cruel ledge, that is all the more dangerous because out of sight. By night and by day, in storm and in sunshine, the warning bell cries out to the mariner, in tones that seem solemn as a funeral knell, "Keep off, keep off! death is here!" and many a ship, which has reached this port in the darkness of night or of a storm, has perhaps been saved from wreck by that warning bell.

I love to tell you, dear children, of things I see that make me think of you, — of what you may be in the future; of your hopes and fears, of your joys and sorrows and dangers. Let me tell you of what the warning bell has reminded me.

When I think of it, I remember that you all are sailors, each in his or her little ship, out on the sea of life, and on the voyage to eternity. There are many dangerous places, sunken rocks, in your way. To strike and stop on any one of them would be to wreck your vessels, and lose your souls. But God has placed upon each a warning bell. Look with me at some of these rocks a moment, — some of the sins into which you may be tempted.

Here is Sabbath-breaking. There are many ways to commit this sin. "Remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy" sounds in your ears when the Tempter is at work at your heart.

Here is lying. "All liars shall have their part in the lake which burneth with fire and brimstone" is one of the solemn warnings which God has given.

Here are vile, obscene words and actions. How many a child is tempted by wicked companions to say or do what he would blush to have a mother know! Listen: "No *unclean* person hath any inheritance in the kingdom of Christ and of God."

Here is profane swearing. "Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain; for the Lord will not hold him guiltless that taketh his name in vain." What a solemn sound the warning bell sends forth over that rock!

Here is unkind treatment of brothers and sisters or playmates. Listen to the gentle sound of the bell: "Be ye kind one to another, tender-hearted, forgiving one another, even as God for Christ's sake hath forgiven you."

Here is disobedience to parents. What child can not repeat the fifth commandment?

And so I might go through the whole catalogue of sunken rocks, — sins which the Evil One would be glad to see proving the ruin of your souls; and over every one I could show you the warning bell, anchored there by Infinite Mercy.

Ah, children! never forget, when tempted, to listen for the warning bell; and may your ears be made quick to catch its friendly sound by humble prayer!

Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

## "CAN GOD SEE ME WHEN MY EYES ARE SHUT!"

It was the question of a little girl who had thought to deceive her mother about some trifling matter: but the mother understood the child perfectly; and, as she talked seriously to her of the sin of untruthfulness, she said, —

"Look me in the eyes, my child. Tell me just how it happened. I shall know if you are true."

"Can you see wicked stories in my eyes, mamma?"

"When you tell them to me, I can," answered the mother; and the little one, still unsubdued, pressed two fat fingers upon her closed lids, and said, —

"Now you can't see any wicked story, mamma."

She who looked on thought it very bright and cunning in the little girl to do so; but the mother, looking at the future of her child, and realizing the willfulness of her nature even in this trifling act, was saddened.

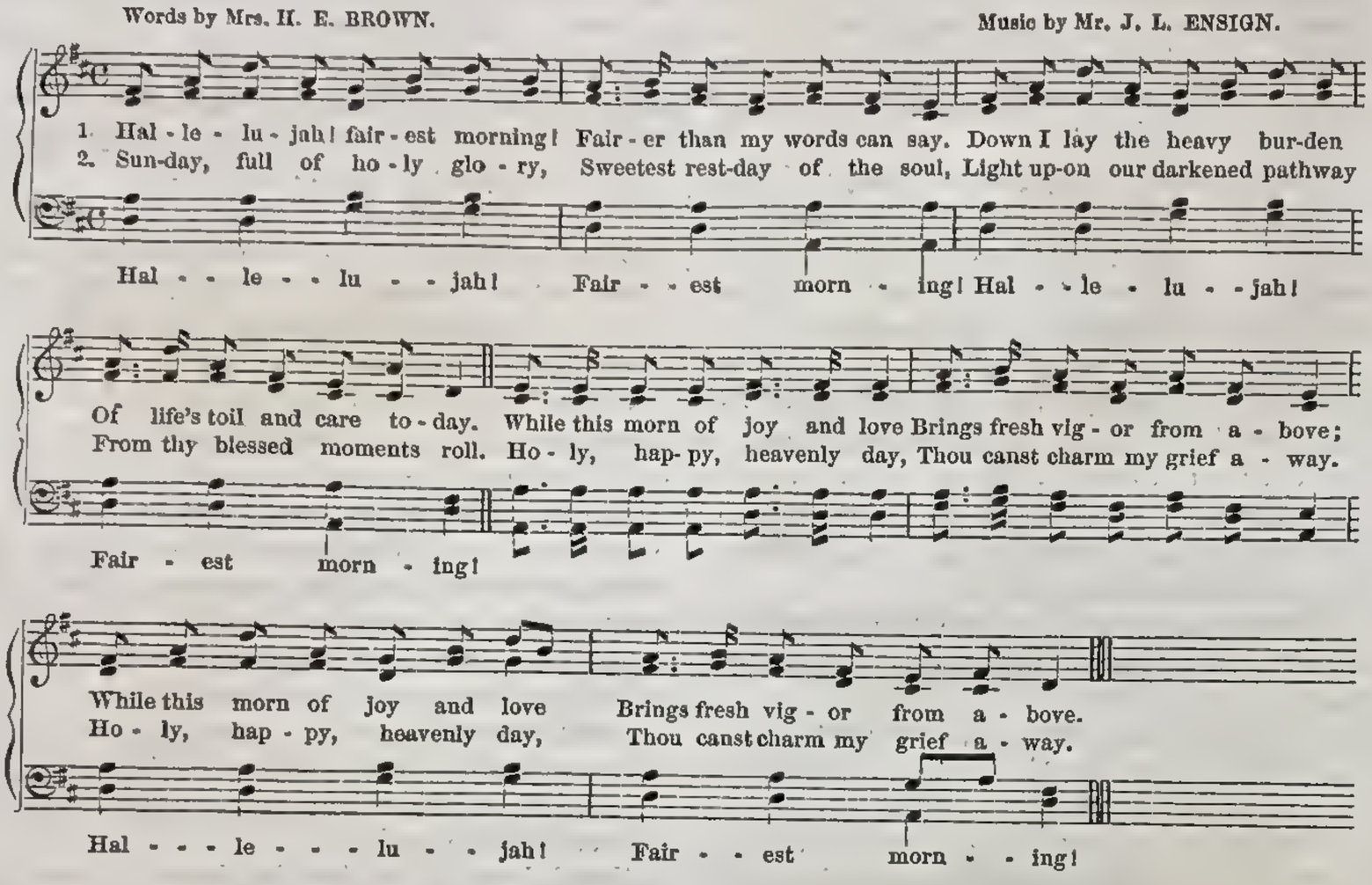
"*I* can not see your eyes now, my dear; but *God* can." She spoke very slowly and seriously; and the child's eyes were lifted at once toward the blue sky, as she asked in a low tone, —

"Can God see me when my eyes are shut, mamma?"

For the Child at Home.

## SABBATH MORNING.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN. Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.


1. Hal - le - lu - jah! fair - est morning! Fair - er than my words can say. Down I lay the heavy bur-den
2. Sun-day, full of ho - ly glo - ry, Sweetest rest-day of the soul, Light up-on our darkened pathway
Hal - - le - - lu - - jah! Fair - - est morn - - ing! Hal - - le - lu - - jah!
Of life's toil and care to - day. While this morn of joy and love Brings fresh vig - or from a - bove;
From thy blessed moments roll. Ho - ly, hap- py, heavenly day, Thou canst charm my grief a - way.
Fair - est morn - ing!
While this morn of joy and love Brings fresh vig - or from a - bove.
Ho - ly, hap - py, heavenly day, Thou canst charm my grief a - way.
Hal - - - le - - - lu - - jah! Fair - - est morn - - ing!

3 Oh! be silent, earthly turmoil:
I have work more sweet and blest;
And each thought would gather homeward
On this happy day of rest;
Thus with clearer faith to see
All my Lord has done for me.

4 Let the day's sweet hours be ended
Prayerfully, as they began;
And thy blessing, Lord, be granted,
Till earth's days and weeks are done;
That at last thy servant may
Keep eternal Sabbath day.

"Yes, my dear; he sees you always, in the day or night: you *can not* hide yourself from him. He knows when you tell a falsehood, even if you whisper it so low as not to hear your own voice. God reads your heart, and he is angry when you try to hide any thing from mamma."

"Is he angry now?"

"If you have a wicked story in your heart, he is."

"Look, mamma; see my eyes now. I did tell a wicked story, mamma: I'm sorry." And the quivering lip and tearful eye told that now the heart was reached, the willful spirit conquered.

I hope none of the readers of this paper ever forget that God sees them at all times; that, although they may be able for a time to deceive their parents, never for a moment can they hide any thing from God. He never shuts his eyes upon our sins; although, if we repent, he *always* forgives. God is perfectly just and holy; and, while we may well tremble at his anger, we may remember always that "God is love." H. K. P.

For the Child at Home.

### A SCHOOL AMONG THE MOUNTAINS.

Although Arab *women* never are allowed to read, yet occasionally a man may be found who can read. I never saw but one Arab school, although I spent several years in Syria; and that one was near the village of Arbou-gooshe, the place that in the Bible is called Kirjath-jearim, where the ark of the Lord was kept for a time (1 Sam. vii.).

Arbou-gooshe is situated on the road from Jaffa to Jerusalem, on the side of a mountain. The houses are built on the terraces of the mountain; while scattered here and there are old decaying olive and fig trees, or grape-vines running among the rocks. Perhaps an acre of level ground could be found with a little soil on it, so that it could be sown with grain.

On the rugged sides of the mountains were flocks of sheep and goats, picking their scanty living, seemingly, from the stones; for to appearance there is little else. The village with its surroundings forms quite a wild, picturesque scene. The place was formerly inhabited by a tribe of robbers, and from their chief the village received its present name.

I was once riding near this place, when, from the valley opposite, came a strange blending of voices. Unable to guess what it could be, I asked a native what it meant. He replied that it was a school, and that we should soon pass it. I thought that it could not be a very orderly school to make so much noise. After we had passed a turn in the road, the native, pointing toward the rocky valley, said, —

"Al madresseh!" ("The school!")

I looked in the direction which he designated, and saw what he called a school. Among the rocks in the valley was a very large fig-tree, whose wide-spreading branches made a delightful shade; and this was the schoolhouse.

There were about twenty scholars, who were sitting in a circle upon the ground. The teacher stood on one side of them. They all studied or recited, it was difficult to tell which they were doing, in concert, and at the same time bent their bodies backward and forward.

The bending of their bodies, and their words, were in perfect concert; and they seemed entirely absorbed in their lessons. The teacher was totally blind. He instructed them orally; and, amid that seeming jargon of voices, he would detect it if one of them made a mistake. The Arabs educate their blind, as they are of little use for working. They are taught orally, and in the same manner instruct others.

After I had passed the school, I continued to hear the loud voices of the boys for a long time ring among the wild solitudes of the mountains.

What do you think of that kind of school, little boys of America? I wish, that, while you are amused at such a queer school, you would realize the worth of the blessings of education which God has given you, and feel the sin of wasting your golden opportunities. Melita.

For the Child at Home.

### SIN WORSE THAN PAIN.

There was a dear little girl very sick, and drawing near to death. Her pain was so great, that she could not sleep by day or night; and her mother's heart was almost broken by seeing the sufferings she could not relieve. One day she read to her of Hezekiah, who, in answer to prayer, had fifteen years added to his life, and asked if she would like God to do the same for her.

"Oh, no, mamma, not one year!" she replied. "I only ask him to teach me how to find an easy position for my poor head."

A friend who sat beside the bed said, "Well, my love, you are drawing very near to heaven, where there will be no more pain for you."

"Oh! it is not *that* I think of when I remember how near heaven is," said the dear child: "it is that there is no *sin* there; sin is so much worse than pain or death! Sometimes I can even call pain good; for it is Jesus' dear hand that sends it, and it drives me so close to him!"

The last Sunday this sweet child spent on earth, she said to the doctor, "Please give me something to make me *strong* to-day; nothing to make me *dozy* on God's holy day!"

To one who questioned her about her pain, she replied, "Sin troubles me more than pain;" and when asked what sin it was, particularly, which grieved her, she replied, "The great sin of not loving God more."

Many children think they do well to be sorry for an open sin, as disobedience to parents, lying, or profanity, and almost feel as if being sorry atones for the wrong; but this sweet lamb, in whom others saw only purity and goodness, who had reached so near heaven, and caught glimpses of the holiness of God, saw her uncleanness so vividly, that nothing but the love and the sacrifice of Jesus would comfort her, and give her hope of acceptance with God.

In her last hour, this precious little child whispered, as if from the gate of heaven, "The sting of death is all taken away. You are all *so* kind! but you could not comfort me now if I had not Jesus!"

And then she fell asleep in him.

What child would not give up this vain world to love as she loved, and to die as she did? J. D. C.

### THE THREE RATS.

QUITE likely you will expect me to give the moral with this story; and therefore I will tell you beforehand that I want you to find it out for yourselves. I am sure you will be able to do that, and will have no need for me to say, "This teaches such or such a lesson."

It was on a bright moonlight evening that my friend was walking home from a neighbor's, where he had been to call. He had taken the path across the fields that was not very frequently trodden; and as he strolled quietly along, musing on the glory of the night, he saw before him, upon the ground, three moving figures. They made rather slow progress; but, as he gained upon them, two ran away, leaving their companion alone. It was an old gray rat; and, as it did not stir, my friend went close to it, and found, that, besides being infirm, it was *totally blind*. In its mouth it held a straw, by which the other two rats had been guiding it to its home. Was not that a beautiful exhibition? What are you to learn from it? Tell your father and mother. Fanfan.

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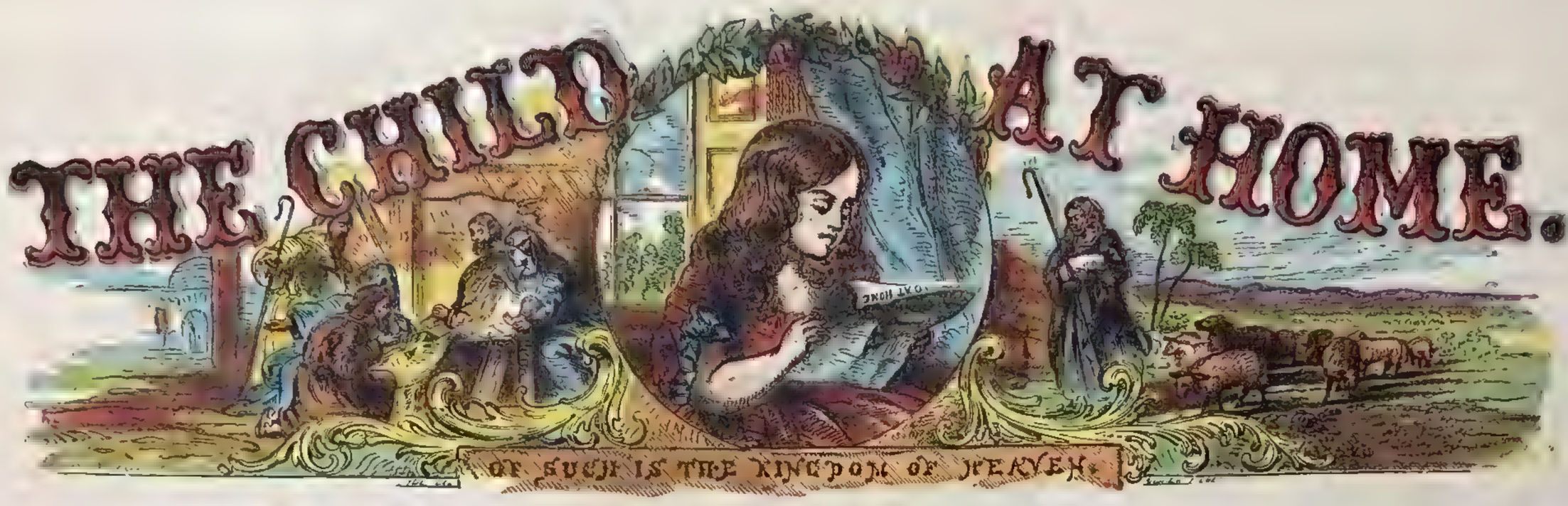


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## "THY WILL BE DONE."

A SHADOW has fallen across a happy home. A dear son, a young man of great promise, from whom the loving and venerable father was expecting much, and who had been carefully educated for a life of usefulness, has been suddenly smitten down by death. Every thing that wealth could procure had been provided for him by that fond father; and he had gone from home on a journey to other lands, to add to his store of knowledge, and to prepare himself for entering into possession of his great fortune.

But God had other plans than those that had been marked out by earthly friends. And now a letter has come, — you see it with its black seal upon the table, — telling of the sudden death of the young man far away from home, but also bringing the comforting intelligence that this dear son loved and trusted in a crucified Redeemer.

The sorrowing father knows where to go for support in his great grief. With a loving daughter beside him, he opens the blessed book so dear to every Christian heart; and soon, with the submissive spirit of a little child, he is enabled to say, "Thy will be done."

How precious is the religion of the Bible in a time of sorrow and trial! How comforting are the truths and promises of that holy book to the heart that rests in the love of Jesus Christ! Dear children, there is nothing that can prepare you for all the changes that are in your path, for the joys and sorrows of life, but a trustful, submissive spirit, which yields all to the will of the Great Father; and that spirit of submission is the gift of God to all who truly pray. Would you not be glad to receive that gift from God, — the gift of perfect trust in him?

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

## "OH! DO NOT BE DISCOURAGED; FOR JESUS IS YOUR FRIEND."

One night, Jamie Scott went to his room feeling very uncomfortable. He had been in mischief that afternoon; and, when the fun of it was over, he was ashamed and *sorry*. As he was about to say his evening prayer, he thought to himself, "God certainly must be angry with me. It isn't any use to pray; for he won't hear me." So poor Jamie went prayerless to bed.

Jamie's mother did not know what had taken place. She was very weary that night. When the baby was fairly asleep, she sat down to rest, and said to herself, "I believe I must let Jamie go to-night. I am so tired, I can not get up to tuck him in and talk with him. Perhaps I need not be so particular. Other mothers do not pray with their children every night." Thus she tried to satisfy herself.

But, as she sat thinking of her boy, — how precious he was to her, and what constant watchfulness he needed, — she started up, saying, "Who knows how many nights I may have to do any thing for him? I must lead him to the Saviour while I can."

As Mrs. Scott entered Jamie's chamber, he was turning restlessly in his bed; and she could see by the lamp-light that he looked flushed and uneasy. She sat down by his pillow, stroked his tumbled hair, and gave him a tender kiss. "My dear boy!" said she.

"Oh, mamma!" said Jamie, softened by her loving tone, "you wouldn't love me if you knew!"

"What don't I know?" asked she. "I love you, whatever you have done."

"Oh, mamma!" repeated Jamie, "it isn't any kind of use. I can not be good, and I might as well never try."

"What makes you feel so?" inquired his mother.

"Why, I meant to be good this week. Last Sunday, I thought I would be a Christian, and I prayed the Lord to help me; and here I have gone and been worse than ever!"

"Tell me what it is, Jamie," said his mother, stroking his little brown hand.

"Well mamma," said he, and his troubled face grew calmer as he felt the relief of confessing his fault, "you see, old Johnny Waters was going home this afternoon, and carrying a pail of milk that Mrs. Green had given him. He is so deaf, you know, that we boys could run right up behind him, and touch his coat without his knowing it. So he hobbled along, and we kept running after him, and then off again, till Will Sprague said we could spill his milk-pail before he knew it. Then we ran up quick, and tipped it over; but we pushed it so hard, that old Johnny tumbled right over too."

"Oh, poor Johnny!" said Mrs Scott, with tears in her eyes; "poor, lame, feeble old man! Could he get up again, Jamie?"

"Yes, ma'am; by and by he got up: but he walked very lame. I know I'm a wicked boy," added Jamie, "and I always shall be."

"It *was* wicked and cruel, my child," said his mother. "What will you do about it?"

"Why, there isn't any thing to do. God is angry with me: so I haven't said my prayers. What use would it be, any way, when I go right and do something just as bad again?"

"Oh, Jamie, my son! it is always of use to do right. Does one wrong action give you a right to do another?"

Jamie was silent.

"Hasn't God commanded you to confess your sins to him? and hasn't he promised that he will forgive you if you are sorry?"

"Yes, ma'am; and I *am* sorry," answered Jamie.

"And are you willing to make it up to poor old Johnny as well as you can?"

"Yes, indeed, mamma; but what *can* I do?"

"We will think of that pretty soon. Kneel down with me now, dear, and we will tell the Lord all about your heedlessness and unkindness; for he is very pitiful."

When they rose from prayer, Jamie said to his mother, "I'll spend my dollar for old Johnny."

"Yes, dear; I think that would be right," agreed Mrs. Scott. "And tell me, Jamie, don't you find it better to confess your fault, and make amends, than to let it discourage and harden you, and separate you from God?"

"Yes, ma'am; it is better. I feel sorry now; but I don't, somehow, feel *stung* all over as I did."

"Well, now, remember that, Jamie. If you sin again, go straight back to the Lord Jesus, and tell him every thing, and begin anew to obey him. The longer you put it off, the worse it will be; and he does not reject any sinner that is sorry for his sin. He *will* help you."

So Jamie laid a calm though tearful face upon his pillow, and was soon quietly asleep. Genesee.

For the Child at Home.

### THE LITTLE MAID.

I want to tell you what great things one little girl was the means of accomplishing. Perhaps you already know. She was a little Hebrew slave, and waited upon the wife of a Syrian commander. She lived far away in that Eastern city that has been called "a pearl surrounded by emeralds," because it was girded with fertile fields, or gardens, watered by sparkling streams; and the fresh green olive-trees and the stately palm grew luxuriantly there. The little maid's master, though a great man, was a leper, and had become loathsome to himself, so that he longed earnestly to be cured; and the child spoke to her mistress of one of God's servants. How earnest is she in her sweet confidence! — "Would God my lord were with the prophet that is in Samaria! for he would recover him of his leprosy."

It was from this simple expression of the little Hebrew captive that Naaman the Syrian general was led to apply to Elisha for healing. Think of him, with his splendid train of chariots and horses and laden camels, halting before the door of the humble prophet, expecting him "to come out to him, and stand and call upon the name of the Lord his God, and strike his hand over the place, and recover the leper"! He was very angry at the message sent: "Go and wash in Jordan seven times, and thy flesh shall come again to thee, and thou shalt be clean." He thought of his own beautiful rivers of Damascus, Abana and Pharpar, as "better than all the waters of Israel;" "so he turned and went away in a rage." Only at the pleading of his servants did he consent to do the simple thing prescribed by the man of God; and, as he obeyed, his leprosy was cured. What comfort it must have been to the little maid when she saw him return to his home, free from the dreadful malady, and that through her instrumentality!

Have not you some friend who is sick with the leprosy of sin? and can you not tell him of One, greater than any prophet, who will bid him wash and be clean? If we are in earnest to send sinners to Jesus, we can not tell how much good even one little maid may do. Fanfan.

HELPING MOTHER.

In an interesting book for children, entitled "Lift a Little," which has just been published, a mother is represented as showing to her children an album-quilt, made by her and her young companions in their girlhood. They had formed a society called "Burden-bearers;" and their motto was, "Lift a Little." The society met once a week, and each member made a report. The album-quilt reminded the mother of all those dear young friends; and you will be pleased to hear what she told her children about one of them, and perhaps it will remind you of some way in which you, too, can help mother: —

"'Do you see this little block of chintz, with a white ground, and a purple and brown sprig? I have only to look at that, and the sweet face of Susan Kendall rises above the simple frock as plainly as you see Georgie's in your album. What a dear girl Susan was! Pure as a lily, always full of pleasant ways, tender-hearted and kind to all, everybody loved her. I remember well her first report. When asked by our president, Hetty Martin, if she had done any "lifting" for any one during the week, with a faint pink flush spreading over her cheek she said, "Nothing that would do to tell of."'

"'But we must report as we agreed, or we sha'n't be a society,' said Hetty.

"There was no answering that argument, and Susan was obliged to say that she had found her field of labor *at home*.

"'There are so many of us!' she said; 'and the baby is getting his teeth. I only watched mother, and lifted a little here and there whenever I could. When Freddy kept her awake half the night with restlessness, I dressed me an hour earlier than usual in the morning, and stole him away, and kept him, that she might have a morning nap to help make up her broken rest. I heard her say once during the day, that that hour's sweet rest saved the day to her.'

"'That was a burden lifted, surely: how often did you do it?' asked Hetty.

"'Three or four times, — whenever I knew her sleep had been very much disturbed. I wanted to unhook my sleeve, and show her my badge, and tell her I was not wholly unselfish; but I didn't; and I mean to have *love* for my motive, as well as a desire to carry out our motto. Then I kept Mary and Alice pleasant to save mother being troubled by their noise. That was why I brought Alice to school Monday. I never thought before, so much as I have in this one week, how much a mother with so many little ones has to bear. They *can't* all be good; and there are jars and accidents, and all sorts of little troubles, that come in between the real work of the day, — "little foxes that spoil the vines," mother calls them, — a pebble in Ally's shoe, or a pencil lost, or a top-string broken, or a wagon-wheel off; this to be righted, and that to be hushed up; and mother has it all to see to, unless some one "lifts a little." So I thought, Who shall it be? Father is away all the day, and he doesn't know any of it. They are asleep or quiet when he gets home, or so glad to see him if they *are* up, and so sweet with their freshly washed faces and newly brushed hair, that he does not think any more of frowns, and little quarrels, and pinched toes, and torn aprons, and stringless shoes, than I expect to hear complaints from my china dolls. And I think mother likes to have it so; for she says father has plenty of care without home care: and somehow or other the room is pretty still when he comes home at night, and his tea is ready, and his slippers and easy-chair for the evening.'

"Susan had become so much engaged, that she had entirely forgotten herself, and gone on saying all this in the most earnest and sweetest manner possible. We all agreed she had found a great field in which to use our motto; and here this little blue-and-white, narrow-striped gingham, and this star-dotted pink calico, is some of her little brothers' jackets; and that scarlet ground, with the small green rose-leaf shaded with orange, next to it, is a bit of little Ally's frock. We all had samples."

"'Did anybody else have as good a report as Susan Kendall?' asked Lottie earnestly.

"'Hardly, I think, that first day. She seemed to have grasped at once a great fact; and her zeal in telling us so artlessly of the lifting she had done *at home* seemed to do us all good, — all of us, at least, who had brothers and sisters. I am sure I never watched *my* mother's steps and face as carefully before as I did the week after Susan's report; and I confess I was perfectly astonished at the numberless *little burdens* that a mother has to bear; and I was more astonished that I had been so blind as not to think about it before.'"

For the Child at Home.

### THE POOREST MAN IN THE WORLD.

BY FRANCES LEE.

Many years ago, two brothers went from Connecticut to Western New York to live. The country was new, and the land was cheap: so these brothers, who were young men, bought a great deal of it. They added acre to acre, and farm to farm, until they could go over whole townships without taking their feet from their own soil. Other emigrants came about them; and their land, which was fertile, became of great value: so, by the time the brothers were old men, they were very rich.

At last, the elder brother came to die; and, as he lay upon his death-bed, he asked to be lifted, so that he could look from the window. His friends raised him upon pillows, and threw open the window.

The dying man looked out over miles and miles of forest and hill and meadow, where grain was ripening in the sunshine, cattle and sheep were feeding, and the Genesee River was flowing through the midst in its beautiful valley.

Hill, meadow, and forest were all his, — every thing his eyes looked upon: yet in a few hours he must go away, and take none of his riches with him, — go away alone, and in darkness, and without Jesus; for he was not a Christian. He had been so busy buying farms and houses and cattle, that he had no time to think of any thing else.

The rich man looked from the window a long time at his worldly riches, — at the waving grain, the shining river, the wide-spreading trees, and the grazing cattle, — and then, turning away his head, burst into tears, saying, "I am the *poorest* man in the whole world."

And indeed he was. *His* "sweet fields beyond the swelling flood stood dressed in living green;" but he had no home and no possession in the beautiful country beyond the river of death. He brought nothing into this world, and it is certain he could carry nothing out.

Alas, alas, for the poorest man in the whole world! Good were it for that man if he had never been born.

For the Child at Home.

### MY SWEET HARP.

I hear it now; and it makes such delightful music, and is a pleasure so accessible to rich and poor, that I want you all to have one. Shall I tell you how to make it?

Take a soft piece of wood, and cut two wedges to fit the middle or lower crack of your window. Split the thin edge a half-inch up, so as to insert two well-waxed silk threads, knotted at each end, to prevent their slipping. Put the threads — one fine, one coarser — one above the other, at slight intervals; then put the wedges firmly in the crack, with the threads below the sash; and God will send mystic fingers to touch the strings, and bring forth sweetest melody.

Was there ever in all the world so gracious a Father as he who stoops from high heaven to make glad music for his little children here below? Oh, how we ought to love him, and to try by pleasant tempers to attune our hearts to gentleness and sweetness, that our angels may hear only harmony!

F. B. S.

For the Child at Home.

### "ONLY ONE PLACE IN THE WHOLE WORLD."

"I just wish I were Minnie Grey or Sophie Brown; I do *so*," were the words that escaped from a little mouth, whose coral door-keepers looked as if made for happy words, one cold afternoon.

It was Lucy White who had spoken. The March wind was out on his grand tour, sweeping seas, rushing over mountains, and tearing through the river valleys, with great house-cleaning flourishes, that stirred up all the dust that the frost had let loose, and made every thing ready for the April showers. The air was keen and cold; and Lucy had just returned from school, and was hanging her hood in its place, as she made known her wish.

It was a wearied, worn voice that had spoken in the hall: but there were ears waiting to hear; and when the little girl had entered the family-room, and stood warming her chilled fingers by the ruddy blaze, Lucy's mother asked, —

"My child, do you think Minnie Grey or Sophie Brown very happy?"

"No, mamma. Minnie was crying to-day, and she wouldn't tell any body why; but I guess it was because her mamma is very ill: and Sophie was just as cross as ever she could be because her mother wouldn't let her read a story-book that she had borrowed from somebody."

"Lucy, are Minnie and Sophie good children? Do you think they look as if they knew that God loves them?

"I don't know, mamma: I should think, if they knew he does, they would always feel happy; and I am sure they are not happy, — not one-half the time. There is something to be vexed about every day; and then Minnie gets behind in her lessons, because she is sick every little while: and Sophie tries hard to study; but, someway, she is always at the foot."

"Then, my child, what did the words mean that I heard you speak as you came in from school?"

"It was because Minnie and Sophie could ride home from school, and I had to walk in this wind."

"You would like to give up your father, and take Minnie Grey's, would you?"

"No, no! He has the rheumatism; and it makes him so cross, that Minnie told me she never goes within striking distance of his cane." Lucy paused a moment; and, in the time, Mrs. White softly said, "And your mother's love, and Baby Winnie, and your grandparents, and our evening talks, and our home, and every thing," —

Lucy's face began to quiver, and the coral door-keepers trembled in their places; and in a moment the little girl had hidden her face and its tears on her mother, and sobbed forth, "Don't, don't, mamma! I didn't mean it! I wouldn't give you up for every thing Minnie and Sophie have."

Then followed a little sermon that calmed the tears and blessed the heart of Lucy. It was, "My darling, always remember that you are just in that place in life in which God has placed you, and that he has given you your work to do in it. No other place in the wide universe is made for you to live in but just this one little spot of earth. There is no other home for my Lucy; no other hearts that she belongs to, of all that beat, save her father's and mine. There is no happiness in life made for my child except that which she may find as Lucy White."

Here there grew a little stir in the cradle; and Lucy sprang forward to it and lifted up Winnie, who had awakened just in time to share in the benediction-kiss with which the sermon ended. S. J. P.

For the Child at Home.

### WORKING FOR JESUS.

I will tell you how some of the children whose home is in the cold North-east — in Labrador — showed their love for the Saviour. The letter in which I read about those children interested me much, from the fact that a valued friend of mine labored, with others, as a missionary for several years on that bleak coast, denying himself many comforts, and gladly toiling on for Christ's sake till failing health compelled him to leave his chosen field.

The Labrador children were very grateful to God because he had sent them kind pastors and teachers to tell them about Jesus Christ; and in their simple prayers they often remembered the poor children of whom they had been told by these same teachers, — children who live far away in the dark lands of heathenism, who know nothing of the Saviour nor of heaven. They were anxious to do something to help send the Bible to the heathen. They wanted to *work* for Jesus as well as *pray* to him. But what could they do? How, on that dreary, desolate shore, could they do any thing to help others, when they were themselves so poor?

The good lady missionary at last thought of a plan. She remembered that among their moss-covered rocks and hills a little berry grew, something like a cranberry, which made a very good preserve. She told the children that they might gather some of these berries, and she would preserve them, and send them to Montreal to be sold; and the money paid for them should be their gift to help the cause of Christ.

To work they went with baskets and busy hands. The berries were sent to Montreal, and there they were sold for nearly twenty-five dollars. That was the contribution of the poor Labrador children to send the Bible to the destitute.

How their eyes must have sparkled when the good news reached them that their berries had sold for such a sum, and that even little ones as poor as they could work for Jesus!

Are *you* doing as much for him? Are you doing any thing at all? Dear child whose home is in this favored land of ours, if you really love our Saviour, you will be glad to do something for him, — something to show your love. He does not ask, nor can he accept, an unwilling service; but if, as you look about and see, as you can not help seeing, how richly he has blessed you and how far beyond many others, you feel a desire to do what you can for that dear Lord, then remember that the humblest work for him will not escape his notice, and the reward will be in your own heart.

Do you ask, "How can I work for Jesus? What is there that I can do for him?"

I can not give you a better answer than to repeat the words that I heard a beloved pastor address to the young of his flock. He was reminding them of the duty of thankfulness and praise to God; and he said, "You will not need to *think* long before you will find something in your lot to be thankful for." So, dear child, I am sure you will not have to *think* long before you can find something to do for Jesus. It may not be to pick berries in order to get money to send the gospel to the heathen; but all about you can be found opportunities of doing kind deeds and speaking loving words, and making others happier by your daily life. All these *little* things are work for Jesus, if done to please him; and perhaps by and by he will show you some *great* work which he wishes you to do; and, if so, he will give you grace and strength to do it. Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

### FATHER'S COME.

"Father's coming!" Bright eyes dance
As papa draws nigh.
Swiftly through the lighted hall
Merry footsteps fly:
"Welcome, dearest, best papa!"
Happy voices cry.

Charlie wheels the easy-chair
Close beside the fire;
Nellie warms the dressing-gown
For her weary sire;
While the slippers Freddie brings:
May their feet ne'er tire!

Mother greets them with a smile
At the social board.
Oh! these joys of home are worth
All a miser's hoard:
Kingly palace richer gems
Could not well afford.

E'en the baby, precious pet!
Adds its wealth of love;
Peace o'erspreads her snowy wings
Like a brooding dove;
While around them brightly gleams
Sunshine from above.

Happy children! parents blest!
Home with beauty lined!
Smiling faces, loving words,
Golden home-links bind;
Sweetest picture earth can give, —
Hearts with love intwined.

Dewdrop.

For the Child at Home.

### NOTHING TO FORGIVE.

In a family of pleasant children, one, a sister twelve years old, was a Christian. The boys often teased her, as boys sometimes think it funny to do, annoying her in many little ways, without really meaning to be unkind. But at length this sweet sis-

For the Child at Home.

## "THE BLESSED BIBLE."

Words selected. Music by Mr. CHAS. HOLDEN.

DUET.

1. Bless - ed Bi - ble! how I love it! How it does my bos - om cheer! What hath earth like this to cov - et? Oh, what stores of wealth are here! Fount of wisdom! Guide to glo - ry!
2. Man was lost, and doomed to sor - row: Not one ray of light or bliss Could he from earth's treasures bor - row, Till his way was cheered by this.

CHORUS.

Truth of God, and life of man! Hail we here thy wondrous sto - ry, Shout in heaven the loud A - men.

3 Yes, I'll to my bosom press thee;
Precious word! I'll hide thee here:
Sure my very heart will bless thee;
For thou ever sayst, "Good cheer!"
CHO. — Fount of wisdom, etc.

4 Speak, poor heart, and tell thy ponderings,
Tell how far thy rovings led,
When this book brought back thy wanderings,
Speaking life as from the dead.
CHO. — Fount of wisdom, etc.

5 Yes, sweet Bible! I will hide thee
Deep, yes, deeper, in this heart:
Thou through all my life wilt guide me,
And in death we will not part.
CHO. — Fount of wisdom, etc.

6 Part in death? No! never, never!
Through death's vale I'll lean on thee;
Then in worlds above, for ever,
Sweeter still thy truths shall be.
CHO. — Fount of wisdom, etc.

ter fell sick, and the family were told by their physician that she was soon to die.

The boys stood beside her bed, sobbing; and one of them said, "Sissy, we have often been very unkind to you. Will you forgive us?"

"*I have nothing to forgive,*" she said. "You have almost always been kind to me; and, when you have done any thing wrong, I always forgave you *that very minute!* I couldn't help doing it when I remembered how freely Christ forgave me. So now there is nothing in the world left for me to forgive."

How many children are there, who, if laid on the bed of death, could say, "I have nothing to forgive; every wrong was forgiven the moment it was done"?

At school and play many little offenses are given, which lie like thorns rankling in the hearts of the offended. Schoolmates separate, and go their different ways in life; and often the old childish grudge grows into hatred, and still lives in the heart of the man. It is never forgiven; and, should the offender and the offended meet in after-years, it will be remembered, and they will still be enemies. Should they never meet again till they do so before the judgment-seat, what will be their doom? Hear the Saviour's answer: "If ye forgive not men their trespasses, neither will your Father which is in heaven forgive your trespasses."

Let children beware how they harbor enmity in their hearts, lest no time be given in which to forgive, or to be forgiven, and they thus meet at the bar of God those whom they could not meet lovingly below. J. D. C.

For the Child at Home.

### TWO EYES.

A good man stood holding the hand of a little child. Early in life, by a severe dispensation, he had been deprived of the sight of one of his eyes. The little girl watched him closely as he talked; and gradually the careless, infantile expression of her face changed to one of deep thoughtfulness and pity; and, with starting tears, she said, as she looked up, "*I've* got *two eyes.*"

It was a simple remark; but it showed such sympathy for his loss, and such gratitude for her own blessing, that we who heard it were touched and profited. How many a beautiful sermon is given us by these gentle little preachers, who unconsciously reach our hearts!

She seemed like a tiny angel, with white robes and golden hair, sent from the better land, with the pity that is divine in her little soul.

Her mother was afraid it would wound; but the spontaneous tribute of an innocent child never afflicts. Besides, when God has stricken us, and we have accepted his providence, there is no longer envy in our hearts towards those who seem more highly favored than we.

It is a beautiful spirit to attain, — either, like the man, to be resigned and patient under a loss; or, like the dear little child, to be grateful for a blessing, and tender and pitiful toward those who seem to have less than ourselves. S.

For the Child at Home.

### "PETE'S" FLOWER GARDEN.

The little fellow got only kicks and cuffs in his miserable home, where a drunken father and mother lay in rags, sleeping away their lazy days. He was glad to crawl out of the poor den of a room into a bit of a court-yard, where the uneven paving-stones left a crevice here and there for a blade of grass to struggle feebly up toward the light; and here, with his crust given him by a kindly neighbor, he would sit, "taking comfort." A fresh, innocent, childish heart gathers joy and blessing out of very trifles; and little "Pete" thought it charming out there, where a ray of the sun sometimes came and rested upon the spindling green.

There was a little chickweed in one corner, and a single root of dandelion with one beautiful golden disk, that was more precious to "Pete" than the miser's wealth to his old shriveled heart; and straggling through the neighbor's fence was a solitary morning-glory vine, that was strung in the early day with pink blossoms, glowing with the dewdrops. Oh, how the little boy's eyes glistened with joy as he looked upon his treasures, and felt God in his soul! For nobody can see these beautiful works of a Creator's hand, and not be conscious of that gracious presence that fills heaven and earth.

Little "Pete's" first lessons in piety were from these quiet teachers, that made no sound on the ear, but spoke only to his inner sense; and afterward, when he had grown to be a man, and sat in church, and heard sermons from human lips, his thoughts went gratefully back to the dingy court where the bright messengers from God had come to tell him of paradise and bliss.

Does your flower-garden preach to you, dear little children? and do you listen to the sermons, and thank your heavenly Father, with earnest, grateful hearts, for these ministers of his love that appear to you in pure and beauteous garb? Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

### TRUST IN GOD.

"Go, Katy, and get mamma a drink of water."

But Katy did not start; and Mrs. Chapin raised her eyes from her writing, only to see her little girl standing irresolutely, with drooping head and downcast eyes.

"Run right along, my child," repeated the mother.

"I can't; I am afraid," said Katy.

"Afraid of what, dear?"

"It is so dark; I am afraid of the dark."

"It is not dark yet; and, if it were, there is no one in the kitchen: nobody will hurt you. Will my little girl bring her mamma some water?"

Katy only sobbed.

"Come close to me, my daughter: now fold your hands, and ask your Father in heaven to take care of you."

"Father in heaven, take care of Katy, and never let the dark hurt me," prayed the child; and then, trusting in God, quickly she ran to the kitchen and back again, bringing the water, and looking almost as happy as ever.

Perhaps some of the little children who hear this paper read are no older than Katy, — only three years old, — and perhaps, even when mamma tells them there is no danger, they still feel afraid. Like Katy, you must ask your heavenly Father to take care of you, and he will; for he watches over the sparrows, and you are of more value than they. He is more tender of the children, too, than of grown people; for the Bible says, "He shall gather the lambs in his arm, and carry them in his bosom." Can you not trust perfectly such a kind Father as this?

You have all heard of David, "the man after God's own heart:" he says, "What time I am afraid, I will trust in Thee." S. W. P.

Archbishop Cranmer was so remarkable for returning good for evil, that it was commonly said, "Do him an ill turn, and you make him your friend for ever."

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### JAMES WATT.

WHO was he? Where was his home? What did he do that made him famous?

Those of you who know much about steam and the steam-engine can answer these questions.

James Watt was born at Greenock, Scotland, on the nineteenth day of January, 1736. He died Aug. 25, 1819. It is said, that, when only six years of age, he was discovered drawing geometrical figures on the hearth with chalk; and other anecdotes related of him justify the remark of a friend, made on the above-mentioned occasion, that he was "an extraordinary child."

When a boy of fourteen, he made an electrical machine. His father seems to have had a high opinion of his powers; but M. Arago relates that his aunt, a Mrs. Muirhead, did not agree with the father, and reproved James sharply at the tea-table, one evening, for what she regarded as idleness and folly. She had no patience with the boy when she saw him holding, now a cup, and now a silver spoon, over the steam as it rose from the kettle, and watching the result; for she little thought that this boy was destined to be the author of improvements, in the use of steam to move machinery, which should make his name known among all civilized nations.

In this picture you see him applying the flat ends, or nippers, of the tongs to the spout of the tea-kettle, "watching," says a writer who describes the scene, "the exit of the steam from the spout, and counting the drops of water into which it became condensed. With the increased light imparted by a knowledge of his subsequent career, the boy pondering before the tea-kettle, will, as observed by his French enthusiastic biographer, be viewed as the great engineer preluding the discoveries that were to immortalize him."

I can not here give a description of the improvements made by Mr. Watt in the steam-engine; but I doubt not many of my young readers, who, in the course of their studies, will by and by be learning more about the subject of steam, will remember with pleasure this representation of a scene in the boyhood of that remarkable man.

He is said to have been "of a generous and affectionate disposition: he was considerate of the feelings of all around him, and gave the most liberal assistance and encouragement to all young persons who showed indications of talent, or who applied to him for patronage and advice."

We contemplate the talents and the discoveries of this man with admiration; but let us not forget to adore and praise Him from whom all such minds receive their powers.

Victor.

For the Child at Home.

### THE PERFECT PATTERN.

I was humming the other day a familiar tune, when, unconsciously, it took the form of words, and arrested the ear of a child playing near. They were these:—

"Sweet the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend."

She looked hastily up, saying, with her impulsive, independent spirit, "I don't want to hear *that* any more."

"And why?" I asked.

"It isn't pretty to sing that, I think."

"Do you know whose cross it is I am singing of?"

"No, ma'am."

"Well, dear, it is Jesus' cross; and I love to sing of it."

"Jesus cross, Jesus cross!—like I am?" she exclaimed with a look of utter amazement, as though she could scarce believe me true.

"No, no!" I answered, for the first time comprehending why she did not like the words. "The blessed Jesus was never *cross*, as little children sometimes are;" and I hastened to explain to her the real beauty and significance of the precious words. The look of pain and doubt passed from her face as I progressed; and with a sigh of relief she exclaimed joyfully, "I'm glad Jesus never was cross."

"Why?" I asked.

"Oh!" she answered, as she turned to her play, "I don't know: I guess it's 'cause I love him so."

What a perfect pattern, a most beautiful example, the Saviour is to hold up before our children!

Let us be faithful in our own living witness as well as in our daily words of loving, tender counsel.

H. K. P.

For the Child at Home.

### THE IMPULSE OF A LITTLE HEART.

Arthur was begging his mother to let him go to church with her.

He was but a little fellow of three years, and had not learned to keep still in the place of prayer. Besides, it was too long an ordeal for his baby nerves. She knew he would grow weary: therefore she said, "No; not to-day."

For a minute the child was troubled, and disposed to tease: but presently a new thought seemed to impress him; and, sitting down upon the carpet, he deliberately unfastened his shoes, and, handing the lacings to his mother, said, "Then carry these to

the church's minister." This impulse of his tiny heart showed me the beginning of a generous nature, which, I trust, will grow by and by to a large beneficence.

Besides, although he could not himself go to the house of God, he did not forget to send by another his thank-offering.

Do we older children remember to do this?

Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

## CHARLIE AND THE GOOD SHEPHERD.

In a recent meeting of the Sabbath-school teachers of Berlin, the superintendent of a Sabbath school told the following touching story. A little scholar of his Sabbath school was seized by that dreadful disease, diphtheria. He was a dear little boy, only six years old, and his parents' pride; but they were worldly people, who never went to church, though they did not object to their little son's going to the Sabbath school. Now, whilst he was patiently lying on his sick-bed, and his parents, seeing that there was no help for their darling, were weeping as those who have no hope, Charlie, though he could scarcely speak, kept on murmuring, "Amen, amen! how blest I am!" With these words on his lips the child died. His mother heard those words; but she did not know what they meant. When the superintendent of the Sabbath school came to comfort the desolate parents, they told him of the child's last words. He knew well what they meant: they were the last line of the children's favorite hymn. Charlie had comforted himself with those sweet words.

Here is the translation of the hymn which helped a little boy peacefully to pass the dark stream, and to seek rest in his Saviour's arms:—

"Because Lord Jesus' little lamb,
So happily and glad I am,
In my great Shepherd I rejoice,
Who guides and calls me by his voice;
Who loves me, and who knew my name
Before to him I even came.

Oh! I am very glad for this,
To know I am a lamb of his;
And, when at last dark death will come,
I know I'm going to my home,
Where he awaits his little lamb:
Amen, amen! how blest I am!"

Helene Rüppel.

For the Child at Home.

## PATTA'S THEFT.

BY FRANCES LEE.

Patta's mother kept the sugar-box in a cupboard in the west room: Patta knew just where. And in the tub was a lump of sugar almost as large as Patta's fist.

"Oh, oh! I wish I was the queen, and then I would have that great big nub of sugar to eat all myself. Or else I wish I was ma. Ma can eat sugar any time, just when she feels like it. She can live on clear sugar if she wishes to. Ma can have every thing she wants," said Patta.

Patta was wrong there: even *mas* can not always do that.

"Oh, dear me! How good it does look! I guess I will just taste a little teenty mite of it. *That* will be no matter," said Patta, lifting the lid of the sugar-tub.

Then she bit off a small piece, and put the lump down again. But that was so sweet, she thought she must have one more taste; one, and then another; until, finally, the Evil Spirit which was tempting her whispered it was so good, she could not leave any of it.

So, without trying much to resist the Tempter, Patta picked up the lump again, put on the lid, shut the closet-door, and trudged out to her favorite seat on the grass, under a cherry-tree, to eat it. It was sweet to her mouth; but afterward the memory of it became very bitter.

"Patta, did you get that large lump out of the sugar-box?" asked her mother the next day.

Patta hung her head, and put her thumb in her mouth.

"Yes, ma'am," she answered; for she never told a lie in her life.

"Why, Patta, then you have been stealing! I did not think my little girl was a thief," said her mother, sadly.

Taking sugar without leave had never come to Patta in quite so bad a light before, and she was very much shocked and ashamed at having done such a thing.

"I am a thief! I've been *stealing*, and God and 'ma both know it!" she said a great many times over.

Patta is a grown woman now,—as old, I dare say, as your mother; but she has not yet forgotten this little wrong done so long ago.

Thus the pleasures of sin last only a moment, but leave a sorry spot in the memory, to last, perhaps, a lifetime; and so, even if it were not for the life beyond this, in doing a wrong thing, though ever so delightful at the time, there is more bitter than sweet.

For the Child at Home.

## MATTHEW'S EXAMPLE.

There was a destructive fire in a large manufacturing town one winter night, which left several poor families unsheltered in the dreary cold. The next morning, when the public school came together, the pupils talked very eagerly of the sad event. Some of the larger boys had been to the fire, and had many incidents to relate of danger and escape. The teacher listened with pitying interest; and then she chanced to notice that two of her pupils, a large boy and a smaller one, were not present.

"Where is Matthew Green this morning?" she inquired of any who could tell.

"He can't come to school to-day," answered a comrade; "for he has to wear his mother's shoes."

Miss Corey was surprised, as she knew the boy's parents to be in good circumstances. "How is that?" she inquired again.

"Why, you see," said the informant, "that Matt went to the fire last night; and there was poor little Pete Very, whose house was burned up, standing round in the cold, bare-foot; and Matt was so sorry for him, that he pulled off his shoes, and gave them to him. And then he had to run home as fast as he could, a whole mile, in his stockings; and to-day his father hasn't had time to get him another pair."

"That was very good of Matthew," said the teacher: "it was beautiful of him to do so."

"Yes, 'twas!"—"'Twas real generous!"—"Well, poor little Pete was so cold!"—"What did his father and mother say?" the children exclaimed with eager voices.

"Why," said the boy, "they were glad of it: and Matt told 'em he wished they'd let him fetch Pete home to sleep in his bed the rest of the night; and they said he might. So he ran back to the fire and got Pete, and tucked him down in his bed, and kept him just as warm as he could. But ain't it too bad? Pete can't come to school now; for his books are all burned up."

"I'll lend him mine!"—"I'll lend him mine!" passed round the group.

"Now, supposing we all contribute, and buy Peter a full set of books," said the teacher, "and so follow Matthew's example of kindness to an unfortunate little boy. I'll put my name down at once, so Peter shall lose no time from his lessons."

"And I will!"—"And I will!"—"I know my father will let me!"—"Me too!" So everybody had the pleasure of contributing a little; and the books were soon bought, and presented to grateful little Peter.

The next day, Matthew came to school again, with a pair of stout new shoes on his feet. The children looked at the shoes, and looked at each other, and looked at him, and felt as if they had a hero in their ranks. The teacher greeted him very cordially, and thanked him for a generous example to his schoolmates and friends. Matt looked very happy as he glanced at little Peter; but he couldn't see why he should be praised for what he couldn't help doing.

A great deal more beautiful was the generous deed when Matt couldn't help doing it, and was scarcely aware that he had set a noble example. E. L. E.

For the Child at Home.

## PATIENCE.

Little Bertie was popping corn. His small hands clasped with eagerness the long handle of the wire popper; and, as he pushed it back and forth over the hot stove, his blue eyes grew merry, and his breath came and went in quick heavings; for the snaps and stirrings among the kernels indicated what was coming. The delicate skins began to burst; and soon one after another white flaky puff popped up to the cover and down again to give its fellows a chance, until the pretty net was full of the pure, delicious-looking things. But what surprised me was that it was all done so quietly. There was no outcry, not even when the hot iron some one took from the stove, by some mismovement, hit the little boy's hand. I knew it burned him; because he put it quickly to his mouth, then blew upon it, while a look of pain rested for a moment upon his pretty face.

Bertie's mother was not rich. There was no large grate of bright burning coals for the little boy to parch his corn over; but the old cooking-stove, heated hot, answered very well: and popper after popper full, all nicely done, was emptied. Once the fire got too low: then there was a look of care; and Bertie quietly laid down his popper, took his little fur cap, went out, and soon returned with some small wood, which brought matters all right again. No one had appeared to take much notice of the child but myself (I had gone in to sit an hour with his mother) but, when the corn was all parched, the mother said, "Give the lady some, Bertie." With a pleasant smile, he opened a closet-door; and, taking a saucer from a shelf, the generous little fellow "piled it high," making a serious lessening of his store. There was some haste in his movements as he handed me the corn; and directly after I saw him standing in front of the closet with a bottle of vinegar in his hand,—for he had found out what all little boys do not know, that vinegar is good for burns,—and putting a little upon his burn, while the look of pain somewhat disturbed, but did not destroy, the pleasant smile about his mouth.

My hour was spent; and, as I put on my things, I

could not help leaving a few words of commendation for the little six-year-old boy who could manage so exciting an affair as popping corn, attend to his own fire, and suffer the smart of a burn, without once disturbing his mother, or in any way attracting the attention of a visitor, except to excite her warm admiration. Think it over, little boys.

H.

For the Child at Home.

### THE GLUTTONOUS DUCK.

A little book came to me from England the other day, — a book designed to teach useful lessons to children; but I am not too old to gather much profitable instruction from it also. There is a picture in the middle of the book that saddens me, and makes me a little bit ashamed, when I think that not only the lower creation are often intemperate in meats and drinks, but that boys and girls, and grown men and women too, abuse the gifts of a wise God, and make themselves lower than the beasts.

In the picture is a duck lying upon her side, quite dead from over-eating: her legs and claws are drawn up and cramped, and her crop distended to its fullest capacity; and she can no more join her companions in the meadow, or float pleasantly with them upon the glassy lake.

Her cheerful "quack, quack," is silent, and she has come to an inglorious end; for we look with a sort of contempt even upon a brute creature that dies from gluttony. The drake stands over her, as if bemoaning her sad fate; and her three sisters are among the reeds by the water, not far distant, making a mournful noise.

I think, when I have eaten plenteously of the good dinner prepared for me, and the pudding, stuck thickly with plums, and rich with sauce, is brought, and I am tempted to go beyond the limits of moderation for the momentary gratification of my palate, the picture of the gluttonous duck lying dead by the roadside will come vividly before me, and I shall remember to say, "No, I thank you," when asked to take dessert.

F. B. S.

For the Child at Home.

### LETTER FROM BEAUFORT, N.C.

"COME AND SEE."

To all the dear little readers of this paper, we say, as Philip said to Nathanael, "Come and see." Come and see the Good Master among his little African children. Come to Beaufort, N.C. If it is Sabbath morning, just step into the "Purvis Chapel." If it is nine o'clock, that church will be full of children. Three hundred will be there, all dressed neat and clean, each with a small black book in his or her hand. This book was the dying gift of their best Friend. It was left for them many hundreds of years before they were born; but wicked people hid it away from them, and would not let them have the last dying gift of Jesus.

As you come into the south door, you will see these three hundred children, all quiet, all intently reading this last letter which Jesus sent to them.

The children, unlike most of you, are all black, with dark curly hair and bright black eyes, often glistening with tears as they read the book.

As you go up the right-hand aisle, on the third or fourth seat sits a little lame boy. A rebel soldier shot at a black man because he was running to find a resting-place, where he could live with and love his own dear children, and where he could find the priceless gift of Jesus. But the ball passed by the man, and struck the ankle of this little boy. He is now scarcely larger than he was three years ago; for he lay a helpless cripple nearly three years, and now is just able to hop to the Sunday school, and read this tender letter. Just on the other side of the aisle is a beautiful little girl. She has a deep scar just above her eye. It is the imprint of a club aimed at her mother, who dodged the missile, which struck her dear little infant. So, as you go around the church, you will find a great many of these dear children with their visages marred with deep indentations of cruelty. Some of them have a sightless eye, or a maimed hand, or a head flattened by carrying heavy burdens.

These are the children so lately come out of the house of bondage, — the habitation of cruelty! Come and see them. See how they love liberty! See what a Heaven-inspired interest they have in their Sabbath school! More than four hundred of these people, in this city, are now able to read the New Testament. Up among your green hills, I have been a scholar or a teacher more than thirty years; yet I never saw such a dear Sabbath school as this, so earnest, so quiet, so absorbed in the story of Jesus. Their songs have in them the music of the soul as well as the voice. I can not give you a clear view of this delightful Sabbath school; but I can say to you in the language of the good Philip, "Come and see," and bring with you sixty large-sized Testaments and Psalms for the Bible-class. They are old fathers and mothers from this land of sighs and tears, who have strained their dim sight to learn the alphabet, and are now able to slowly spell out the word of life from the dear Saviour's dying gift to man. Bring us a hundred Bibles for the advanced classes who have now read the New Testament through. Bring or send us the means to raise this infant race up to life, to manhood; give them back their humanity, their virtue, and all the blessings which cruelty has wrested from them; and give them your prayers. These dear children love you; they love you because they think your fathers and brothers have given them freedom; they love you because you have sent us to teach them; they love you because you have given them this blessed Sabbath school. Sometimes more than three hundred kneel down, and repeat, in a clear, earnest tone, our morning prayer. I often hear these dear ones pray for you; and I hope you will pray for them.

H. S. BEALS,
*Mission Teacher for the Freedmen.*

For the Child at Home.

### TRUTHFUL LIZZIE.

Lizzie S. was a very truthful little girl. As soon as she was old enough to understand, her mother told her how very wicked it was to tell a lie; and ever after she seemed very fearful of speaking an untruth.

One day, after repeating to her mother something which she had heard another say, she looked very sad and sorrowful.

After a while, she said, "I fear, mamma, I have told it wrong: I can not remember just the words Albert said." Her mother explained to her, if she had not changed the meaning of what her little friend had said, but had told it as nearly as she could remember, she had done no wrong.

"But isn't that a lie, mamma?" she asked.

"I think not, my dear," replied her mother; "but, if you wish, you can say, "I think it is so."

Lizzie seemed very much pleased with these words; and although very correct in speaking of what she had seen or heard, yet she was often known to add, "I think it was so."

Lizzie has now grown to be quite a large girl; but she is still known as one who always speaks the truth.

"If Lizzie S. told you so, you may believe it to be true," said a young friend one day; "for she wouldn't tell a lie, any more than our minister."

"I can always depend upon Lizzie S.," says her teacher; "for she always speaks the truth."

Would not our young readers like to have such words spoken of them? If so, they must, like Lizzie S., speak the truth at all times, and nothing but the truth. The Bible says, "A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

Is it not so, dear children?

L. L.

For the Child at Home.

### LEARNING FROM A DOG.

You think that would be rather hard, perhaps. Let us see.

There are many kinds of dogs. There seems to be as great a variety of disposition among them as among boys and girls. Some of them are very disagreeable. It may be that you have one in mind just now, belonging to a neighbor, — a noisy, snappish, ill-natured animal, — that delights in rushing out and barking at passers-by; frightening ladies and timid children; worrying horses and cattle and cats, and dogs too, if they happen to be smaller than itself; for such dogs are usually cowardly. And you have often wished that somebody would put that brute out of the way. Not much may be learned from such a dog, it's true. There is one thing, however, you can learn, — that it is easy for a child or a man, as well as a dog, to make himself uncomfortable and hateful to everybody by being surly and quarrelsome.

But I want to tell you of a good lesson to be learned from a dog; for there are many from which such a lesson might be learned. This is the lesson: *Do the very best you can.*

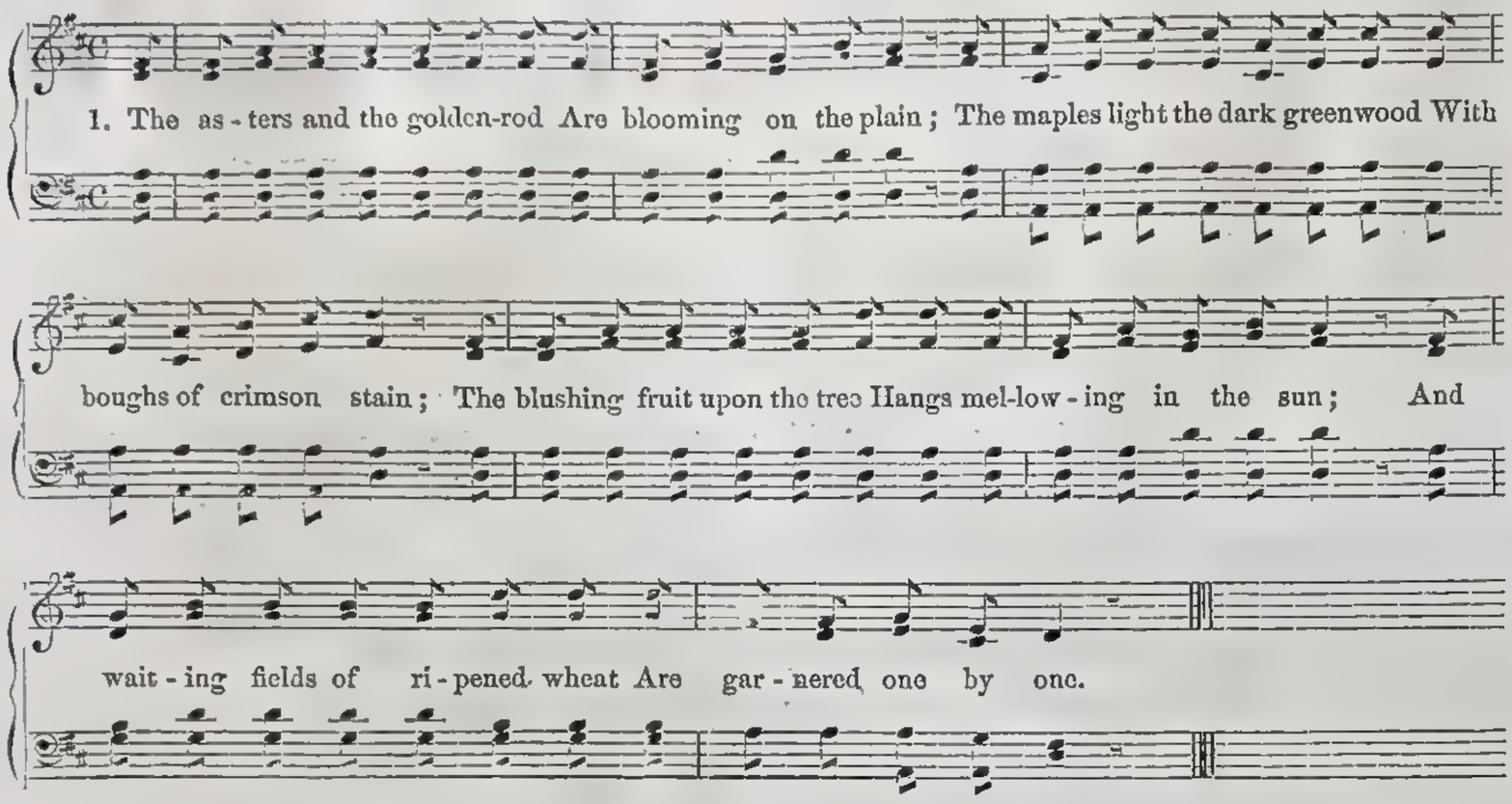
Boys' and girls' "best" is much better than that of the wisest dog; but, when I have heard of things that have been done by faithful dogs, I have felt that we who are human ought to learn something from them. I have seen a large Newfoundland dog that belonged to a shipmaster. The dog was the pet of the family of his owner. At one time, a ship which his master commanded was wrecked. She had struck upon either a reef or a sand-bar not far from the shore. The sea was breaking over her: it was too rough for any small boat to live; so that the crew could not leave the ship, nor could help be sent to them from the shore. They were all in great peril. This dog was there. At a word from his master, the noble fellow took a small line in his mouth, plunged into the sea, and, though sorely beaten and tossed about by the waves, safely reached the shore. By means of that line, a large rope was drawn from the ship to the shore by those who were waiting there; and thus the whole ship's crew were saved. Do you wonder that the dog was thought a great deal of afterward?

I read in "The British Workman" of a remarkable dog named "Chum." He is very wise and very useful. In the morning, he will take a bell from the kitchen table, holding it in his mouth by the leather thong attached to it, and go to the chamber-door of

For the Child at Home.

## A HARVEST THOUGHT.

Words by Mrs. H. E. BROWN. Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.


1. The as - ters and the golden-rod Are blooming on the plain; The maples light the dark greenwood With
boughs of crimson stain; The blushing fruit upon the tree Hangs mel-low - ing in the sun; And
wait - ing fields of ri - pened wheat Are gar - nered one by one.

2 And thus it is that Nature mourns
Her summer beauty fled:
With gifts and songs and gorgeous tints
She celebrates her dead.
Her skies may weep, and winds may wail,
And sob through leafless trees;
But golden harvests cheer the scene,
And joy in death she sees.

3 She mourns, but never without hope;
She sorrows not as we,
Who sit, in sable clad, and weep
O'er death's dark mystery.
We, too, might see, and, seeing, smile,
Could faith unseal our eyes,
That death is but God's harvesting
For joys beyond the skies.

each of his master's apprentices, ringing the bell, and thus calling them up. You have a picture of him here at his morning-work.

When any thing has been placed in Chum's care, no matter what, even if it be a bit of food of a kind most inviting to a dog, he will neither touch it himself, nor let another touch it. If his master says, "*Mine*," as he lays a piece of beefsteak under Chum's nose, that beef is safe. But let the master say, "*Yours*," and Chum knows what to do with it. At family-worship, he seems to understand the necessity of decorous behavior, and always sits quietly under a chair till that exercise is over. He goes on errands, with a basket in his mouth containing the article or the message sent; and, if told to "make haste back," he never loiters. And though Chum is very ready to show a set of white teeth if interfered with while in the discharge of his duty, yet, when off duty, he is a jolly, playful companion, and delights in children. They are always glad to have him join them in their sports.

Chum is only a dog; but who will doubt that he does the best he can? All that the kindness and patience of wiser friends have taught him he willingly and faithfully does. He, and other dogs like him, make themselves useful, and happy too, we may believe, by doing their best.

Boys and girls can do better. There is much for you to learn that will make you wiser and happier and more useful. God has given you these powers of yours, so much superior to those of the brute. He has given you a mind and an immortal soul. He expects us all to *do the best we can;* and we can do very much that is good and kind and noble if we ask his help. He invites us to ask his help: he is ready to grant it always. We shall have to tell him one day how we have lived, and what we have done; and knowing as we do that we are sure to fail of doing the best we can without asking him, for Christ's sake, to make us strong and brave for all that is worthy of an immortal soul, let us not forget to ask him every day. Thus this lesson from one of his humble creatures will not be lost. Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

### NELLIE'S THOUGHT OF PRAYER.

It had become too dark to sew any longer: so Mrs. Lee folded away the little frock upon which she had been stitching, and sat down by the window in her rocking-chair. Little Nellie, who was only four years old, no sooner saw the work laid aside, than she ran to her mamma's knee, and claimed a seat there. Mrs. Lee lifted her to her lap, and went on busily thinking of her duties and cares, while she rocked herself and Nellie to and fro.

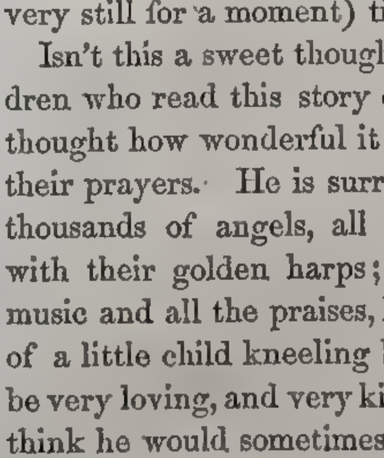
For a time, Nellie amused herself very quietly by winding a string in and out through her fingers; but presently she began talking to herself in a low tone. "When I say my prayers, God says, 'Hark! angels, while I hear a little noise.'" Her mamma asked her what noise she meant.

"A little girl's noise. Then the angels will do dust so (shutting her mouth very tight, and keeping very still for a moment) till I say Amen."

Isn't this a sweet thought? I wonder if the children who read this story of little Nellie have ever thought how wonderful it is that God always hears their prayers. He is surrounded by thousands and thousands of angels, all singing, and praising him with their golden harps; and yet, through all the music and all the praises, he hears the softest prayer of a little child kneeling by the bedside. He must be very loving, and very kind to children. We should think he would sometimes forget, and be listening to the beautiful sounds in heaven, instead of to the prayer of a little child. But he never does. There is never too much singing or too many praises there for him to hear a little girl's noise. Do you not wonder that children do not pray to him much more and much oftener than they do? Lettie Ray.

For the Child at Home.

### CHARLIE'S DISCOVERY.



HERE is a secret for the *very* little ones. Our Charlie has found out something that is worth knowing. He is fast asleep now in his little bed, with his fat, rosy cheek cuddled on his two soft, chubby hands for a pillow. He looks just as smart and happy as any other "three-year-old boy;" at least, as any in this house. But you would not think he could make a "discovery."

I will tell you how it happened. Charlie's mamma first found out that her little boy had a *will* almost as big as his body, which is just about as broad as it is long. He loved his ma and pa and darling sisters very much indeed; but sometimes he loved his own way better than any thing else in the world. When he found he could not have it to love, he would give up, and kiss mamma, and "be dood," as he said; but sometimes it was very hard work, and "Solomon's rod" could not be spared.

The ground was all covered with snow one day, and the two little sisters were busy preparing for a frolic with Charlie on his nice new sled. He was always eager to go out, but never ready to come in. Did you ever hear of such a boy? "Shall I have to punish you, Charlie, to make you come in good when mamma calls? You can not go out to play unless you will come in without screaming or fretting."

He stood a moment, his blue eyes full of tears, as if fearing the temptation would be too great for him: then he threw his arms around my neck, saying, "I'll tiss you, mamma, 'fore I do; then I'll certain *true* be dood."

This is the secret, children. Just as well kiss mamma first, and then you will surely be good, as Charlie said. Charlie has found a certain cure for all naughty tricks. He has tried it now a good many days, and it has never failed.

How much better to kiss mamma when you feel as if you should be naughty, and thus save all the punishment! And did you know that it would save your pa and ma a great deal of trouble, and make the house seem all bright and happy?

Just try it, little ones, and see if it does not work well.

There is one more discovery that we hope our Charlie will make as soon as he is old enough, — to know that "looking to Jesus" is a thousand times better than "kissing mamma." Then he will be safe in every time of temptation. Charlie's Mother.

### A CURE FOR PAIN.

Seeing the misery of others tends to check our own. A little girl of two years fell the other day, and, striking her head, cried at the top of her voice. In the midst of her tears, she chanced to see from the window a poor old horse with a drooping head. Instantly checking her sobs, she asked in the kindest tones, "What'ee matter, hossy? Bump'oo head?"

### NEW SUBSCRIPTIONS.

We would remind our friends that the end of the year is at hand, when the seventh volume of this little paper will be finished. We will thank all our subscribers if they will send in their names early for the new subscription-list; and will not many of these old friends send us other names, with their own, of those who have not heretofore received the paper, that thus its influence for good may be increased?

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### NEARING HOME.

The long voyage is almost over, and land is in sight. The sick girl is nearing home. With a fond father, she has been across the sea, hoping to regain her lost health. But no change of air or scene, nothing that affection prompted and that has been done in her behalf, could restore her; and she is returning from this voyage to finish another, the voyage of life, among those who are dearest. She has been brought upon the deck, and seated there. The father points her to the shore, yet distant, but coming every moment more fully into view. He tries to cheer her heart by telling her that she will soon be with the loving ones of the home-circle; and, if the invalid daughter is trusting in the Saviour, how great will be her peace as she remembers his love, and the heavenly home which she will soon enter!

It is not wrong for us to wish, if it please God, to live long and happy lives. But, if we feel rightly about this, we shall wish to live that we may serve him; may do good in the world; may make others happier. And then we shall ask him to help us to be willing to leave all these things in his hands, knowing that he will do what is best.

We have come now to the last month of another year. It makes us think how fast time is flying. With the close of each year, we find ourselves one year nearer our eternal home. Every evening, we are one day nearer to that home.

I have often heard a company of children sing this beautiful hymn, and I am sure they love it: —

"O'er the hills the sun is setting,
And the eve is drawing on:
Slowly drops the gentle twilight;
For another day is gone, —
Gone for aye; its race is over:
Soon the darker shades will come.
Still 'tis sweet to know at even
We are one day nearer home.

Worn and weary, oft the pilgrim
Hails the setting of the sun;
For the goal is one day nearer,
And his journey nearly done.
Thus we feel, when o'er Life's desert,
Heart and sandal sore, we roam:
As the twilight gathers o'er us,
We are one day nearer home.

Nearer home! — yes, one day nearer
To our Father's house on high;
To the green fields and the fountains
Of the land beyond the sky.
For the heavens grow brighter o'er us,
And the lamps hang in the dome,
And our tents are pitched still closer;
For we're one day nearer home.

'One day nearer,' sings the mariner,
As he glides the waters o'er,
While the light is softly dying
On his distant, native shore.
Thus the Christian on Life's ocean,
As his light boat cuts the foam,
In the evening cries with rapture,
'I am one day nearer home!'"

Perhaps you, too, have seen this hymn before, and have sung it. If not, I think you may be glad to learn it now. And I hope that your young heart has been given to Jesus, so that, at the close of each day, you may sing these words, and know them to be true: —

"I am one day nearer home."

Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

### GROWN PEOPLE'S PRIVILEGES.

"Why *don't* you take another piece? You haven't got any mother."

It was more than Lily could understand, why a "grown-up lady," who could do as she pleased, should refuse a second piece of that nice mince-pie. We all laughed at her simplicity; but I remembered well when I used to think just so. Why grown people, who had nobody to tell them how long they might stay, nor how many times round they should knit, nor how much cake and preserves they might eat, nor, above all, what time they must go to bed, should not do exactly as they liked, was a puzzle to me. I could not see why they should ever say, "I hate to, but I must;" or "I want to, but I can not." I thought, if I was in their place, I would do nothing I hated to, and every thing I wanted to. But, now I am in their place, I find that can not be done; and I thought I had better tell you, who are coming after, that it is all a hoax about grown people doing just as they please, unless they please to do just right. They may be quite away from home, and have nobody to say to them all day long, the year round, "You may do this," or "You better do that," or "You must not do the other;" and yet they have to do this and that, and avoid doing the other, or be punished for it a great deal more severely than your father or mother ever punished you.

You never will grow so tall or so old as to get away from your heavenly Father; and, as long as you live, he will tell you what you ought to do, and what

you ought not; and you will be even more bound to obey him than you are now your earthly father. You will be sure to be happy if you do, and to suffer if you don't. There is one delightful thing about it: he will never ask you to do any thing that isn't really kind, even though you may dread it at the time.

When a boy grows up, and goes away from home, he can smoke and drink, and swagger and swear, and idle away his time, if he chooses, to be sure; but, if he does, he must expect to lose his health, and his good name, and his money, and his business, and his character.

When a girl leaves her parents, she can see what company she pleases, and be in the street as much as she likes, and, if she can get the money, dress to suit herself, and eat confectionery all day; but, if she pleases to make a fool of herself, nothing can save her from suffering the consequences. So be willing to be controlled.

We grown people sometimes wish we could be told, like you, just what to do, and compelled to do it. It is often easier to be made to do right than to make one's self do it.

Be governed now, and you will know how to govern yourself well, when, as Lily said, "you haven't any mother."

Jenny Bradford.

### THE MICE.

The merry mice stay in their holes,
And hide themselves by day;
But, when the house is still at night,
The rogues come out to play.

They climb upon the pantry-shelf,
And taste of all they please;
They drink the milk that's set for cream,
And nibble bread and cheese.

But, if they chance to hear the cat,
Their feast will soon be done:
They'll scamper off to hide themselves
As fast as they can run.

Some tiny mice live in the fields,
And feed on flies and corn;
And, in a pretty hanging nest,
The little ones are born.

When winter comes, they burrow holes,
And line them soft with hay;
And, while the snow is on the ground,
They sleep the time away.

All living creatures like to be
As free as you and I:
They love the field, the woods and hills;
They love the sweet blue sky.

Songs for my Children.

For the Child at Home.

### LITTLE MARGARET.

It was a dark and gloomy room where little Margaret was lying upon her straw cot the night before Christmas. Her mother, a pale, feeble-looking woman, sat by her side, wiping the tears from her eyes, that would gather there in spite of her efforts to keep them back; for she knew disease was doing its work in that frail form, and death would soon come to remove her cherished one from this dark abode to a bright and happy home above.

Little Margaret had been to the Mission Sabbath School, where she had learned of a Saviour's love to poor sinners. Oh, how her little heart throbbed with hope and joy as she heard for the first time the story of Jesus! and how gladly did she open that heart to receive his love, and become one of his little lambs! The glad news was carried home to her mother; and day and night did the dear child talk and sing of his bleeding love, till her good angel conveyed the glad tidings to heaven that another soul was saved, and Margaret's mother was a Christian too. Truly happy now were mother and child, though in the depths of poverty; but Christ was theirs, and in him they were rich.

Want and exposure had finally brought sickness in their train, and now the little one was lying on her death-bed. She knew it, but was not afraid to die.

"Dear mother," said she, "this is Christmas Eve, isn't it?"

"Yes, my dear."

"My teacher told me it was the birthday of my 'gentle Jesus.' How happy I should be to go and see him on his birthday! and perhaps I shall, mother."

"Dear child, had you rather go and live with Jesus than stay with me?" sobbed her weeping parent. For a moment, she hesitated; then, looking up with a calm, peaceful countenance, she replied, "You will be very lonely without me, mother, I know; and I should like to stay and take care of you: but if Jesus wants me now, and takes me home, he will take care of you better than I can; and I will ask him to let you come and live with me in my happy home up there," looking upward as she spoke. She then tried to sing that little hymn she had so often sung in her Sabbath school, "Jesus loves me;" but, finding herself too weak, she repeated several times, the verse, —

"Jesus loves me, loves me still,
Though I'm very weak and ill;
From his shining throne on high
Comes to watch me where I lie."

Sometimes her sufferings were very severe; then she would cling to her mother, and beg her to ask Jesus to help her bear her pain.

Again referring to Christmas, she said, "A great many little children will be very happy to-morrow with so many presents and nice things that will be given to them: but I think I shall be happier than any of them; for I hope to be in heaven with my dear Jesus then, to spend his birthday with him."

The glad Christmas morning dawned upon many joyful hearts, but none so full of joy as little Margaret's; for while she was sleeping the angel came, and she awoke, we doubt not, in heaven, to rejoice for ever there with her Saviour.

S. L.

For the Child at Home.

### "DARKNESS BETTER THAN LIGHT."

Who says that? Three little owls, sitting all the bright day in their gloomy hole in the tree-trunk, waiting for the beautiful sun to go away, that they may come out and prowl in the night for their prey. Huddled close together, they wink and blink if a ray of glory penetrates for a moment to their dim home, and say to each other impatiently, "If only the darkness would come! — if only the darkness would come!" They nod their drowsy heads while the pretty birds outside the tree are singing blithe songs amid the green leaves, and the pretty flowers are smiling, and giving their sweet perfume to the world; and, when the darkness is over all the earth, they open wide their round eyes, and fly softly to catch the little birds and mice and bats and moths, and to feed upon them.

Is it only owls that love the darkness better than the light? Alas, no! The Bible says, "men" also, "because their deeds are evil."

When we want to do wrong things, we say to the darkness, "Cover us:" and we forget that to God the darkness and the light are both alike; that he sees as clearly in the black night as in the noon-day, and that none can hide from his all-searching eye.

I believe I would rather be an eagle, soaring up toward the glorious sun, than an owl to shun the beautiful brightness; because, you know, "God is light." He is called the "Sun of Righteousness;" but Satan is evil, and the very blackness of darkness.

Let us ask our heavenly Father to shine into our darkened hearts by the light of his Holy Spirit, and to keep us henceforth from the love of evil deeds.

F. B. S.

### SYRIAN SCHOOL-GIRLS.

This group of school-girls is copied from the photograph mentioned in the letter below. This letter was received by William A. Booth, Esq., President of the American Tract Society, from Rev. Henry H. Jessup, Missionary of the American Board in Syria. It contains some information which will interest the parents as well as the children among our readers: —

A box has just arrived from New York, containing a large and valuable collection of books, contributed by the American Tract Society, Boston, for the "Native Protestant Female Seminary of Beirût." It also contained a donation of English and French Scriptures from the American Bible Society, and a large donation from yourself. In acknowledging the kind donation of the American Tract Society through you as its President, allow me to ask the Society's acceptance of the enclosed photograph of a group of the pupils as a slight token of gratitude for their kindness. There are in this little group of girls representatives of five of the religious sects of Syria, — i. e., Mohammedans, Greeks, Maronites, Greek Catholics, and Protestants. They are all subject to the same rules, and alike study the word of God.

This institution, as you are aware, is one of the fruits of missionary labor in Syria. Its teachers, including Mr. Araman the principal, and Miss Rufka Gregory the preceptress, and Mrs. Lulu Araman the matron, are all native Protestant Syrians. They are excellent teachers, and devoted and earnest in their work.

The Bible is the foundation of the course instruction. The Westminster Catechism is systematically taught; and all the girls, nearly sixty in number, are required to attend regularly, twice each Lord's Day, the preaching service in the Mission Chapel.

It is a boarding-school and a pay-school. The great majority of the girls pay for their board and tuition; and the teachers attend not only to the instruction, but to the financial affairs of the institution. It is now a settled fact, that the Syrian people will pay for the education of their daughters.

The annual examination has just been held. It continued three days, and the girls were examined in twenty-two different studies and in three lan-

guages. They passed an examination in Bible-history which would have done credit to any seminary in America. They answered without hesitation on the chronology of the entire Old Testament and the Messianic prophecies.

The government official journal of Beirût pronounced the examination the best examination of girls ever held in Syria. It was certainly most creditable, and shows that the natives of Syria have the capacity to carry on their own literary institutions in the future.

For the Child at Home.

## CHRISTMAS IN BERLIN, PRUSSIA.

Will you, dear American children, follow an unknown German friend, and look into one of our Christmas festivities? It is not into a family-circle that I lead you, where glad faces are gathered round the Christmas-tree, our dear German green tree, with the many lights, under which rich presents are spread; nor is it into the dwelling of the poor, where poverty and misery are more bitterly felt on this eve of general joy. No: follow me, — and be not afraid of being sent back, — follow me directly into the castle of our Queen Elizabeth, widow of the late King Friedrich Wilhelm IV. She has invited many guests today, and every thing is prepared to receive them.

The castle which her Majesty inhabits during the winter, since her widowhood, is situated in Charlottenburg, a little town a German mile distant from Berlin. It is not stately and pompous, but a snug, comfortable little building, surrounded by a beautiful park. The saloons are well warmed this morning when we enter them, — two or three days after the Christmas-holidays: and it is good they are; for out of doors is cold winter weather, and the guests have a long ride.

Hark, they come! or, rather, look how they arrive! For the carpets on the stairs are soft, and the feet which are ascending them are very small: you can not hear them tread. Great omnibuses stop before the doors of the palace; and from them proceed little girls and boys, wrapped in cloaks, shawls, and bonnets of rough materials: they are accompanied by men and women, clad in their Sunday's best, and yet not looking like guests invited by a queen. But the servants open to them the folding-doors, and invite them to enter: it must be all right. By and by, there come still other guests, — ladies and gentlemen, some of the clergy in their black robes, some officers in their uniforms. The saloons are soon crowded, and the servants have much to do with offering chocolate and cake, — a splendid breakfast after the cold ride. Look how the children enjoy it! They are seated at long tables; their little fingers, red with the cold, holding huge pieces of cake, and their faces buried in the great cups with chocolate: they like it exceedingly well.

Who are these children? and what will they here? They are the children of poor parents who must work from morning till nightfall, and have, therefore, no time to take care of their little ones; so that these are exposed to the same dangers with other little children who do not have a parent's care. They run about and play with other children, good or bad, and are learning a great deal of naughtiness; and we have thought, as you do, "What can we do for them?"

Hear what has been done. Ladies and gentlemen united in the good work forty years ago, and have founded charity-establishments, where children under six years are admitted, to be nearly the whole day under the charge of a married couple, where they play together in summer-time on a play-ground out of doors; in winter-time, in a well-warmed room, where they hear of Jesus, the Friend of the little ones, learn little prayers, songs, &c. These infant-schools have been great blessings for the children, as well as for their parents. There is not one child now in Berlin who would be denied admittance into such a school; nor are there parents who could justify themselves with the excuse, that they did not know the manner to bring their child to the Lord, and to keep it out of harm's way: they are invited freely.

Our Queen Elizabeth, then Princess Royal, aware of the usefulness of these institutions, made herself protectress to them; originating thereby the most blissful intercourse between herself and her people. She gave not only her name and her money to the work, but she also visited the schools: she became personally acquainted with all who had to do with it, and interested herself for every single child. And when Christmas came, the happiest time for the children, she must witness their joy. *She went into every school;* and, aided by other ladies, she distributed with her own hands the many presents which the children received.

Now she is an invalid: since many years, she can no more visit the schools. But has she lost the interest in the children's welfare, and in their Christmas joy? Oh, no! since she can not go to the children, they must come to her. Six boys and six girls from every school, accompanied by their teachers, and those of their friends and benefactors who choose to come, are received every year in the palace of the queen.

Now here they are! Breakfast is over. Another saloon is opened. We enter it. It is beautiful. Long tables are covered with the presents for the children. Fir-trees hung with ornaments, and beaming in the light of many candles, give the apartment a splendid air. We all gather round an easy-chair which is standing in the middle of the room: it is for the queen. Now she comes, looking, to the astonishment of the children, quite like any nice elderly lady. And how kind she is! accosting every one; speaking with every child who approaches her to receive from her hands the many pretty things, together with gingerbread, nuts, apples, &c.

It is a pretty sight; one of those rare moments when there is "glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."

The whole ceremony, with some short speeches from the ministers, some songs and dialogues from the children, lasts some hours; and, as it is repeated on different days, it must be rather wearisome to her Majesty: but I hear she likes it exceedingly; and I hope and wish she might be able to perform it still very often.

This is the manner in which we celebrate Christmas with our little, nay, our least ones. Do you like it, dear children? I wish we were not separated by ocean and lands, that you could partake of our joy. But, though your country is so far off from ours, I can, at least, wish you "a merry Christmas," and "a happy beginning of the new year."

Fare you well; and be assured of the love of

Your unknown German friend.

BERLIN, PRUSSIA.

For the Child at Home.

## THE HOUR WHEN MONEY SEEMS WORTHLESS.

Did you ever think that there may be such an hour?

I have no doubt you have sometimes thought, "What a fine thing it is to be rich, to live in a grand house, to wear the best clothes, and to have every wish gratified!" And if God has seen fit to make you the child of rich parents, which I know is true of some of my dear young readers, perhaps you have looked with pity upon those less favored in this respect, and have been very glad that you have such a beautiful home, and friends with so much money. Perhaps you have even been tempted to be proud, and to despise others whom you have regarded as beneath you.

And I have many young friends whose homes, though they may not be called homes of wealth, are homes of peace and comfort, where the greatest and richest of friends is glad to dwell if He is invited; but perhaps some of you have been tempted to be envious of the riches that God has committed to other hands.

I need not tell you that both pride and envy are wrong: your hearts tell you so. Whatever your lot may be to-day, it may be changed to-morrow; but you will still be able to find in it much cause for gratitude to God. And be sure never to forget, that, though you may not be able always to understand why some things are permitted to be just as they are, the blessed God is perfectly wise and kind, and can neither do nor suffer any thing which he could not show to be, in the end, for the good of his creatures, as well as for his own glory. And don't forget another thing, — that there are times when money appears as nothing compared with some of the blessings that are now within our reach.

Did you ever hear of the loss of the ocean-steamer "Arctic"? It is a mournful story. On her way across the Atlantic, in the darkness of a fog, she was struck by another steamer; and in four hours she went down with three hundred souls who perished with her. Only a few were saved. The crew deserted their posts, and seized the boats; and most of the passengers were lost in consequence of their cowardly conduct.

Just as one of the boats was moving from the sinking ship, a passenger, who had lowered himself down by a chain that hung near one of the paddle-boxes, seeing the boat leaving, stretched out one hand toward it in an agony of entreaty, and besought those in it to take him. "I belong," said he, "in ——; I am worth a large property" (naming some thousands of dollars), "and I solemnly pledge myself to make it all over to you if you will take me to the shore."

But the boat was crowded already, and the wretched man was left to die. It was the hour with him when *money seemed worthless;* when peace with God, and the assurance that Christ was present as a friend, must have been regarded by him as "the pearl of great price."

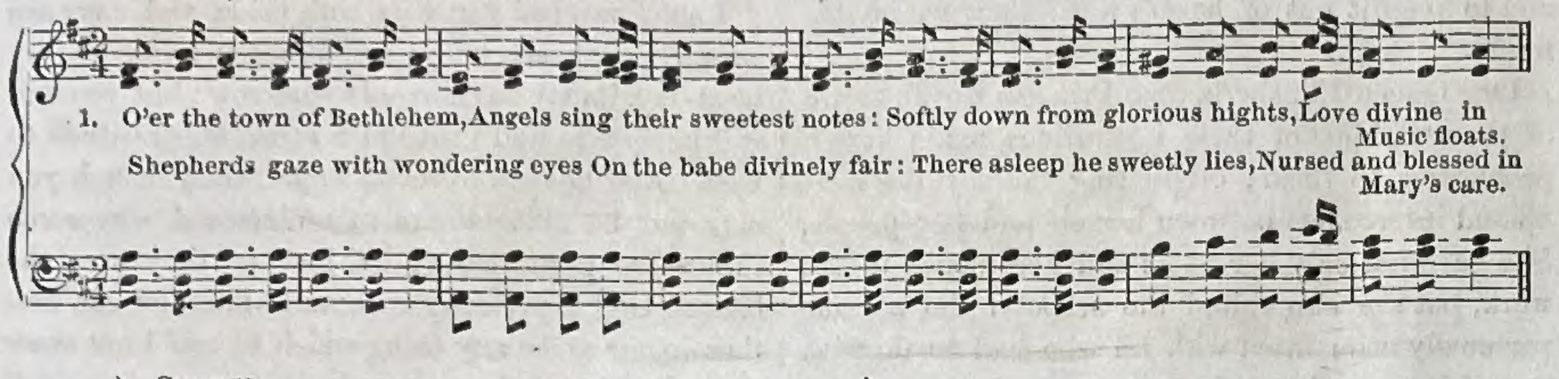
Dear children, don't allow yourselves to think that you must be rich or you can not be happy. Money is good. It is not wrong to want it, and to try to get it. It is good *for the good it will do*, and not because its possessor may be proud and selfish with it. To have the love of Christ in the heart, and money in the purse, is to be in the way of adding a great deal to the happiness of this world; but that man who has money without Christ has a sad possession, and the hour is sure to come when he will feel it to be so.

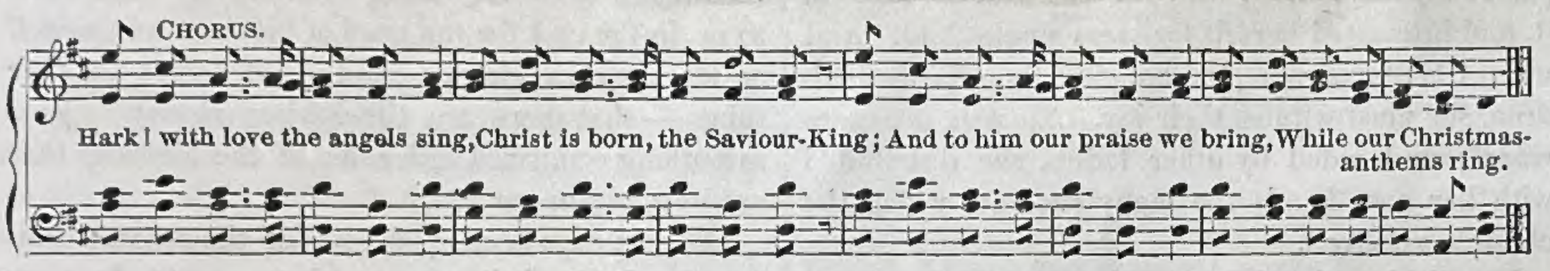
Uncle Paul.

For the Child at Home.

## THE INFANT KING.

Words by Mrs. GRACE W. HINSDALE. Music by Mr. J. L. ENSIGN.


1. O'er the town of Bethlehem, Angels sing their sweetest notes: Softly down from glorious hights, Love divine in Music floats.
Shepherds gaze with wondering eyes On the babe divinely fair: There asleep he sweetly lies, Nursed and blessed in Mary's care.


CHORUS.
Hark! with love the angels sing, Christ is born, the Saviour-King; And to him our praise we bring, While our Christmas-anthems ring.

3 Angels know God's Well-beloved,
And they sing the song of peace:
He's a King to be adored,
And his praise shall never cease.
CHORUS. — Hark! with love, &c.

4 Holy light and glory shines
Round that Babe of humble birth:
Thus the Lord his power confines;
But his love fills all the earth.
CHO. — Hark! with love, &c.

5 Now fulfilled the promise stands!
Here behold the Lamb of God!
By these weak and human hands
Is the gift of life bestowed.
CHO. — Hark! with love, &c.

6 From the earth our grateful songs
Mingle with the praise above:
Glory to our God belongs!
We are saved through Jesus' love!
CHO. — Hark! with love, &c.

### CORRECTION.

The hymn entitled "Sabbath Morning," inserted in The Child at Home for September last, was credited, by mistake, to Mrs. H. E. Brown (the writer of most of the beautiful hymns which we have had set to music), instead of "Hymns from the Land of Luther," from which it was copied.

For the Child at Home.

### THE THREE LITTLE SISTERS.

"Madge" and "Mary" and "Maud," I will call them; and I want to tell you something that I think will please you as much as it did me. It happened the other day where I was visiting, and where the little sisters live, in a large square house in a pretty village. Madge and Mary are plump and strong, and able to take good care of themselves, as they frisk about the house and grounds, seldom coming to any harm; but Maud is tender and weak, and keeps closer to her mother, and is more liable to get hurt if she strays away. I sat reading toward evening, one day; when Lily Martin called me to look at her pets. And what do you think Madge was doing? Why, she had her two arms around Maud's neck, and was caressing the tender little sister in the only way that kittens show their love; and that was by licking the soft fur, and rubbing her face against her.

When we looked a little closer at Maud, we found that she had hurt her eye; and it seemed as if Madge was comforting her. Wasn't it pretty?

These dear little kittens cuddle up together on their cradle-cushion, or they frisk about the room or play among the clover, and shrubs in the yard, and are as happy as happy can be. They do not bite or scratch, as naughty kittens, and even as some naughty children, do. I could almost wish they were really little girls, they have such a human sort of fondness and affection for each other. But, kittens though they are, they can teach you and me a good lesson, if we but follow their example, of kindliness toward the tender and suffering, and great gentleness, and love for each other. Fanfan.

For the Child at Home.

### WHO WAS THE GUILTY ONE?

"Mary Palmer tells downright falsehoods!" exclaimed one of Miss Ryan's pupils indignantly, "and we girls ought not to have the least thing to do with her. Just as if I am going to associate with a liar!" and the pretty head was tossed in great contempt. Little Mary was unconscious for a few days of the hard speeches that fell from the lips of her playmate; but, before a week passed away, her sensitive heart was wounded by the cold looks and averted faces of former friends. She was innocent of the charge: but, alas! those who took her home after the death of her loving mother, although they had been kind and indulgent to the pitiful orphan, did not bear a good reputation for truth-telling; and thus she was called upon to suffer for their guilt.

Not long after this conversation, a circumstance occurred to test the character of her accuser. The clock was just on the stroke of five, and the pupils were eager for dismissal. Miss Ryan had tried to enforce obedience to the rules of the school, and one which she regarded as particularly important they had willfully violated. For a day or two, it had not been mentioned; and therefore, while she had been unusually watchful, they had become very careless in regard to it. Just when they expected the order for books to be packed for the day came the request, "Let all those who have disobeyed Rule No. 3 rise in their seats." There was a sudden hush, and many a head dropped with shame. Among those who instantly rose was Mary Palmer: and, though her cheek crimsoned, she bravely bore Miss Ryan's scrutiny; for, if she had been guilty of disobedience, she felt that she had told the truth. Where was her accuser? *Acting* a lie.

"Nellie Moore, are you guiltless?" asked her teacher sternly.

The desire to gain the prize to be awarded to the pupils who had the fewest "black marks" emboldened her to answer unfalteringly, "Yes, ma'am." Poor girl! ashamed to associate with a liar! Through deception, she was led to open falsehood; for there is only a step between. In vain she had tried to hide her guilt from her teacher's keen eye: and that day, against the name of Nellie Moore, was written, "Guilty of falsehood," upon Miss Ryan's register; and her sin was noted down in God's book of remembrance, never to be erased except it be washed away in the blood of Christ, the Lamb.

Mary Palmer bore the test bravely; and the little girls of Meadow-brook School have ever since treated her kindly, never again impeaching her character for truth-telling. M. P. R.

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